

Pag		
	Adrip to France; a song	
and the same of the	Lie Knight just awakd; a song.	
	The Cold Jeanne, or the Frozen age	1621
	ell' Goo Withers Revived	1628
		1630
	The armes of the Totachonists	
100	Herses lately written by Thomas Carle of Strafford	1641
1,	The Earle of Atrafford his Elegiack Frem	1641
1 4	The true manner of the life and death of Fir This Wentworth	1641
10	Quage Barnely his prenitential complaint	1641
	Good newes for all true hearted subjects, by Francis Mussell	1641
	The Organs techo	1641
	The complaint of Me Fenter hooke the Thejector	1641
	England's Remembrancer	1641
10	To the At Hon Shilip Parle of Hembroke and Mountgomery on his election of Cha	
"	Vox Hopuli in plaine English	1642
11	A Nord in the King's care	16ley
"	Strange and live Newes of an Ocean of This	1647
	The Kings last farewell to the World	1048
The Residence of the Control of the		1648
14	To my Sady Morton on New years day 1650	1661
15		1651
	Un Elegiach illemoriall of the At Hon Gen! Deane	1653
16	Hegie on ell' John Cleveland	1650
17	Chain considerations against the Vanities of this World, by D: Hewit	1658
"	The City of Sondons new Letany	1669
18	A panegyrick to Sord Gent ellonek	150
19	A Speech to Gen! Monke, at Draperickall, 28th March	
20	A Streech made to Sord Gen! Monek at Clotheworkers Hall	1659
21	On the Death of the Duke of Albernarle,	1670
22	Long to Lord Gent Moneto at Skinners Hall	1660
	Speech made to gent Monck at Goldsmiths Hall	1660
	Greech made to Gent Monck at Fishmonger's Hall	1660
24	Bumm- Foder or Maste-proper	1660
"	England's Triumpsh, or the Rump routed	
25	The Breech wash'd	
	The Glory of the West	
26		1670
24	110.8: 11	1660
		1660
		1660
	The Countreymans live le avy	1660
20	A Horrible, Ferrible, Fromblesome, Hist marration of a Buel or Bock fight at Wishich .	
30	Our ania; the Princess Royal of aurange, ve	1660
.31	Elegy on the Death of Her Highnes clary Princess Dowager of Ourange	1660
		1661
A1 .00 .		1661
"	The Wheel of Fine turning Round	
33	The Wheel of Time turning Round	1661 .
	Rebellion's downfall	de
	LANCE A CONTRACT OF THE PARTY O	100 miles (100 miles (

roe		
34	An exact Relation of the landing of Her Majestie at Portemouth	1662
	A Poem Royal to Charles II	1662
		1663
1 1	A Ollar country to the assessment of Her ? Coste	1663
	A Fillar crecked to the memory of Hen Jesse	
	Recontation of a Senitent Inoteus	1663
4 (***)	Her Majesties new buildings at Somerset House	1665
		Ilelo5
30		1665
	The Prunawayes routed, orasohip for Momes	1665
40	ellene Jekel to the Fifth ellonarchy :	1606-
. "	The King's Majesties love to Sondon and Sondon's modest answer	1665
41	One Broadside more for the Dutch	1665
4		1665
and the section of		1666
		1666
		1666
	12: 31	16lolo
		1666
		1666
1		
1.8		1667
	Long lookt for come at last	1664
1 .		1667
		loby
		1667
		loby
		lely
53	For Schollary Shreadbare Suit	1668
54	Upon the Rebuilding the City	1669
5.5	Awipe for Ster- Boreale Wilde	1640
2	De Wilde Loem in Nova Fert Animus	
56	A form won the Imprisonment of M. Calamy in Newgate	
	De Weld's Humble Thanks	16/2
1		1672
As a second		16/2
1 .	Hudibras on Calamy's Imprisonment	
100		1678
	A Dialogue between Death and Ds P. Wyld	11.71
1		1671
	A Congratulatory Encomium on elle Robert Buckle	1671
		1671
	The Quakers Wedding	1671
	Upon Sight of Sondons stately new Buildings	1672
	The Holland Nightingale	16/2
69	The Royall Rendezvous	1672
170	Defiance to the Dutch	1672
11	In answer to the Author of Humble Thanks for Siberty of Conscience	1672
12	In answer to the Author of Humble Thanks for Liberty of Conscience Sondon's Friumph or his Majestie's reveloom On his Majesties most gracious and prudent delivery of the Got Seal to for it Frinch	1673
73	On his Majesties most gracious and prudent delivery of the Got Seal to for H Finch	1673
14/4	A Brief description of excellent mention in Colle	1674
1	A Brief description of excellent vertices of Coffee	

1 100

4

Paro		
7.5	Incomium on Cast Thomas Harman	1674
	An answer to the Geneva Ballad	16/4
201	Fr my Sord . Wich to of Canterbury upon his famous erection the Theatre at Oxfor	1675
48	Sorthampton in Flamed	1675
70	A longratulatory from to de foreth Sheldon	1675
20	Londons Index, or Reflections on the Monument	1676
	Plegy on Me John Noveot	1676
		1676
	The Beggars Wedding, or the foreil erew	1676
	The Horrid Sorish plot discovered	1678
		1678
100 4 1775 15	An Elegy on de Matthew Hale Kt	1677
80	An legy on For Edmund-bury Godfrey Ict, 29. October	1678
00	VI O 1 ii	1678
-	The Reclamation promoted	1678
"	To the Lord Hayor at the anniversary entertainment in quildhall	
on	Elegy on Capte 110 Harman	1678
01	A Varrative of Popish Plots	1678
02	The Protestants Congrate ation to the City ye	1679
- /	1 1/1.	1679
- D.		1679
9.5	Poem of the discovery of the Hote	1679
,	Englands Samentation for the Duke of Monmouth's departure	1679
igy	Another Cony	1579
	Englands over foy at the Duke of Monmouthe return = - (on the back)	1679
08	. I Congratulary poem on the arrival of James Duke of Monmouth	1679
	On the departure of his Grace James Duko of Monmouth	
1	Jochey's downfall a porm	1679
101	The Protestantes congratulation to the City	1679
,	Grana Angelica - (m wine)	1681
102	An Elegy to The fart of assory	1880
	An Elegy to John, Earl of Rochester	1680
	Horthy Gangagrick whom ellowarchy	1680
	To the praise of Me Cellier the posish Midwife	1680
	The Devil pursued: a Satyr	1680
	Comes Hunting Match for Whingdomes	1.680
	On Cates his windication	1680
	Here verses concerning the Stot	1680
	A Slegie on Colonel Blood Plane Plating of the Phine	1680
111	The second part of the Soyal Subjects Sitany	1680
112	AFree Parliament-Setany	1680
	A Setany for the New year	
114	of commentation on the late wonderful Discovery of the new Popish Rot -	1680
115	Bacchinalia Coelestia: a poem	1680
116	Upon the Execution of the late Miscount Stafford	1680
117	Advice to the Painter	1681
118	A loyal congratulation to anthony Earl of Shaft stury	1681
	the state of the s	Marie Walnut

. 44 *

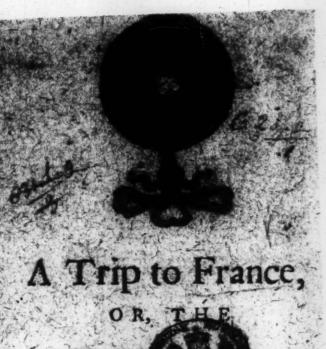
Page		
119	Elegy on the Death of Wor Lilly the Astrologer	1681
	Merlin Revived	1681
The state of the s	A Poem on Mr Richard Baxter	1682
	The Protestantes petition against Popery	1681
	Elegy on Thos Thin, Esp	1681-2
123	Elegy on Rupert, Duke of Cumberland	1682
	Elegy on Sir Wor Jones	1682
	Elegy on Anthony harl of Shaftsbury	1683
	The Grand Leignion Speech	1683
	Elegy on the Lord Capel	1683
128	Erra Pater's prophery or Frost Faire - 1683	1683
120	Great Britains Wonder, or Sondons admiration Prodigious Frost. 1683.	1683
	An explanation of the figures _ (or reverse)	
	Wonders on the Deep, or description of the mugen River of Thames	1683
	Freezland Fair or the Seen Bear Garden	1684
	Description of a Fair held on the Schelts (in Dutch)	1670
		11.81
	A Winter Wonder, or the Thames frozen over	1684
Maria and	The Thames uneas'd	1684
134	The Kings-Bench Cabal	1684
135	Tylurns Courteous invitation to Titus Oates	1684
"	에 쓰 게 하는 사람들은 사람들은 사람들은 사람들은 사람들은 사람들은 사람들은 사람들은	1684
136	Shall I Shall I No No	1684
	Shall I, Shall I, No, No.	1683
The state of the state of	Englands sorrow for the Death of King Charles II	1683-
	Elegy on King Charles the II.	
	Susting on Sing Charles II	1685 16845
	Legy on We Jenkins	1684-5-
The second second		1686
		1687
144	A Poem occasioned by his Majesties resolution for Siberty of Conscience	1680
	The Court of England, or the preparation for the Coronation of King Mm 40	
	Englands Great deliverance	1689
"	Alconorate la tom le sent te de Die de la Chimney Money	1689
11.4	A Congratulatory poem to the Prince of Grange on his arrival at London	
114	The disappointed Marriage, or the and Cry after an autlandish Monster	1433
1	A New Long of a new Wonder in the North	1588
140	On the Memory of Caleb Shinner & M. Hezekiah Middleton	1688
"		1689-90
149	To the New Dr. Beveridge an Encharisticon, - a Copy of a letter sent to Da Beveridge	1690.91
"	In Memory of Capit John George	1690
150	On the lamented death of Chas Leopold Deche of Lorraine	1690
151	Elegy on the Duke of Grafton	1690
	Elegy on De John Lake	1680
133	Olegy on the Death of the Duke of Grafton	1690
	Elegy on Richard Baster	1691
133	Elegy on M Thomas haffold	7

Torde		
155	A German Gentlewomans Quack advertisement	
	The good Christian's complaint	1692
		1692
	Rlegy on Sor or Surner, Mt	16920
1 -31 -0 31	The modern Fanalical Reformer	1693
"		1693
160	Good for W. Knock- or the Whores lamentations for the Death of St W. J	
100	A Short History of the Succession of Kings and Queens of England from Worthelong	
111	Great Britains Samentation, or the Funeral Obsequies of Queen illary	1694
101	A Trimmer's confession of Jacth:	1694
110	The Religious Turnevat	1694
102	Great news from Southwark, or the old womans legacy to her Cat	1695
1	Great news from Guild-hall	1695
	Gloria Deo: on the crowing Cock and Lyon Couchant	1696
164		1697
165	A Congratulatory Form to the Gar of elluscovy	1698
"	A congratulatory Poem to the Gar of Muscovy	1698
166	llegy on ell Mathew Mead	1699
167	Elegy on De Mer Bates	1699
168	Aue & Cry after a Man-Midwife	1699
"	An Epay of a character of dir Geo Freby, kt	1700
169	Good Manner for Schools	1/00
170	The Piss Pot	1701
171	Elegy on fames II	1701
	Ode on the Death of James II	1701
	Elegy on Edward Millington	1703
	Alegy on Sit Roger L'Estrange :	1704
174	Elegy on Me Benjamin Keach	1704
	An English Fadlock	1703-
"	A Prologue on the first opening of the Queens New Theatre, Hay Market	1705
176		1705
	Elegy on William the III	1702
11		
1	Soyal address of the Clergy of Virginia	1702
140	Elegy on Capt Thomas Green	1705
1,19		1700
120	He wing domes made one	1707
	Elegy on In Cloudes by Shovel	1707
107	Elegy on John Dolben, Esp	1710
180	an Answer to High Church Soyalty	1710
182	There's but one Plague in England D-M	
102	The Queen's and my Lord of Oxford's New Yoast	
100	The Impreachment	1710
1	The Glorious Warior	1710
184		1711
"	The Farthingale Revived, or more work for the cooper	1711
185	The Whigs New Toast to the B- of I. y	1711
	The Blue Garter	1713
186	011.1	1713
. #	1.7/2. 4. 20: 10 10	1719
187	Etwas Teutsches zur Verteidigung der Teutschen	1/27

Jage		District of
187	A Shorter and truer advertisement	1727
188	Parson's Triumph	1431
		1732
189	The Newsman's address to his Worthy Masters & Mistresses	1761
190	Eslegy on Res John Newman	1741
191		1442
	Elegy on Reve John Hubbard	1743
	Elegy on Mr Jamuel Stockell	1750
194	alegy on Reve Mordecai Andrews	1150
193	Elegy on William Bentley - printed for the author M.C.	1751
196.	another Elegy on W.B I Gutteridge	1757
197	Elegy on Rens Shomas Hall	1762
	The Grand question debated	1185
199	The extraordinary history of the Immaculate Boy	1783-
200	A second Holiday for John Gilpin	1785
	The Minister's A	1784
		1789
202	Alegy on Acro John Berridge	1793
	Centenary Jubilee, Nouschall for I Shilling	
and the second second	The Noble Sans Culotte	
14 10 7 1	[18] [18] [18] [18] [18] [18] [18] [18]	
204	Centenary Jubilee	
	The Characian West-	1701
2 S 6 5 2- 1 - 1	The Charming Methods	197
205	Jubilee Gong	1809
"	Four New Carols for 1809	-
206	The Irish Fortune Hunters	1797
	Description of Covent Garden Theatre	
"	A New Jong on the Jax upon Lawyers	1794
."	A New Jong on Covent Garden Theatre (our everse)	
207	Boliad on the Renewal of the East Indie Company's Charles	1700
	The Carcase Butchers: a Jong	
"	Dick and Johnny	
	Good News, or the Farmers Com Factors	
208	Buonaparte's Rise and downfall	
	A Caution against Mobing	
,,	A Poem or an alarm to the Meal-mongers	1
"	A Gipay Ballad	
200	Britons strike Home	
"		
,,	The Hote Bandows Offen	
210	Ine Hope Garden: A France	
2,0	Invasion: A Yong	
211	Bonaparte answered	
211	A Christian Effort	
212	Prome for Cuckolds	
	New-years-gift for Mercurius Politicus	
213	A Poem on the Death of the Earl of Essex	
214	Englands petition to her King	1641
"	En Surcelus Arbor	1641
215	Anew years gift for Mercurius Politicus	1

Par	ne	
2	15	The Mewes Fireworks whon the 5 of November
		First Cars to Sambeth
		A Strange Banquet, or the Divels entertainment
	Land Street	Hereneral Elegy on Lady Castleton
		Elegy on Edward, By of Norwich llegy on the Marques of Dorchester & Earl of Kingston
1	,	
29	00	The apprentices Samentation on So Rich Miseman
1		Please the South of the Author of the Characters
1 ,	2/	Elegy on the Death of the Author of the Characters
		The ellerchant A la-mode
124	22	As Bob as a Robin, or allswell that ends well
20	, ,	The Inglish Sadlock unlockid
122		He Court to Parsons Homest advice
12	1000	A Parallet betwiet Popera & Phone Frien
1		A Parallel betwiet Popery & Phane Sicism
		A Congratulatory poem on Orlando Bridgman
1	1	The Genius of true Englishmen
122		In exclamation against Julian
12		A Quack Doctors advertisement
20		
- 16		The Jacobites Coat of Arms
		Sauronomachia.
22	. 1	A Hymn to the victory in Scotland
	190	The Sitary of the D - of B-
7.3	0	Partiridges advice to the Protestants of England
00		Roome for Cuckolds
120		Anew Ballad
1 13	- 1	The Explanation
23.	0	
233		From upon the noble feast made by the families of the Smiths
1201	- 1	Hather Peters policy discovered
22	1.	The Converts
200		The last will and testament of Sather Altres -
23		An Gristle to M. Dryden
1200	2	Private Occurrences
24	: 1 :	The advice
120		The Drivey Lane Monster
285		The lite Religion of the Town
	1	The Sife and Death of the Piper of Wilbarchan
	15	The Inare
204		The Weasel uncastd
21	0	an wings of feare I inch flies away, alas poore Will
		The Sineage of Socusts, or the Pope's pedigree
		Three alamode Songs
242	3	A description of the 4 Quarters of the year
240		God's judgmento shewn unto mankind
2/1		An Addrep to to Joseph Jetryll
21.4	-	The Friendsh of Justice a new Ballad.
140	1	Spectrum Anti Monarchicum

Page		
21.5	The Geneva Ballad	
A STATE OF THE STATE OF	another ldition	
246	사고 문에 살아가 되면 남아서 동안 아름다면 하는데	
1214	An anagram on Francis Sord Guilford	
	The good Old cause revived	
21.8		
	A Windication of a Marriage Sife	
249	Logomachia : A harmony in Discord	
	The Second part to the same time	
250	The Muses Fireworks on the bot November	
	The sale of Exacis Birth-right	
251	A new years gift for the Rump	
The state of the s	The Rota 40	
252	Poem to his Sacred Majestie on the Plot	
	The Countrymans farewell to London	
253	To each Gentleman Soldier in the year on Regiment of Trained Bands	
4	another Edition	
	another Edition	
	another Codition	
25:5	The Marshal's humble offering to Lieut Col. Ellis of the Blue Regiment	
21.1	To each Gentleman Soldier in the Wellow Regiment	
1200	another Edition	
1	Morning Hymn from the Death of abel	
257		1785
	[1] 이 사용 : (1) [1] - (1)	1785
25-8		1783
"	The Harmles Warriow : a song	1
. "	Sove in a coffin a song	
"	God save the Queen: a song	
25.9	The Flander Ballad	
	A feast for the Notaries of Comus	
260		1674
	The Barber Shaved	
	Broadsides on Tea, Coffee, &c.	
261	[18] 20 18 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19 19	
	The Vertue of the Coffee drink	-
	00: 1011 011 : 4 1 :	1663
11		
1		1667
1011		1672
		16/2
		1674
266		685
1	Nicotiana Encomium, or the golden leaf Tabacco	
267	Bacchinalia Coelestia: a poem in praise of Sunch	
1:	Shite and Spleen, or the Dr run Mad	
268		
	Doctor Cooper at work upon Dauncey's bones	1661
270	The Devil upon Dun, or the downfall of the Chymist	672
1		-1-



Æria.

A New w ofmalo Toits own Tune.

OOD people of each flation, that's fond of recreation, Tis worth your observation to list awhile to me,
To Dover as we hear, some inputands did repair,
When Jefferies and Blanchard ascended in the air.
The people all surprised, with shouts did rend the skies,
Tho' piercing was the morning, those herees danger
score d, They gave the flies. the people warning, and from the castle

The people flood confounded, for fear they should be

drown'd, While eccho flill rebounded, the flag was wav'd around, Acros the channel these heroes they did ride,
Like witcher in a whirlwind they reach the other side,
All people did a gree, 'twas a noble sight to see,
They cried as they came over, here comes the English

Those heroes dined at Dover, and went to France to

Their ballast coing expended, near to the sea descended, And was wost them befriended, their cloaths threw

over coard.

Over

And soon they found them hamper dy and clinging to the tree. -

low fill your bowls and tankerds, to Jefferles and Blanchard,

At France they fafely anchor'd, some miles from Calais, Both Lords and Ladies gay, invited them to stay, And when they came to Calais, their stags they did

How quickly we can prace, from England o'er to France,

Some time in former weather, we'll all fet off toge-And when that we come thither, we'll have a Paris

dance. your Theatres and all your fively fea-Farewel to

riflers by nature, we do ramble to the fea.
you beaut and belles, adien to Sadlers Wells, acion we'll couple in the air,





(20, 2

SIR Knight, just awak'd from a Dream in surprize,

Beholds a new Scene open fresh to his Eyes; Quoth he to his Friends with a heart full of Glee, A bold british Senator straightway I'll be. derry down.

Thus resolv'd in his Mind, without asking Advice,
The Hero, at Boston arriv'd in a Trice;
Quite sure of Success when he canvass'd the Town,
With his Squire at his back, that Man of Renown.
derry down.

A Party soon join'd him on hearing the News,
Who always are known by the Name of True Blues.
Which elated him so, he hic-cup'd with joy,
And determin'd to send for his Dame and his Boy.
derry down.

The Lady no sooner the Tidings had heard, But she with her Coach and six Horses appear'd; In solemn Procession she moved thro' the Throng. To gain all the Votes as she passed along. derry down.

The Poll Day being come, a Change now appears, And by their long Faces discovers their Fears; The Blue on their hats has now found a new Place, Yet they're really True Blues, for they're blue in the Face.

derry down.

THE COLDE TEARME

Or the Frozen Age: Or the Metamorphosis of the River of Thames. 1621.

Twas the time when men wore liquor'd bootes,
When rugged Winter, murdred hearbes & rootes.
When as the Heauens, the Earth did all attire
With plashes, puddles, pooles, blacke dirt & mire.
Then at that time (to poore mens care and costs)
A Christmas came to Towne, betwixt two Frosts.
Then in the num Colde month of Ianuary,

When as the Sunne was lodg'd in moyst Aquary:
When Boreas (all with Isickles bedight)
Worse then a Barber, 'gan to shaue and bite,
Turning Thames streames, to hard congealed slakes,
And pearled water drops to Christall cakes.
Th'adulterate Earth, long having play'd the whore,

In bearing and in breeding bastards store,
As Drunkards, swearers, leachers, Cheating knaues,
Punkes, Panders, base extortionizing slanes,
Rent-raising rascals, Villaines, Theeues, Oppressors,
Vainglorious proude fooles, Gen'rall all transgressors,
For which soule whordome, Heauen did think it meet,

The Snow. To make the Earth doe pennance in a * sheet.

That punishment no sooner past and gon,
But straight a Colde freeze coate she did put on.
Which (though herselfe were senceles, what she ayles)
It made her poorest bastards blowe their nayles.
Whilst many of her Rich broode did agree,
To make their stony hearts as hard as shee.
The liquid Thames each where from shore to shore,
With colde bak'd Paste, all pastycrusted o're.
When in a Month no Waterman could share,

The fingle benefit of halfe his Fare;
Though I When a whole Tearme would not affoord a Boate,
name Cha- For milerable Fares to spend a Groate.

Foneriy, but Vpon a Cake of Ice, lamenting late.

De Pronerb Helfe hunger formed and thinks cled the

Apittiles When as a Parson* (that could neuer Preach,

Parson. Yet to three Benefices well could reach)

Saw Charity to want both Foode and Cloathing,

Past by, ne're spake to her, nor gaue her nothing.

Amercile, Next an Atturney * her poore Case did see,
Lawyer. But all his Conscience wayted on his Fee:
He walk dalong, and look da scaunt on her,

And put his bounty off with a demurre.

An uncon- The third a Broker*, a base Houndsditch hound,

scionable

That every Month takes Eight-pence in the pound:

He look'd on Charity, but nothing threw her,

And vow'd that all his Life, he never knew her.

A world of people more did thrust and throng.

And vow d that all his Life, he neuer knew her.

A world of people more did thrust and throng,

Yet none Relieu'd her as they past along:

Too good to Vntill at last (as she was like to Dye)

The Maisters of an Hospitall past by **

The Maisters of an Hospitall past by *;
They stay'd, and did compassionate her Case,
And straight prouided her a Lodging place.

There was a Vs'rer*, with his Purse fast shut, bee good. Did rayle at her and call'd her Idle slut:
And said she to Varginia should be Shipt,
Or to Bridenell be sent, and soundly whipt.
But at the last (to many a mizers Griese)
Shee in an Hospitall did sinde Reliese:
And whether shee be dead, or like to dye,
Those that Relieve her better know then I.
But once againe, Ile turne me to my Theame,
Of the conglutinated Frozen streame:
Vpon whose Glassie face both too and fro,

Fine hundred people all at once did goe.
At westminster there went three Horses over
Which safely did from shore to shore recover.
There might be seene spic'd Cakes, and roasted Pigs.
Beere, Ale, Tobacco, Apples, Nuts, and Figs.

Fires made of Char-coles, Faggots, and Sea-coles, Playing and couz'ning at the Pidg'on-holes:
Some, for two Pots at Tables, Cards, of Dice:
Someflipping in betwixt two Cakes of * Ice:

Some going on their businesse and affaires, From the Bank-side to Pauls, or to Trig-staires. And some there were (which I almost forgot) That thought the frozen streames were too too hot,

Twas fafer for them (they did understand)
To walke upon the water then the land.
Some trod the Thames as boldly as the ground,
Knowing their formnes was not to be drownd.

And fure the honest River is so true,
It will not rob the Gallowes of his due.
The Begger's follow'd men in troopes and flockes,

And neuer fear'd the Constable or Stockes,
The Cage, and whipping-post were idle bables,
And lawes they count no more then Esops fables.
This was a time when th'weakest went to th'wall,
When hackney Coaches got the deuill and all.
Though thousands others want and forrow seeles

Though thousands others want and sorrow seeles,
Yet still with them the world did runne on wheeles.
And sure more Coaches and Carroches, went
In one day to the Tearme and Parlament:

In one day to the Tearme and Parlament:
Then there past Wherries in a month and more,
'Twixt Essex, Middl'sex, Kent and Surry shore.
And though for two mon'ths time, that fell together,

Of Windes, Raine, Snow, and bitter Frosty wether.
Though Water-men for number multiplies,
Neere twenty thousand with their families;
Ver this water their projection.

Yet this vnto their praise I'le truly speake,
(Though many of their states are meane and weake)
All this hard time, not one amongst them all,

Did to dishonesty, or theeuing fall;
Therefore this commendations is their due,
Though they are poore men, yet they still are true.
I doubt not but a many Trades there bee,
That hold their heads more higher force then we

That hold their heads more higher farre then we.
Yet if but eight weekes they had such poore dealing,
They would fall neere to begg'ry, or to stealing.
I dare affirme, that VVater-men this Frost
(Amongst them) twenty thousand pounds have lost

(Amongst them) twenty thousand pounds have lost.
And all that losse of theirs, was no mans gaine,
But toyle and dirt by land, with cost and paine.
And Gentlemen, as glad of Boates there are,
As Water men will be to have a fare.

Thus was this Tearme, worse then the worst vacation,
To those that vse a watry Occupation;

Whilst Trades by land did dayly purse vp Chinke, Bakers for bread, and Brewers for their drinke: Tapsters for Pots and Cans, with nick and froath, Mercers for Stuffes, and Drapers for their Cloath: Vintners for drunken heads, Cutlers for swords;

Sergeants for Fees, and Lawyers for good words: And in this gnashing age of Snow and Ice, The Wood-mongers did mount so high their price:

That many did to lye a bed desire,
To saue the charge of Wood, and Cole, and Fire.
Amongst the Whores there were hot commings in,

Who ever loft, they still were sure to win.
They in one houre so strangely did heat men,
That all the Frost they scarce were coole agen.
The Vs'rers Bonds, and Landlords Rent came on,

Most Trades had something to depend upon;
Onely the Water-men instructing got,
And yet (by Gods good helpe) they wanted not:

But all had coyne, or credit, foode and fire,
And what the neede of nature did require.
So farewell Frost, if Charity be living.

Poorementhall finds is, by the sich manag

.

A running

whirling

Witneffe

Truth among ft poore
men is mere
rare, then
bonefty among ft the
rich.

Most band ot, over vocer-week oft

M'Geo. Withers Revived

His PROPHESIE of our present Calamity, and (except we Repent) future Milery.

Written by him in the Year 1 60 8.

And in an evil plight Affaits do stand:
Afre by we do smart for doing ill,
Yet as the hand of God afflicteth still,
And many see it not; as many be
So wilful, that his hand they will not see.
Some plainly view the same, but nothing care;
Some at the sight thereof amazed are
Like Belthanar, and have a trembling heart,
Yet will not from their vanities depart.
Some dream that all things do by chance succeed,
And that I prate more of them than I need:
But Heaven and Farth to witness I invoke,
That carelessly Sothing here have spoke.

But Heaven and Earth to witness I invoke,
That careless Sorthing here have spoke.

If this, O fickly Island, thou believe,
And for thy great infirmity shalt grieve,
And grieving of thy sollies make consessions,
And so consess thine infinite transgressions,
That thou amend those Errors, God shall then
Thy manifold Distempers care agen;
Make all thy Scarlet sins as white as Snow,
And cast thy threatned Judgments on thy Foe.
But if thou (fondly thinking thou art well)
Shalt slight this Message, which my Muse doth tell,
And soon her Counsel; if thou shalt not tue
Thy formerwaies, but frowardly pursue
Thy wisful course; then bark what I am bold
(In spight of all thy madness) to unfold:
Fot I will tell thy Fortune; which, when shey
That are unborn shall read another day;
I will believe Continue, which, when shey
That are unborn shall read another day;
I will believe Continue, did in the
Thy Poets breast with a Prophetick Muse.
And know, that he this Author did prefer,
To be from him, this Isles Remembrancer.
If thou, I say, Oh Britain, shalt retain
Thy crying sins, thou dost presume in vain
Of God's Protection: If thou stop thine ear,

Or burn this Rowl, in which recorded are

Thy just Indictments, it shall written be With new Additions, deeply stampt on thee With such Characters, that no time shall race

Their fatal Image from thy scarred face.
Though haughtily thou dost thy self dispose;
Because the Sea thy Borders doth inclose;

And muster up large Troops of Men and Horses;

Although thou multiply thy In-land Forces.

Though like an Eagle thou thy wings diplated And (high thy left advanting) proudly to the finalon, and am to high, that none Can fetch me from the place I reft upon: Yea, though thou no advantages did it want. Of which the gioriest Emperies did values Yet, sure, thou shalt be humbled and brought low Eventhen, perhaps, when less thou fear the form Till thou repent, provisions which are made. For thy defence, or others to invade. For thy defence, or others to invade, Shall be in vain; and still, the greater cost Thou shalt bestow, the honour that is soft Shall be the greater; and thy wasted brength. Be sick of a Consumption at the length. Thy Treaties which for peace and principle. Shall neither peace nor profit bring to thee. Shall neither peace nor profit bring to thee. Yea, all thy winnings shall but sewel be. To feed those follies that now spring in thee. On all thy fruits and Cartel in the Fields. On what the Air, or what the Water yields. On Prince or People, on both weak and strong. On Priest and Prophet, on both old and young; Yea, on each person, place, and everything. The plague it bath deserved. God hall bring. A leanness shall thy famels quite devour. Thy Wheat shall in the place of wholsom Flower, Yield nought but Bran. Instead of Grass and Corn. Thou shalt in time of Harvestreap the Thorns. For thy defence, or others to invade Thou shalt in time of Harvestreap the The Thistle, and the Bryar. Of their Thy Groves shall robbed be. Thy Florida wax. There shall be sedon Sheep on the Downs, or Shepherds on the Green. Thy Walks, thy Gardens, and each pleasant Plot, Shall be as those where men inhabit not Thy Villages: where goodly dwellings are, Shall fland as if they unfrequented were. Thy Cities, and thy Palaces, wherein Most neatness and magnificence harh been, Shall heaps of Rubbish be, and (as in those Demolish'd Abbies, wherein Daws and Crows Now make their nests) the Bramble and the Nettle, Shall in their Halls and Parlours root and settle: And moreover, they that now are trained, Ineale, and with foir pleasures entertained; Instead of idle Games, and wanton Dances, Shall practice how to handle Guns and Launces,

197 A3 /3. 12.5 And

And be compell'd to leave their friends embraces, To end their lives in divers uncouth places, Or eife, thy face, with their own blood defile, In hope to keep themselves and thee from spoil.

Thy purest Rivers God shall turn to blood; With every Lake that hath been sweet and good. Ev'n in thy nostrils he shall make it stink, For nothing shall thy people cat or drink, Until their own, or others blood it cost; Or put their lives in hazard to be lost.

Most loathsome Frogs; that is a race impure, Ot base condition, and of birth obscure, This hateful brood shall climb to croke and sing, Within the lodging-Chambers of the King; Yea, there make practile of those natural notes, Which issue from their evil-sounding throats, To w t, vain-brags, revisings, ribaldries, Vile slanders and unchristian blasphemics.

The land shall breed a nasty Generation, Inworthy either of the reputation

name of men; for they as Lice shall feed, Liven on the body whence they did proceed; have shall sporeover swarms of divers Flies

To oca plague: and flill are humming fo,
As if they meant some weighty work todo,
When as, upon the common stock they spend;
And nought perform of that which they pretend.

Then shall a darkness follow, far more black, Than when the light corporeal thou dost lack. For, grossest ignorance, o'reshadowing all, Shall in so thick a darkness thee inthral, That thou a blockish people shalt be made, Still wandring on in a deceiving shade, Mistrusting those, that safest paths are showing, Most trusting them who counsel thy undoing; And ay tormented be with doubts and sears, As one that Out cries in dark places hears.

Nor shall the hand of God from thee return, Till he hath also smote thy eldest born. That is, till he hath taken from thee quite, Evin that whereon thou set'st thy whole delight; And filled ev'ry house throughout thy Nation, With deaths unlooked for, and lamentation.

So great shall be thy ruine, and thy shame,
That when thy neighbouring Kingdoms here the same,
Their ears shall tingle. And when that day comes,
In which thy follies must receive their dooms;
A day of clouds, a day of gloomines,
A day of black despair and heaviness,
It will appear. And then thy vanities,
Thy gold and silver, thy consed racies,

And all their Reeds on which thou hast depended,

V.D. Lall the must, and leave thee unbeiriended.

Thy King, thy Priess, and Prophets then shall mouth,

And peradventure taignediy return To beg of God to succour them: but they Who will not hearken to his voice to day, Shall cry unheeded; and he will despise

Their Vows, their Prayers, and their Sacrifice.

A Sea of troubles, all thy hopes shall swallow;
As waves on waves, so plague on plague shall follow:
And every thing that was a blessing to thee,
Shall turn to be a curse, and help undo thee.
And when thy sin is fully ripe in thee,
Thy Prince and People then alike shall be.
Thou shalt have Babesto be thy Kings, or worse,
Those Tyrants who, by cruelty and force,
Shall take away thy ancient freedoms quite,
From all their Subjects; yea themselves delight

In their yexations: and all those that are Made flaves thereby, finall murmur, yet not dare To stir against them. By degrees they shall Deprive thee of thy Patrimonials all Compel thee (as in other Landsthis day) For thine own meat, and thine own drink to pay. And at the last began to exercise Upon thy Sons, all heathenish tyrannies, As just Prerogatives. To these intents, Thy Nobles shall become their instruments; For they who had their birth from Noble races, Shall (forme and forme) be brought into difgraces. From Offices they shall excluded stand, And all their vertuous off-spring, from their Land Shall quitebe worn: Instead of whom shall rife A broodadvanced by impieties. hat leck how they more great and strong may grow, By compassing the publick overthrow. They shall abuse thy Kings with Tales and Lies; With seeming love, and servile flatteries; They shall perswade them they have power to make, Their Wills their Law, and as they please to take Their Peoples goods, their children and their lives, Ev'n by their just and due Preingarives. When thus much they have made them to believe, Then they shall teach them practises to grieve Their Subjects by, and instruments become To help the lcruing up by forme and forme, Of Monarchies to Tyrannies. They shall Abuse Religion, Honesty, and all To compass their Designs. They shall devise Strange Projects; and with impudence and lies, Proceed in settling them. They shall forget Those reverent usages which do best The Majesty of State; and rail, and storm, When they pretend disorders to reform. In their high Counsels, and where men should have Kind admonitions, and proving grave, When they offend, they shall be threatned there, Or scoft, or taunted, though no cause appear.

Whatever from thy people they can tear
Or borrow, they shall keep, as if it were
A prize which had been taken from the soe,
And they shall make no conscience what they do
To prejudice Posterity: For they
To gain their lust, but for the present day,
Shall with such love unto themselves endeavour,
That (though they know it would undo for ever
Their own posterity) it shall not make
The Monsters any better course to take.

Nay, God shall give them for their offences, To such uncomely reprobated senses:
And blind them so, that (when the Axe they see Ev'n hewing at the root of thine owntree, By their own handy-strokes) they shall not grieve For their approaching sall: no, nor believe Their fall approacheth, nor assume that heed, Which might prevent it, till they sall indeed.

Mark well, Oh Britain! what I now shall say, And do not slightly pass these words away; But be assured, that when God begins, To bring that vengeance on thee for thy sins, Which hazard will thy total overthrow, Thy Prophets and thy Priests shall sliely sow The seeds of that diffention and sedition, Which time will ripen for thy said perdition: But not unless the Priests thereto consent, For in those days shall sew men innocent Be grieved (through any quarter of the Land) In which thy Clergy shall not have some hand.

If ever in thy fields (as God forbid) The blood of thine own children thall be shed By civil discord, they shall blow thy flame, That will become thy ruin, and thy shame; And thus it will be kindled, when the times Are nigh at worst, and thy increasing crimes, Almost compleat; the Devil shall begin, To bring strange Crotchets and opinions in Among thy Teachers, which willbreed disunion, And interrupt the visible Communion Of thy establish't Church. And in the stead Of zealous Pastors (who Gods Flock did feed)
There shall arise within thee, by degrees,
A Clergy, that shall more desire to sleece
Than feed the Flock. A Clergy it shall be Divided in it self: and they shall thee Divide among them, into leveral factions, Which rend thee will, and fill thee with distractions; They all in outward-seeming shall pretend God's Glory, and to have a pious end; But under colour of fincere devotion, Their study shall be temporal promotion; Which will among themselves strong quarrels make, Wherein thy other Children shall partake. Asto the Persons, or the cause they stand Affected, even quite throughout the Land. One part of these will for preferment strive, By lifting up the King's Prerogative Above it felf; They will perswade him to Much more than Law, or Conscience bids him do; And say, God warrants it. His holy Laws They shall alledge, to justifie their Cause; And impudently wrest, to prove their ends, What God for better purposes intends. They shall not blush to say, that ev'ry King May do like Solomon in every thing As if they had his Warrant: and shall dare Ascribe to Monarchs, rights that proper are To none but Christ; and mix their flatteries With no less gross and wicked blasphemies, Than Heathens did; yea, make their King believe, That whomsoever they oppress or grieve It is no wrong; nor fit for men oppressed To seek by their own Lawsto be redressed. Nay further, to their wicked ends they shall Apply the facred Story; or whatever, May feem to further their unjust endeavour, Ev'n what the Son of Hannah told the Jews Should be their scourge (because they did refuse The Sov raignry of God, and were lo vain, To ask a King, which overthem might Raign As Heathen Princes did) that curse, they shall Affirm to be a Law Monarchical, Which God himself established to stand, Throughout all Ages, and in every Land, Which is as good Divinity, as they Have also taught, who do not blush to say That Kings may have both Wives and Concubines, And, by that Rule whereby these great Divines Shall prove their Tenet, I dare undertake (If found it hold) that I like proof will make Of any Jewish Custom, and devise, Authority for all abfurdities. But, false it is; for, might all Kings at pleasure (As by the right of Royalty) make seisure Of any mans possessions: why, I pray Did Ahab grieve, that Naboth said him nay? Why made he not this answerthereunto, (If what the ?rophet faid some Kings would do, Were justly to be done) thy Vineyard's mine; And, atmy pleasure, Naboth, all that'sthine

Allume I may; why, like a Turky-Chick Did he so foolithly grow sullen-sick, And get possession by a wicked fast Of what might have been his by Royal Act? If fuch Divinity as this were true, The Queen should not have needed to pursue Poor Naboth, as she did, or so contrive His Death; since by the King's Prerogative Shemight have got his Vineyard. Nor would God Have scoured that Murther with so keen a rod On Ahab, had he asked but his due: For, he did neither Plot, nor yet pursue The Murther; nor (for ought that we can tell) Had knowledge of the deed of Jezabel, Till God reveal'd it by the Prophet to him. Nor isit faid, that Naboth Wrong did do him, Or disrespect, in that he did not yield, To fell, or give, or to exchange his Field. Now if what here mention d, thou dost heed, (Oh Britain!) in those times that shall succeed, It may prevent much loss, and make thee shun Those mischiefs, whereby Kingdoms are undone, But, to thy other sins, if thou shalt add Rebellions (as false Prophets will perswade) Which likely are to follow, when thou that In thy profession of Religion halt: Then will thy Kings and People scourge each other For their Offences, till both fall together: By weakning of your Powers to make them way, Who feek and look for that unhappy day. Then shall disorder ev'ry where abound, And neither just nor pious man be found,
The best shall be a Bryar and a Thorn,
By whom their Neighbour shall be scratcht and torn. Thy Princes shall to nothing condescend For any merit, just, or pious end; But either for encreasing of their Treasure, Or for accomplishing their wilful pleasure: And unto what they fell, or daign for need, There shall be given little trust or heed: For, that which by their words confirm they shall (The Royal feals uniting therewithal) A Toy shall frustrate, and a gift shall make Their strictest Orders no effect to take. The Parents, and the Children shall despile And hate, and spoil each other: she that lies Within her Husbands bolom, shallbetray him; They who thy People should protect, shall slay them: The aged shall regarded be of none, The poor shall by the rich be trodden on: Such grievous insolencies every where Shall acted be, that good and bad shall fear In thee to dwell; and men discreet shall hate To be a Ruler, or a Magistrate; When they behold (without impenitence) So much injustice, and such violence. And when thy wickedness this heightshall gain, To which, no doubt, it will e're long attain, If thou proceed: Then from the Bowthat's bent, (And half way drawnalready) shall be sent A mortal Arrow; and it pierce thee shall Quite through the Head, the Liver, and the Gall. The Lord shall call, and whistle from afar, For those thine enemies that fiercelt are, For those thousearest most; and they shall from Their Countries, like a Whirlwind hither come:

They shall not sleep, nor slumble, nor untye Their Garments, till within thy Fields they lie.

Their faces shall as full of horrour show,

Sharp shall their Arrows be, and strong their Bow,

As

As doth a Lyons. Like a bolt of Thunder,
Their Troops of Horse shall come and tread thee under
Their Iron seet. Thy soes shall eat thy bread,
And with thy Flocks both cloathed be and sed.
Thy dwellers they shall carry from their own,
To Countries which their Fathers have not known:
And thither shall such mischies them pursue,
That they who seek the pit-fall to eschew,
Shall in a snare be taken. If they shall
Escape the Sword, a Serpent in the wall
To death shall sting them: yea (although they hap
To shun a hundred plagues) they shall not scape;
But, with new danger still be chas'd about,
Until that they are wholly rooted out.
The Pionman then, shall be afraid to sow;

Artificers, their labour shall forgo;
The Merchant men shall cross the Seas no more,
(Except to fly and seek some other shore)
Thy ablest men shall faint, the wise onesthen,
Shall know themselves to be but soolish men.
And they who built and planted by oppression,
Shall leavetseir gettings to the foes possession.
Yea, Go I will scourge thee, England, leven times more,
Yea, Go I will scourge thee, England, leven times more,
Then, thy Allies their friendship shall withdraw;
And, they that of thy greatness stood in awe,
Shall say (in scorn) is this the valiant Nation,
That had throughout the world such reputation,
By Victories upon the shore? Are these
That people that were Masters of the Seas,
And grew so mighty? Yea, that petty Nation,
That is not worthy of thy indignation,
Shall mock thee too; and all thy sormer same,
Forgot shall be, or mention d to thy shame.

Then wo to them who darkness more have lov'd Than light; and good advice have disapprov'd: For they shall wander in a crooked path, Which neither light, nor end, nor comfort hath. And when for Guider and Counfel, they do cry, Not one shall pity them who passeth by.

Then wo to them that have corrupted been,
To justifie the wicked in his sin;
Or, for a bribe the righteous to condemn:
For flames (as on the chaff) shall seize on them:
Their bodies to the Dunghil shall be cast;
Their flower shallturn to dust; their flock shall waste,
And all the glorious titles they have worn,
Shall but increase their infamy and scorn.

Then wo to them that have been rail'd alolt By good mens ruins; and by laying loft And easie pillows under great mens Arms. To makethem pleas'd in their alluring charms. We gather Armies, and we Fleets prepare; And then, both strong and safe we think we are. But when we look for Victories and glory, What follows, but events that make us forry? And 'tis Gods mercythat we turn our faces With so few losses, and no more disgraces. For what are most of those whom we commend Such actions to; and whom we forth do lend To fight those Battles which the Lords we call, But fuch as neither fightfor him at all? Whom doft thou make thy Captains, and dispose Such offices unto, but unto thole Somefew exce Command; and pay to ferve their private ends; These by their unrepented fins, betray
Thy Cause; by these, the bonour, and the day
Islost: and when thou hopest that thy trouble Shall have an end, thy danger waxeth double.

We fain would be at peace, but few mengo Tharway, as yet, whereby it may be for We have not that humility which must Effect it: we are falle and cannot trult Each other, no nor God with true confessions, Which thews that we abhor not our transgressions. It proves, that of our errors we in heart Repent not, neither purpole to depart From any folly. For all they that are Sincerely penitent, do nothing feat So much astheir own guilt, nor leek to gain.

Ought, more than to be reconcil d again. And they that are thus minded, never can Be long unreconcil'd to God or man. Believe me England, howfoever fome.
Who should foresee thy plagues before they come,
Endeavour to perswade thee that thou hast A hopeful time, and that the worst is past Yet I dare boldly tell thee, thou hast nigh Worn out Godspatience by impiety. And that unless the same we do renew By patience, our folly we shall rue. And, if we do not more Gods will regard, That mischiefis but for a time deserd. Be mindful therefore while it is to day;

And let no good occasion slip away. Now rend your hearts, ye Britains, wash and rinsethem From all corruption, from all evil cleanse them, Go offer up the pleasing Sacrifice Of Righteousness: from folly turn your eyes-Seek peace, and follow it with strict pursure: Relieve the needy; Judgment execute; Refresh the weary, right the fatherless: The strangers and the widows wants redress: Give praise to God, depend with lowly faith On him, and what his holy Spirit faith: Remember what a price thy ranfom coft, And now redeem the time that thou half loft. Return, return thou (oh back-fliding Nation). And, let thy tears prevent thy defolation: As yet thou maist return: For Gods embrace Is open for thee, if thou haft the grace To give it meeting. Yet, Rependance may. Prevent the milchiefs of that evil day Which here is mention'd: yet, thou maist have peace, And by discreet endeavouring, encrease Each outward grace, and ev'ry inward thing, Which will additions to thy comfort bring.

Now grant us peace, O Lord! for perilous
The times are grown, and no man fights for us
But thou, O God! Nor do we feek or crave,
That any other Champion we have.
Thy Church in these Dominions, Lord preserve
In purity, and teach us thee to serve
In holiness and rightcoussies, until
We shall the number of our days sulfil.
Defend this Kingdom from all overthrows,
By forraign Enemies, or home-bred foes.
Our King with ev'ry grace and vertue biels,
With thine honour, and his own encrease.
Instame our Nobles with more love and zeal.
To thy true Spouse, and to this Common-weal.
Inspire our Clergy in their several places,
With knowledge, and all sanctifying Graces.
That by their Lives and Doctrines they may rear
Those parts of Zion which decayed are.
Awake these People, give them souls that may
Believe thy Words, and thy Commands obey.

FINIS.

THE ARMESON THE TOUNG HONIST



How the Armes were first found,

I Lately did most diligently looke,
From end to end quite through a Harralds booke
Whereas I saw the armes of Monarchies,
Of Empieres, Kingdomes, Principallities,
Of Nobles, Gentiles, and of Corporations,
Devis'd with many thousand variations:
And amongst all these honorable Crests,
I sound no Armes for the Tobacomsts:
I ask'd the Herrald why they were forgot,
He answered me that they belonged not
To heaven, or early, and that he knew right well,
They must derive a Herraldry from hell:
And that there are the fauld, or Whore all most,
and that there are fauld, or Whore all most,
A Roarer, or an ordinarie will,
But could imblaze their Armes vnto the full.
I gaue him thankes, and kindly bad adue,
And went and sought, and found the smooky crew:

And that ther's new fauld, or Whore all most, ander, Broaker, or might of the post:

A Rozrer, or an ordinarie Sull,
But could imblaze their Armes vnto the full.

I gaue him thankes, and kindly bad adue,
And went and sought, and found the smoaky crew:
With oathes and smoake, all in a roome close sitting.
With husting, putting, southing, spawling, spitting:
After a slauering haulke, and drilling hem,
One bouldly ask d what I would have with them.

I told him my request, he straight steps out,
And courteously bethus resoluted my doubt.

The Armes emblazoned.

A Man renerst proper improperly.

A In a field Sable mounting up on high,
His faire posteriours whils, his bead and bands
Are pendant to his legger whereon he stands;
Out of his mouth two pipes a Cheneron makes,
From whom the precious vapour that he takes.
He at his backe side, very freely vents,
As sweet as sugar-carrion to the sents:
About two firmes clawes a match hath goe,
Or else a halter with a riding knoe.
The Crest a Mores head gardant on a wreath.
Of party Sable Argune vuderneath.
The Helmes a full I sueme looking glosse,
The Mantells smeaks, which from the nostrill passe.
Inuellops round the southeons on each fide,
By which it is Adornd and Clowdiside,
The tassels that unto the mantells hang.
Are liquors that will make their Noses twangs.
As Raby, water whorehouse, Close or Hum,
Hot Nutries, saire dosesties, and Manune
The two supportes (cleanly all to keepe)
Are French Babounes, whose note is chimny sweeps
But now to give the reader looke content.
The more all cells what is the a meast is chimny sweeps
But now to give the reader looke content.
The more all cells what is the a meast is chimny sweeps

The Morroll.

The Sable field refembles hells blacke uit.

The man reserf frewes men, or beaff indeed. That doate to much upon this heathen were. Who frooke away their precious Time and Mandall their profit is contagious flinkes. The pipes and finne unto us doth difficult. How it leades coxcomes dayly by the noies. The match or halter in the goblines pawers. Portends the fatall period of the lawes: That those that wast themselves is are accepted. May to the hangman leave both coase and itself. The Moores head showes, that earlies Payers is Devise this stinke, long time from Chattain in The Topful pipe of the week the state of the fatally and the Mantells thewes the fatally and the Mantells theway the state of the fatally and the Mantells theway these states. The Topful pipe of the week the state of the Mantells theway these fatally and the Mantells theway these fatally and the Mantells the was these fatally and the Mantells the way the fatally and the matches were the state of the matches and the state of the state of

VERSES:

Lately vivitten by THOMAS Earle of STRAFFORD.

(I.)

O, Empty Joyes,
With all your noyfe,
And leave me here alone,
In fweet fad filence to bemoane
Your vaine and fleet delight,
Whose danger none can see aright,
Whilest your false splendor dimmes his sight.

(II.)

Goe and inshare
With your salse ware,
Some other easie Wight,
And cheat him with your flattering Light:
Raine on his head a shower
Of Honours, savor, wealth, and power;
Then snatch it from him in an houre.

(III.)

Fill his big minde
With gallant winde
Of Infolent applause:
Let him not feare all-curbing Lawes,
Nor King nor Peoples frowne;
But dreame of something like a Crowne,
And climing towards it, tumble downe.

(IV.)

Let him appeare
In his bright Sphere,
Like Scymbia in her pride,
With star-like troups on every side;
Such for their number and their light,
As may at last orewhelme him quite,
And blend us both in one dead night.

(V.)

Welcome fad Night, Griefes fole delight, Your mourning best agrees
With Hono urs funerall Obsequies.
In Thetis lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose too much Sun-shine blinds his eyes.

(VI.)

Was he too bold,
That needs would hold
With curbing raines, the day,
And make Sels fiery Steeds obay?
Then fure as rash was I,
Who with ambitious wings did fly
In Charles his Waine too loftily.

(VII.)

I fall, I fall;

Whom shall I call?

Alas, can he be heard,

Who now is neither low door fear'd.

You, who were wont to kiffe the ground,

Where e're my honor'd steps were found,

Come catch me at my last rebound.

(VIII.)

How each admires
Heav'ns twinkling fires,
When from their glorious feat
Their influence gives life and heat.
But O! how few there ar',
(Though danger from that act be far)
Will stoop and catch a falling star.

(IX.)

Now 'tis too late
To imitate
Those Lights, whose pallidnesse
Argues no inward guiltinesse:
Their course one way is bent.
The reason is, there's no dissent
In Heavens high Court of Parliament.

London printed, 1641.



THE EARLE OF STRAFFORD HIS ELLEGIACK POEM, AS IT

Was pen'd by his owne hand a little before his Death.

STate give me leave, and vexe my thoughts no more, Ihave too much within me to deplore My selfe, and it, who both oppress'd doe lye Subjected to a growing Anarchy.

I have plough'd through my foule, & articled Against my selfe within me, I have read All my life over, to find out what sin Mov'd Englands, Irelands, & what Scotlands spleen, And dare convince their blinded rage who can Find in me errors more then speake me Man. Tis dangerous to be great, Treason doth lye To be roo gracious in a Princes eye:

Use your rage sharpest wit, for all your Art Though you my head, my King shall have my hart.

Be wife, Dice-gerents, whose succeeding fate, Shall reare you up unto the height of State, The ladder shakes you climbe on, every Round Is pay'd with icy fate, smiles on the ground From whence you rise, and, unadvis'd, you shall Find, if not sudden, yet a certaine fall.

My finne was too much loyalty, and when That times to come, as fure there will be Men, (Although this scanted Age vents none, but those Who of old Titles and new fashion'd cloaths Can boast, whose honest judgments doe agree To love the King and seare his subsidie.)

They, in disdaine of their fore-fathers hate, Shall speake my vertues, and lament my Fate.

You, you, then (happier Nephewes) what I tell So late, so true, accept as Oracle, Where ever Justice calls you, for my sake Be all your Demonstrations faire, nor make A bad distinction, by mistaken zeale (weale. T'your Prince, twixt him, and 'twixt his Common-

Come neerer Death, and let's imbrace! but you That with such care and jealousies pursue My spited Soule, although my blood's no price To your wish'd peace, too weake a Sacrifice To expiate three Kingdomess yet from me Take this my last and perfect it Legacie

For all the service I have done the State,
My early risings, and my sleeping late,
For all those cares kept sad my charge, my long
Zeale to my Prince, which you miscoster'd wrong,
For all my labours, and in that pursuit
My slaughtered honours, and my life to boote,
Doe this, and you shall by my counsaile prove
Happy on earth as I in Heaven above
And though (for this shall your most cofort bring)
You lov'd not me, yet love my Lord your King.

F 7 N.7 S.

Printed in the Yeare, 1641.

The true manner of the life and

Lievtenant Deputy of Ireland, Lord Generall of his Majesties Army, Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, who was beheaded the 12. day of this
present moneth of May, 1 6 4 1,

The rune is Welladay Welladae.





Ountry mentiff to mée patiently patiently patiently, And you hall beare and lée, As time gives leafure, The object of mishap. Eaught fast in his owne trap, Cast out of soztunes lap, Through his owne folly.

Dir Thomas Wentworth hee, At the Arkat the Ark Arkat the Ark Ark Mole to great dignitie, And was beloved, Charles our woll grations king Grac't him in many a thing, And did much honour bring, On his proceedings.

Fames Crumpet blaloned forth His great name, his great name Lard preferent of the Marth, Ho was he called,
And as I imperitand,
His had in Ireland,
A place of great command,
Coraile his fortunes.

Do e honour did befall, Anto him unto him, De was Lozd generall, Of the Kings army, These titles given had his By the Kings Putekis, And made aduredly Linight of the Garter.

But here's the spoyle of all, two is mix, wor is mix, where is mix, where is mix, ambition cand but fall, Against all reason, where did but lawes abuse, and many men wiluse, for which they bim accuse, Autre through the kingdoms.

Pew lawes he lought to make, In Ireland in Ireland, It be the word viol peake, Some durch with franch him, He ruld with tyranny, And dealt most cruelly, Eo men in wifery, Ehe like was neare hosted of. The Second part,

To the fame tun.



He hath done thoulands wrong As tis knowne us tis knowne as tis knowne as tis knowne and caft in prilon Arong, Our pings liege people, Such cruelty postest Dis black polloted brest, Die thought himselfe well blest, In acting milchiefe.

But those that clime highest of all Oftendimes oftentimes, Boe catch the greatest fail, Ashere appeareth, By this unhappy wight, Who wrong o his Countryesright, And over came by might, Dur god kings subjects.

Our god kingslubicks.
To London Tower at lak,
We was brought, he was brought,
For his Okences pak,
And just deferbings,
And after certainely,
He was condemn o to dye,
For his falls trechery,
Baink ping and Country.
It being the twelth day

It being the twelth day In this would of Pay, As true reports doe lay, His came to his tryall, The Pobles of our land, By Juffice Just command, Ball centence out of hand, That he Hould luster.

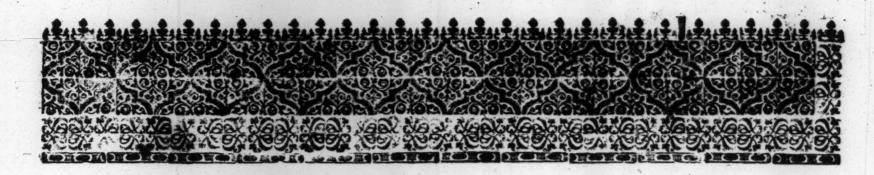
maken the appointed time, was come that he thould ope, For his committed crime, The ar being Ready, and to the Cassold hee, was brought immediately, where thousands came to lk, bim take his outh.

After some Prayers safe, And sertaine spirches made, D'th' block his bead he layd, Enking his directed?. The heads—sam bloodly, Divided presently, Dis head from his body, Mith his kiene weapon-

Heaven grant, by his belonetall Ehat others may take herb, Lazd fend among an all, Erus poace of confeience, And may our king and Aniens, Among as long be first, Mith all their bymaches griess, Koall our constact.

L.P.

London, printed for Richard Burton, and are to be fold at the horse shope at the Hospitall gate in Smithfield.



IUDGE BARKELY

HIS

PENITENTIALL COMPLAINT:

Wherein he laments the Condition of his present Imprisonment, and the late Corruptions of violated and inforced

Iustice.

Hat wonder's this, to heare a Terme should be Gone off, and yet Vacation still with me? That I should owne the leafure to rehearse My Cause to'th Stones, and plead my Griefes in Verse: That I who ballanc'd Right, and in her Scale Did raise or finke her to make Wrong prevaile, Should now lye loft to Justice, and inferre My felfe an Exile to her Hall and her; Should feare her sentence, and should hide my face (Where once I fate) from her Tribunall place. Judgement proves then most happy, when the Law Of Truth and Goodnesse doth the Conscience awe. Nor can he quickly into danger fall, Who to himselfe lives a law rationall. But when the showes of Honour or of Gaine Grow on the heart, and doe corrupt the braine, Reason doth startle, and th'affections straight Prove conquer'd Captives to that golden bait. Why should those thicke and glittering spangles, that Doe dance in glory on the robes of State, Trouble the knowing minde to gaze upon Their flattering splendors, or to put them on? But that's not all; for when that fatall Vice (That Turke mongst Christians) fordid Avarice, Leads her blacke Army up, and doth begin To make the heart an Usurer to Sin; Then Peace, Religion, Safety, Justice, all Who owne to Grace or Honour, humbled fall Before that tyrant Fiend, whose irefull doome Breathes nought but ruine, rage, and martyrdome, Who bribes the Law, and what was made fo ftrong To speake our Right, makes Law to speake it Wrong.

These were my faults, made happy did they guest But in one Inne, or lodg'd but in my Breft: But when that Justice on her knees shall fall To beg the Judge to doe her right, and call Her spotlesse Ermines to his eye, and wrong'd, Defire that grace to have her Cause prolong'd Untill some bappy Parliament should raise New strength to her unnerved hand, and praise Her faint and labouring pulses, make her know Holds she the Ballance in her hand, or no, To lend her eyes, and from their gracious tongues Infuse new breath to her despairing lungs, When Life and Honour lay upon the stake, And Justice dumbe, while Falshoods tongue did ake, My fadded bloud fickens to whay, and while That Right now laughes, I gratulate her smile. That Hand of Justice which I downe did beare, Strikes now repentance through me, which no eare Can heare and spare no griefes, nor passing by Can any see but with a bleeding eye. Let all my Lawes be broken, let the wheele Of Fortune split, and her Atturneyes reele. It is a glad and happy finne would prove It felfe reform'd to every good mans love: Thus much my penitence can doe, but this Is good begotten from too much amisse. Though cold my hopes, and my more fad affaires Doe pull more winter on my fnow-touch'd haires, I now learne Justice, patient I learne more Then ere her Agent I perform'd before: And shall decree what ever way she's bent, Just is my fate, as just the Parliament.

CHANGE CHANGE CHANGE CHICAGO CHANGE C

Printed in the yeare 1641.

GOOD NEVVES For all true hearted Subjects:

VIDELICET, The PARLIAMENT goes on.

Written by FRANCIS Mussell, Vintner.

Hough Times be troublow, yet true peace I bring To all who feare God, and obey the King.

This Emblem thus deciphers the intent, What by the Enfigne and the booke are meant. The Enfigne cleere above his head doth flourish, With joy to shew that God his flock doth nourish. The Book presents to us the Truth, in which

W'are taught of God how to be truly rich: So to exemplifie and keepe out harmes, Are barricado'd with the City Armes. Bleft be our God above, whose preservation Hath bin to us, to all mens admiration.

Ood newes, true hearts, heare this, And be no longer fad: Though things have bin amisse, Yet now we may be glad: Some were abufive, and too blame, Yet all shall wele're long Reformed be, let's blesse Gods name: The Parliament goes on.

Those that have been ill members In Church and Common-weale, And prov'd themselves dissemblers, Their Knaveries to heale, Shall plainly be unmaskt, and then Must suffer for the wrong, Whereby they have opprest poore men, The Parliament goes on.

Some would have brought curs'd Popery Into this bleffed Ifle, With Masses, Crosses, Foppery, Twas fear d, within a while. Their Beads and Holy-water Were false, and smelt too strong: But better newes came after: The Parliament &c.

No tricks of mans inventions Can crosse our just desires, Though base be the intentions Of Iesuites and Friers, That would obscure, if they knew how, The truth of every tongue; But they'l be more discover'd now: The Parliament, &c.

Where fneake your lame Projectors That did mens means devour, The Common-wealths infectors, Whilst they had any power. Poor children oft might want their bread, By tricks they fnatcht it from Them; but fuch Rascalls names are spred: The Parliament, &c.

The Iudge unjust doth tremble, When Truth doth come to light;



Nor dares stay to dissemble, But run away by night. The conscience will declare most cleare, What mischiefes men have done; For now things plainly do appeare, The Parliament goes on,

Such men as have been faithfull To God, King, State, and Land, Though vitious men be hatefull, Yet honest men will stand, To venture coine and goods, nay this, Their life, even all they can, For truths fake, and true hearts that with The Parliament goe on.

Alas we helpleffe Commons, Our hearts began to bleed, To sweare to the new Cannons, Et Catera, indeed: We might inthral'd our felves thereby, If fuch a thred we'ad fpun: But we had grace them to deny, The Parlsament goes on.

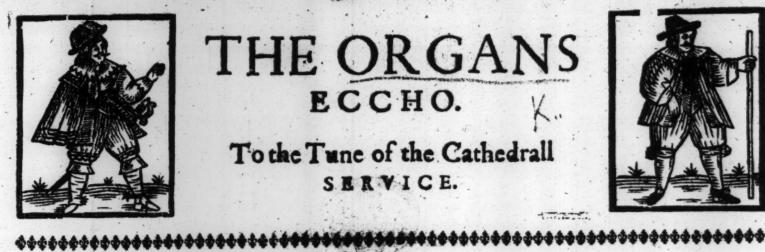
Thus were we pincht and streitned, Nay almost stupify de In fence, yet now well wakened By the true supreme Guide, Who never any heart forfakes, Which ever rests upon God, and his cares to him betakes: The Parliament goes on.

2 Chr.15.12. To take the Protestation, Good fubjects strive and chuse; No friends unto our Nation I thinke them that refuse. IAM. 1.27. Religion must be perfect pure, lam.1.6. Not wavering to turne, Then Godwill be with us, be fure, Matth. 28.20. The Parliament, oc.

The King, Queen, and royall Progeny, God bleffe with many yeares. Lord, to this Nation ne re deny Good honest noble Peeres; That wee reposing all our trust, In thee may flourish still: Then all our Foes shall be acurst, In hatching any ill.

The Members of our Parliament Lord give them happy dayes, With grace and truth, with one confent, Direct in all their wayes, That all may for thy glory stand, Vnto Eternity, Lord crowne them in the Bleffed Land, Amen, Amen, fay I.

Printed with Licence, by R.H. for T.B. and are to be fold at his shop in the Old Hayly. 1641,



THE ORGANS ECCHO.

To the Tune of the Cathedrall SERVICE.



EMENTO MORI, He tell you a ftrange Story, Will make you all forry, For our old friend william; Alas, poore william.

As hee was in his Braverie, And thought to bring us all in flaverie, The Parliament found out his Knaverie, And fo fell william : Alas, poore william.

His Pope-like domineering, And fome other Tricks appearing, Provok'd Sir Edward Deering To blame the old Prelate; Alas, poore Prelate.

Some fay, hee was in hope To bring England agains to th' Pope, But now he is in danger of an Axe or a Rope, Farewell old Canterbury; Alas, poore Canterbury.

There's another of the same Litter, Whose Breech cannot chuse but twitter, Hee was against all goodnesse so bitter, Twas the Bishop of Ely; Alas, poore Ely.

And all the rest of that Lordly Crew, Their great Infolencies are like to rue, As foone as the Parliament their lives do view: Come downe, brave Prelates; Alas, poore Prelates.

You know likewise in this two or three yeare, Many a one for Lamb payd very deare, But now he begins to stinke for feare; Therefore take heed Doctor Lamb: Alas, poore Doctor Lamb.

Then there is also one Doctor Duck, The Proverb sayes, what's worse then ill luck, We hope the Parliament his feathers will pluck, For being fo bufie, Doctor Duck; Alas, poere Doctor Duck.

Deanes and Chapters, with their Retinue, Are not like long for to continue, They have so abused their great Revenue, That downe must Ceremonies; Alas, Popish Ceremonies.

Ecclesiasticall Courts are downe too, they fay, England may be glad of that happie day, They have of late borne fuch a great fway, That farewell those poore Doctors; Alas, poore Proctors.

II.

And now the Papifts are at their wits ends. To fee the downefall of fo many Friends; But they shall all rue it ere the Parliament ends Beleeve it, Roman Catholikes; Alas, poore Catholikes.

There is another that hardly thrives, Which many men of life deprives, Hee's now in Newgate for having two Wives ; It is the young Hangman; Alas, poore Hangman. FINIS.

Printed in the yeere 1641.

complaint of M. Tenter-hookethe Tractor, and Sir Themas Dodger the Patente



If any aske, what things these Monsters be, Tis a Projector, and a Patentee: Such, as like Vermine or e this Land did crawle, And grew forich, they gaind the Devill and all.

Oe I, that lately was a Man of fashion, The Bug-beare and the Scarcrow of this Nation, Th'admired mighty Mounte-banke of Fame, The Juggling Hoens Poeus of good name, The Bull begger, who did affright and feare, And rake, and pull, teare, pill, pole, shave, and sheare, Now Fime hath pluck of the Vizard from my face, I am the onely Image of difgrace. My ugly shape I hid so cunningly (Close cover d with the cloake of honelty) That from the East to VVeft, from South to North, I was a man esteem d of ex lent worth. And (fiveet Sir Thomas Dodger) for your fake, My studious time I spent, my sleepes I brake, My braines I toft, with many a strange vagary, And (like a Spanniell) did both fetch and carry, To you, fuch Projects, as I could invent, Not thinking there would come a Parliament. I was the Great Projector, and from me, Your worship learn'd to be a Patentee, I had the Art to cheat the Common-weale, And you had tricks and flights to passe the Seale. Itooke the paines, I travell'd, search'd, and sought, Which (by your power) were into Patents wrought. What was I but your journey-man, I pray, To bring your worke to you, both night and day: I found Scuffe, and you brought it so about You (like a skilfull Taylor) cut it out, And fashion'd it, but now (to our displeasure) You fail'd exceedingly, in taking measure. My legs were Screwes, to raise thee high or low, According as your power did Ebbe or Flow: And at your will I was Screwd up too high That tott'ring, I have broke my necke thereby. For you, I made my Fingers fift-hookes ftill To catch at all Trades, either good or ill, I car'd not much who loft, fo we might get, For all was Piff that came into the Net. For you (as in my Picture plaine appeares) I put a Swines face on, an Affer eares, the one to litten unto all'I heard berein your worthips profit was prefer de context to set all things, good or bed and things, some or bed and the set of t

Sir Thomas Dodgers Answer!

Las good Tenser-booke, I tell thee plaine, A To seeke for helpe of me tis but in vaine: My Patent, which I stood upon-of late, Is like an Almanacke that's out of Dase. Thad force and vertue once, strange things to doe, But now it wants both force and vertue too: his was the turne of whirling Fortunes wheele, When we least dream'd we should her changing feele. Then Time, and fortune, both with joynt confent Brought us to ruine by a Parliament: I doe confesse thou broughtst me sweet conceits Which now I find were but alluring bairs, And I (to muchan Affe) did lend my eare. To credit all thou faydst, as well as heare. Thou in the Projett of the Soape didft toyle, But twas fo flippery, and too full of oyle, That people wondred how we held it faft, But now it is quite slipp'd from us at last. The Projett for the Starch thy wit found out, Twas stiffe a while, now limber as a Clour, The Pagan weed (Tobacco) was our hope In Leafe, Pricke, Role, Ball, Pudding, Pipe, or Rope. Braffeele, Varina, Meavis, Trinidado, Saint Christophers , Virginia, or Barvade; Bermudas, Providentia, Shallomcongo And the most part of all the rest (Mundange) That Patent, with a whiffe is spent and broke, And all our hopes (in fumo) turn d to fmoake. Thou framdft the Busser Patent in thy braines, (A rope and butter take thee for thy paines) I had forgot Tebacce-pipes, which are Now like to thou and I, but brittle ware. Dice run against us, we at Cards are crost, We both are turn'd up Noddies, and all's loft. Thus from sice finke, we'r funke below Dewee-see, And both of us are Impes of blacke difgrace, Pins pricke us, and wine frets our very hearts, That we have rais'd the price of Pints and Quarts, Thou (in mine eares) thy lyes and tales didft foul, And madft me up the price of Ses-coales houft. Corne, Leather, Partrich, Pheafant, Rags, Gold twiff, Thou brought it all to my Mill what was t we milt? Peights, Bonlace, Monfirage, new, new, Corporation, Rattles, Scadens, of rare invented fashions, Silke, Tallow, Hobby burfes, wood, red-herring, Law, Confirmer, tuffice, fearing, and For-finances.

ENGLANDS REMEMBRANCER,

thankfull acknowledgement of Parliamentary Mercies to our English-Nation.

nis contained a breife enumeration of all, or the most Goos free favours and choise Blessings multiplied on us fince this Parliament first began.

chither, each true Christian heart and see; bring a joyfull, thankfull heart with thee. ne see (I say) to Gods eternall praise, mirecles of mercies in thy dayes. It wo former Parliaments were broke, two former Parliaments werebroke,

after the proposes bearts did bend
the proposes bearts did bend
the plots of have hindred it.

The pour Scartifs Brethren brave,
the plots of have hindred it.

The pour Scartifs Brethren brave,
the plots of have hindred it.

The pour Scartifs Brethren brave,
the plots of have hindred it.

The pour Scartifs Brethren brave,
the point of have the point of the p

and to confult with full content, by themselves dissolve this Parliament. ther it to sit triennially burch and States suture selicity. Ship-money, Pattents damned down,

good men fet in seates of high renown. Non-Residents justly disgrac'd,

y Lecturers by their flock elected, nish Deanes and Prebends disrespected 1.Two Parliaments diffeto'd 2. A third called.

22. Atrienlall Parliament e-

23 Ship mony & Patiets daned 34. Good men made officers of State.

25. Non Residents Lvoted a 26. Pluralists Sgainst.

n the people retoyce

28. Deanes and Chapters voted downe. And



offered willingly because with



And voted-down in Parliament, To fee, Oxford and Cambridge hopefull purg'd to be. To fee Gods Sabbaths more fincerely kept, Of Carryers, Fruit'rers, Taverns foyle well fwept; And Preff:s open wide to vindicate The Sabbaths precious honour, which, of late, By impious Prelates, Pontificks profane, Had (by vain sports) receiv'd a deep-dy'd stain. To fee to th' Sacrament, none (now) admitted But fuch as piously are therto fitted, To fee the Surplice and fuch Romish trash From Parliament receive a deadly gash, Wherby no Popish gestures, vestures are Impos'd 'gainst Conscience on Gods Saints to weare. And no man forced (now) at Church to Stay Where is no preaching to promote Gods day. To fee Gods Out-casts called home again And fonnes of Beliall feele just shame and pain. No High-Commission, Sp'rituall-Court to fee, Wherby Gods peoples hearts from feares are free, Of their unjust Commands, lawlesse taxations And all Church-wardens clear'd from vile vexations. To fee our Seas and Cinque-Ports fortify'd; That we may und'r our Vines fecurely 'bide. But, specially to see, with exultation From Both the Houses a blest Protestation, Together, all true English-hearts to tye, In a bleft league, Romes Strumpet to defie, All Populh Innovations to disdain, Christs Truth toth' death constantly to maintain. O, who cannot these Halcyon-dayes admire, And with enflamed Zeale be fet on fire, To found the praises of our bounteous Lord Who these heart-cheering comforts doth afford Unto a Nation, in th'esteeme of most, For Sin, for saken, perishing and lost. But, now, much like a Ship by fwelling-waves Toft to and fro, gaping to be the graves Of all its heartlesse Marriners, but yet A fodain calm and faire windes favouring it, 'Tis brought in fafty to a harbour faire Where all arive, where all preferved are So, O, even fo, thy God in mercy free, O England, England, thus preserved thee! Hopeleffe and helpleffe: Lay this then to heart, Rouse up thy Soule, perform thy praising part. O great King CHARLES, cheer-up thy foul, likewife, Ponder these ponderous things, arise, arise, High time to put-on refolutions rare, To honour God, who with fuch honours faire Hath bleffed thee and thy three Kingdomes, now, A thorough Reformation in them vow. Remember also and Commiserate Thy royall Sisters poore Palatinate, Sad Germanies long lamentable woes; Rechell, like Rachell in her childlesse throwes. Thy neare allyed Denmarke in distresse, Holland thine honest, ancient friend no lesse. Who All, with Us, and on Us, looke for ayd, From thee, great Prince, who long have been ore-layd With Romish rage and Spanish cruelty, Still groaning, grieving, by their tyranny, To forward which molt bleffed worke, behold, Thy prudent Peeres refolv'd with courage bold, Thy pious Prophets with their prayers addrest, Thy people all with hearts and purses prest, To give thee all their aide, to spend their blood, To hasten-on this work so great, so good. And, Oour God, let thy good Spirit strike-in. To make the work compleat, to pull-down fin, To fet-up Christ in his pure, powerfull throne To rule and raign in all our hearts, Alone. So shall we All, all our remaining dayes To thee our God eternall trophies raife Of all obliged praises infinite, Who, thus, to do us good, dost take delight.

29. Univerfizies reformed. 30. Sabbaths better fandliffed.

3 s . Printing Preffes opened.

32. Sabbath-forts put downe.

33. Lords-Supper rellified

34. Popifi Geremonies feuten-

35. Liberty to beare the word

36. Perfecuted Paffers recall

37. No High-Commiffee Court admitted.

38. Church wardens freed. 39. Sea's and Cing-Posts for tifide.

40. Ableffed Preteftation

Against all Popery and Papille Innovations.

A proper Simile.
England compared to a Ship
toft at Sea.

Admenition to Broland

Counsell to the King.

Reformation defired.

5 Princely Pattelemers to our King.

I.

2.

-

5.

Gainft Spaine and Rome

Helpes at band.

I. Peeres.

2. Prophets.

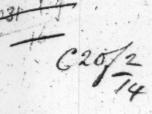
3. People.

4. A Prayer

FINIS.

JOHN VICARS.







TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE PHILIP,

Earle of Pembroke and Mountgomery,

Baron HERBERT of Cardiffe and Shirland, Lord

PAR and Rosse of Kendall, Lord Fitzbugh Marmion, and Saint Quintine, Lord Warden of the Staneries, in the County of Dervon and Cornwall, Lord High Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall, Chancellour of the Vniversity of Oxford, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of Kom, Cornwall and Wills: Lord Chamberlaine of his Majesties most Honourable Houshold, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Majesties most Honourable privie Counsell.

Upon his Lordships Election of Chancellor of the Vniversity of Oxford.

MY LORD,

7 Hen Studies now are blasted, and the times Place us in false lights, and see Arts as Crimes, When to heap knowledge is but thought to fill The mind with more advantage to doe ill: When all your honoured Brothers choyce and store Of Learn'd Remains with sweat and charge fetcht ore, Are thought but uselesse Peeces: and some trust To see our Schooles mingled with Abby dust. That now you dare receive us, and professe Your lelfe our Patron, makes you come no leffe, Then a new Founder; Whilst we all allow, What was Defence before, is building now: And this you were referv'd for, fet a part For times of hazard; as the Shieldand Dart Laid up in store to be extracted thence, When ferious need shall aske some try'd Defence; And who more fit to manage the Gownes cause Then you, whose even life may dare the Lawes, And the Law-makers too: in whom the Great Is twifted with the Good, as Light with Heat;

What though your fadder cares do not professe
To find the Circles squaring, or to guesse
How many sands within a grayne or two
Will fill the World, these speculations doe
Steale man from man; You'r be that can suggest
True Rules, and fashion manners to the best:
You can preserve our Charters from the wrongs
Of the untaught Towne, as farre as now the tongue
Doth from their understanding, You can give
Freedome to men, and make that freedome live;
And divert hate from the now hated Arts,
These are your great endowments, these your parts,
And 'tis our honest boast, when this we scan,
Wee give a Title, but receive a man.

Your Lordship most Honoured hunible Servant,

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

London Printed. 1641.

VOX POPULI. IN PLAINE ENGLISH



(1.)

IN Citie and Countrey throughout the whole Land,
The minds of the multitude divers wayes stand:
There's some that endeavour with might and with maine
To set the proud Prelates on Horse-back againe;
That they may make Cannons, and send out their Oath,
To stablish their power, and dish out their broth.

(2.)

Of this ranke there's many in every place,
The which were Created by little Lands grace:
Who fince are growne lofty, and now like to fall,
Which makes them through Anguish alowd for to call,
To Papists and Atheists and all such as doth:
Love lazy proud Prelates and luke-warme broth.

(3.)

Those fat belli'd priests that have Livings great store,
If Bishops goe downe: they shall never have more;
Their lourney-men readers, likewise are assaid:
That they must bee sore't to give oner their trade,
And we are leather garments in stead of blacke Cloth,
Which makes them love Bishops and luke-warme broth.

(4.)

And great men would never be counted fuch fooles,
As to fend their Children for learning to Schooles,
But that they hoped in processe of time:
That they to the throne of a Best of might climbe,
And there domineere, which fills them with wroth:
Against such as love neither Best or broth.

(5.)

Another fort likewise must not be forgotten,
Who in their maine principles seemes to bee rotten;
Supposing that heaven stands open to all:
That tend on their pray'rs when the Saints Bell doth call?
Where, in stead of substance there's nothing but froth,
Much like the proud Prelates: so is this their broth.

00 00 00 00 00 00 C



35.00.00.00.00.00

(6)

All these doe endeavour as much as they may,
To backe the base Bishops from day unto day;
The Papists assist them, and rather then saile,
The Devill will helpe them, that he may prevaile:
It makes for his Kingdome to stand for them both,
I meane the proud Prelats and their common broth.

(7)

Against this rude Regiment there doth appeare,
Some troupes of couragious hearts that will not feare,
Tincounter this rabble, in mischiefe profound,
Hark how hey crie down with them, down to the ground:
The Papists and Prelates, away with them both,
For we will have none of them nor of their broth.

(8.)

And these are no base ones as some do suggest,
But of the Kings Subjects indeed are the best,
Indeeving the good both of Kingdome and State,
What ever Basis Priests and proud Prelates doe prate.
Who for the love which they beare unto sloth,
Do labour to hold up their luk-warme broth.

(9.)

Then let all good people take courage indeed,
So that they from Antichrists yoke may be freed;
And seeing that Liberties gaind by the Scots:
Let Englishmen seeke for a, it may be their Lotts
Then joyne hands together, and seare not their wrat h:
But Grie downe the Prelates: and spew out their broth.

(10.)

Their pride and prefumption must needs have a fall,
Their wicked devices for judgement doth call;
Their hatred of holinesse, and love of sinne,
Will worke their destruction, which now doth begin:
Their curbing the Gospell, will kill their own growth,
Goe tole the Bell for them, and eke for their broth.

MDCXLII. A Present for this New years of the Prelates feare.

A VVord in the KINGS Eare.

C20/2

To His MAJESTIE to be taken into Confideration, with the Propositions of both KINGDOMES for PEACE.



Ive leave, great King, unto your Subject here
INow, to approach your Royall presence accre.
To begge your heart unto your Parliaments.
To end your troubles, and their discontents.
Luftre Your Crowne, and doethree Kingdomes good:
And them recover from a Gulph of blood.

Your Subjects long, from their darke Cells, to fee
The glittering beames of your bright Majestie:
In splendor shine, of Brittaine Great the King.
Great Charles in Honour through the World to ring
The glory admired every where will be,
When King and Kingdomes shall in one agree.

Your Royall selse, first placed in the front, Shining to us, like Moses in the Mount, Antiquity of greatnesse, by discent Of Kingly race, fixt in the government, Of England, Scotland, Ireland Soveraigne Lord. What Nation dare attempt to breake this Cord?

A monument of glory may you then
On your right hand, with comfort reare agen;
The Royall Progeny of valient dust;
Whose Fathers Acts no time can ever rust:
Your Royall Consort, and our noble Queene,
That from your bed, so long hath absent been.

And on the other fide, most shall (with joy)

Have future hopes, in your posterity;

These Olive branches which from you proceed.

To rule our Children, that shall us succeede.

Long may the Crowne with you and yours remaine.

Even till the time that Shile come agains.

Your Luster in the Houses then will shine,]
As if the heavenly powers did all combine
To make you great, beset with lights about
Both England, Scotland, Ireland, (eke) throughout.
All Courts and Officers will be content,
To borrow splender from your Government.

Vnto the Parliament, great Charles unite.
There is the Royall Throne, your Chaire of right.
There is the true state of Nobility,
Prowesse sigur'd with magninimity:
By long contracted honour in their blood,
Fitted for councell for a Princes good.

From all parts of the Kingdone, there by fummons, Sit at your Royall feete, the House of Commens.

Englands great body, representative,

Contraded so, to keepe the head alive:

Compel'd to contribute, with heart and hand,

Our Soveraigne, to preserve, and fave the Land.

Those Messages of grace which you have sent,
To both your Houses of the Parliament.
The Kingdomes sad distempers to compose:
Brought to your Royal hand, what they propose:
To begge your Majesties assent, O then!
Let them returne with Peace and joy agen.

Looke on our Army! prostrate at your feete,)
With brave deportment, Englands Ring to greete:
Your Subjects liberties fafe to defend,
They for the Land, their deatest blood will spend.
To make you glorious in all Your Stations,
Your kingdomes terrible to other Nations.

May Ring and Parliament, and Army eke,
Joyne hearts in one triangle as they speak,
Treat, write, and Act, with great alacrity,
May all their hearts be wrapt into an extasse:
That those retirements which were made by spight,
May re-inforcements be, now to unite.

May every one endeavour in his place
By some sweet violence, (in such a Case.)
Each other to surprise, by Acts of love;
So sirmly settled that no blast can move,
Devide, or separate your Throne from you,
Or you from us: so prayes.

PALKRUE.

FINIS.

Printed in the YEARE, MDC XL VII.

Strange and true Newes of an Ocean of Flies dropping out of a Cloud, con upon the Towne of Bodnam in Cornwall. To the Tune of Cheery Chase.

When Kings have lost their Reignes and Power, Then Clouds upon us judgements showre.

वस्तावस्त्रां कर्मात्रस्त्रां वस्तावस्त्रां कर्मात्रस्त्रां कर्मात्रस्त्रां कर्मात्रस्त्रां कर्मात्रस्त्रां कर्

Some talke of battailes in the aire, And Comets in the fries, But now wee'll tell a tale more rare, Of great and monstrous slies.

In Cornwall this strange light was seen,
At Bodman Towne by name,
Which will be institled still
By a Lawyer of great fame.

At mideday, when the skie was cleare, at thick cloud did arife, which falling downe upon the earth, wisolved into flies.

The hell-bred Cloud did look to big, So black, and bid to loure, It could not reft untill her Panch Those flies all out bid poure,

They in such mighty numbers fell upon the green graffe ground,
and did so cover all the parth,
That nought else could be found.

Their numbers ofd increase so fast, Almost a whole houres space, That they a foot and more were seen, To cover all that place,

Po graffe, not flowers for the time, were feen for to appeare, The like was not in England knowne, Bod knowes this many a yeare.

Their bodys green, their wings were white Us it appeares most true, By Letters sent from Bodnam Towne, By those we never knew.

These sites as soon as they were borne fell dead upon the ground; And to say truth, they say so thick, The like was never found.

Which made the people all to mule, To fee that gattly light, which did continue on the ground All that whole day and night. The second Part, To the same Tune!

So when the Lord was pleas d to fromne, And thew his powerfull hand Herained Frogs and Lice upon All the Agyptian land,

All which was for their finnes to great; So wicked, fotble and dire, They did deferbe the judgement just Of Brimstone and of fire;

And pet they never did revell Against their King and Crowne; Not had such vices in their streets As hath our London Towns,

Mho hath maintain d this bloudy warre Against a Cause so inst; And have destroy d their gracious Prince For to maintaine their lust.

And take you warning all, Lest that the Beavens in discontent In Chunder on you fall;

In Lice and Locuits, wormer and Ardis, In Raine, in Baile, and Detrines, In Lightning, Plague, and Pettilence, In Pores, and in Pornes.

Rowif thele Plagues you will present, which will your come defiror, See that you presently repetit, And sing Vive le Roy,

Codgrant us Peace, which will not be Unlelle our gracious king Enjoy his rights and dignities, His Queen and every thing,

and fend wir Thomas Fairfax tight, and fend us our Areares, And bring the King to Cowne againe, Sans jealoufies and feares,

T.W.

FINIS.





The KINGS Last farevvell to the World,

OR THE
Dead KINGS Living Meditations, at the approach of Death denounced against Him.





Through fear of sharpe and bitter paine,
by cutting off my dayes,
No pleasure in my Crown I take,
Nor in my Royall Rayes.
I shall discend with grieved heart,
(for none my life can save)
Unto the dismall gates of death,
to moulder in the Grave.

Farewell my Wife, and Children all, wipe off my brinish teares.

I am deprived of my Throne, and from my future years.

Farewell my people every one, for I no more shall see

The wonders of the Lord on earth, nor with you shall I bee.

Mine eyes doe faile, and to the earth
to worms I must be hurl'd:
Henceforth no more shall I behold
the people of the world.
My Crown and Scepter I must leave,
my glory, and my Throne:
Adieu my fellow Princes all,
I from the earth am gone.

Mine Age (which did approach to me)
departed is away;
And as a Shepheards tent remov'd,
and I return'd to clay;
And as a Weaver doth cut off
his thrum, even fo my life,
Must be cut off, from people and
from Children, and from Wife.

In fighes by day, and groanes by night with bitternesse I moane,
And doe consume away with grief,
my end to think upon.
Fear in the morning me affailes,
Death Lion-like I see,
Even all the day (till night) to roare
to make an end of me.

I chattered as the schreeking Crane, or Swallow that doth flye:

As Dove forlorn, in pensivenesse, doth mourn, even so doe I,
I looked up to thee, O Lord, but now mine eyes doe faile.

Oh ease my sad oppressed soule, for death doth now prevaile.

What shall I say, to Gods Decree, if he would speak, I then should live; it is a work for God, I find no help from men.

Yet if my life prolonged was, my fins for to repent,

Then softly I would goe and mourn, untill my life was spent.

And all my years, that I should live, for mine offences foule,
I would passe o're in bitternesse, of my distressed soule.
O Lord, thou hast discovered to me, that by these things
Men live, Through thee, Princes do Reign, thou swayest over Kings.

In all things here Gods providence, and will alone commands,
The life of my poore spirit sad, is only in his hands,
Oh, that the Lord would me restore.
my strength then I would give,
To serve my God in humblenesse whilst he would let me live,

Behold, O Lord, when I in peace, did look to be reftor'd,
Then was my foule in bitterneffe, caft off, and I abhor'd,
Yet in the love of God most good, his right cousnesse most just Hath throwne me downe into the pit, and to corrupted dust,

Because that I have gone astray, and cherisht war and strife;
My dayes are now cut off, and I am quite bereft of life,
Oh cast my fins behind thy backe, good God, I humbly pray,
And my offences with the blood of Christ wash clean away.

When my dead body is interd,
I cannot praise thee there,
Death cannot celebrate the Lord,
my God, most good, most deare;
They that go down into the pit
destructions them devoure:
For in thy truth they cannot hope,
but perish by thy power.

The living, Lord, the living, they shall praise thy holy name.
With all the glorious hoast above, and I shall do the same,
The father to his children here, that are of tender youth,
Shall them forewarn, and unto them make known thy glorious truth.

Forgive my fins, and fave my foule
O Lord, I thee intreate,
And blot out mine offences all,
for they are very great:
Receive my foule for Christ his fake,
my Prophet, Priest, and King,
That I with Saints and Angells may
eternal prayes fing.

FINIS.

38 May. Imprimatur T. J. Jan. 31. 1648

LONDON
Printed for Robert Ibbitson 1648.

STANZA'S

ON

King CHARLES the MARTYR:

And the LOYAL PEERS, And OTHERS, in Mr. Playford's Printed Sheet.

Marquis-of MONTROSS:

THE Glory of his Nation, Great Montross, Of Loyalty the matchless Mirror was; His Monarch's Martyr: But with Trumpets sounds, First writ his Epitaph in Blood and Wounds.

Harl of NORTHAMPTON:

N Hopton-Heath this faithful Peer was flain, A gen'rous Servant to his Soveraign: Who all his Sons engag'd to serve their King, From such a Stem, such Beauteous Branches spring!

Earl of KINGSTON:

I S Prince's Wife, Commission'd Confident, To treat with his Rebellious Parliament: But all his just Proposals they withstand, And with Malignancy his Service brand.

Earl of LITCHFIELD

When blooming Litchfield made a brisk Effort
His well-lov'd Master's Interest to support;
Near Chester slain; the Heroe's hapless Fate
Long did his loving Master much regret.

Lord FALKLAND:

Alkland, the Wise, the Witty and the Great, Chief Secretary to the Muse and State; His Pen and Sword, to serve his King did weild; And laid them both down in the Bloody Field.

Earl of DERBY

BY Loyalty, IN Blood to Kings Ally'd;
Fought for the Best, and with the Bravest dy'd.
In Fastious Bolton---- where his Merits most—
His Head the Lord of Mourning Mona lost.

Sir GEORGE LISLE.

THO' gentle, Liste was Cavalier enough, And of his Loyal Faith gave pregnant proof; When Shot at Colchester, he Justify'd, Nay, Glory'd in the Cause for which he dy'd.

SIT CHARLES LUCAS:

L As Loyal was, and Brave, but more severe. The Side he had espous'd, his steady Faith Still own'd, and boasted with his Dying Breath.

Archbistop of CANTERBURY:

Most Reverend Land of Martyrs leads the van; If not an Angel, something more than Man. The Church's Champion, whilst alive he stood; And Dying, seal'd her Charter with his Blood.

The KING:



Enthron'd in Center of the Planets bright, The King of Day thus fills his Orb of Light: But, when his Ev'ning fets in red, is found, To die the Horizon with Crimson round.

January 30. 1648.

Dr. HEWET:

Loyal Hewet! Reverend Divine!
Thy Life did equal to thy Doctrine shine.
The Rebels, ever Foes to God and Truth,
Cut off thy Head, to stop thy Zelous Mouth.

Earl of LINDSEY:

This General, at Edghil's Fatal Fight,
Did fall a Victim in his Prince's Sight.
None by the Royal Army, more belov'd;
None, by his King, for Conduct more approv'd.

Earl of STRAFFORD:

Mmortal Honour has in Ireland gain'd;
Where, joyntly, he the Crown and Church sustain'd Whose Death, to please the surious Multitude,
With Grief, the best of Monarchs ever ru'd.

Earl of CARNARVAN:

Laid all his Pleasures by, to please his Prince: But ill Success all his Endeavours had; And he at Newbury became a Shade.

Sir HENRY SLINGSBY

Was Conscience only brought good Slings by on,
With Courage to support the tott'ring Crown;
Whose Faith and Service Heaven did so regard:
A Martyr's Crown he had for his Reward.

Lord HOPTON:

With Counsel carry'd on his Masters Wars:
But, ah! unhappy General! whose Zeal
By Numbers crush'd, the common Fate did seel.

Lord CAPEL:

Our Cobservation, and our Wonder draws;
The Noblest Champion of the Noblest Cause!
No Peer more Valour had, Fidelity,
Or [Subject] honour'd more the Block, than He.

Sir BEVIL GREENVIL:

THE Valiant Greenvil like a Lion fought;
With Strength his Hand, his Heart with Courage
Who great renown in Lanfdown fight acquir'd (frau:
But there with Hundreds of brave Souls expir'd.

Colonel PENRUDDOCK:

THE Star Penruddock rising in the West,
Was, in his Morn, by Clouds of Foes deprest:
Fame not to win, by Acting, when he griev'd;
At Exeter, by Suff'ring, he atchiev'd.

Others had Trial of---Bonds and Imprisonment, Heb. 11. 36. Thus to their Earthly God, who Dy'd for Them, Their Lives, Laws, Honours, Safeties to Redeem; These Loyal, Double-Martyrs, Heaven's and His, Themselves did offer up in Sacrifice.

They for sook all, and followed Him, St. Luk. 5. 11.

LONDON: Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-fryars, near the Water-side.

TOMY

LADY MORTON C20/2

ON

New-years-day, 1650.

AT THE LOUVER IN PARIS.

Madam,

Welcom from you, to whom they are so kind,
Still as they passe, they court, and smile on you,
And make your beauty as themselves seem new:
To the fair Villars we Dalkith prefer,
And fairest Morton now as much to her;
So like the Sun's advance your titles show,
Which, as he rises, does the warmer grow.

But thus to stile you fair, your Sexes praise,
Gives you but Mirtle, who may challenge Bays:
From armed foes to bring a royal prize,
Shews your brave Heart Victorious, as your Eyes;
If fudith marching with the Generals head
Can give us passion when her storie's read,
What may the living doe which brought away,
Though a lesse bloody, yet a nobler prey?

Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princess, like a brand, A brand preserv'd to warm some Princes heart, And make whole Kingdomes take her Brothers part; So Venus from prevailing Greeks did shrowd The hope of Rome, and sav'd him in a cloud; This gallant act may cancell all our rage, Begin a better, and absolve this age.

Dark shades become the portrayt of our time,
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that drawes it hide the rest in night,
This portion only may indure the light,
Where the kind Nimph changing her faultless shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomly to scape,
When through the Guards, the River, and the Sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.

As the brave Eagle does with forrow fee
The Forest wasted, and that lofty Tree,
Which holds her neast about to be ore thrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away;
So sted the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore
Her Princely burthen to the Gallick shore.

Born in the storms of war, this royal fayr,
Produc'd like lightning in tempessuous ayr,
Though now she styes her native Isle, less kinde,
Less safe for her, than either Sea or Winde,
Shall, when the blossom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the British Throne,
Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which Rules most, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

LONDON, Printed for Henry Herringman on the Lower walk of the New Exchange. 1661.

The Tragedy of M' Christopher Love, late Minister of the Gospel; Acted upon Tower-Hill, August 22. 1651.

Ew from a flaughter'd Monarchs Herse I come,
A Mourner to a Martyr'd Prophet's Tombe:
Pardon, great Charls his Ghost, my Muse had stood
Yet three years longer, till sh'had wept a flood;
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royal Blood.
But she must go, Heaven does by Thunder call
For her attendance at LOVE's Funeral.
Forgive Great Sir, this Sacriledge in me,
The tenth Tear he must have, it is his Fee;
'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis stoln from Thee.

The ARGUMENT.

Twas when the raging Dog did rule the Skies,
And with his Scorching face did tyrannize,
When cruel Cromwel, whelp of that mad Star,
But fure more fiery then his Syre by far;
deliver the Northern Fife, and with his heat

A Gonquered, and f
Had chas'd the North-Bear, and pursu'd Charl's wain
Into the English Orb; then 'twas thy Fate
(Sweet LOVE) to be a present from our State.

A greater Sacrifice there could not come,
Then a Divine to bleed his welcom home.

For He, and Herod, think no dish so good,
As a John Baptists Head serv'd up in blood.

ACT. I.

ACT. I.

The Philistins are set in their High Court,
And LOVE, like Samson's, setch'd to make them sport:
Unto the Stake the smiling Prisoner's brought,
Not to be Try'd, but baited, most men thought;
Monsters, like men, must worry him: and thus
He sights with Beasts, like Paul at Ephesus.
Adams, Far, Huntington, with all the pack
Of foysting Hounds, were set upon his back.
Prideaux and Keeble stand and crie Haloo;
'Twas a full Cry, and yet it would not do.
Oh how he soul'd them! Standers by did swear.

Oh how he foyl'd them! Standers by did swear,
That he the Judg, and they the Traytors were:
For there he prov'd, (although he seem'd a Lamb)
Stout, like a Lion, from whose Den he came.

ACT. IL

It is Decreed; nor shall thy Worth, dear LOVE, Resist their Vows, nor their revenge remove. Though prayers were joyn'd to prayers, and tears to tears, No softness in their Rocky hearts appears; Nor Heaven nor Earth abate their sury can,

But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good man.
Sure some She-sectary longed, and in haste
Must try how Presbyterian Blood did taste.
'Tis fit she have the best, and therefore thine,
Thine must be broach'd, blest Saint! 'tis drink Divine.
No sooner was the dreadful Sentence read,

And by that hamble posture told them all,

It was an Head that did not fear a fall.

And now I wish the fatal stroke were given;
I'm sure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,
And Heaven to have him there; one moments blow
Makes him triumphant; but here comes his woe,
His Enemies will grant a Months suspende

(If't be but for the none't to keep him thence:)
And that he may tread in his Saviours ways,
He shall be tempted too, his forty days:
And with such baits too, cast thy self but down,
Fall, and but worship, and your life's your own.
Thus cry'd his Enemies; oh 'twas their pride
To wound his Body, and his Soul beside.
One plot th' have more, when all their own do fail,

If Devils can't, Disciples may prevail.

Let's tempt him by his friends, make Peter cry,

Good Master spare thy self, and do not dye.

One friend intreats, a second weeps, a third

Cries Your Petition wants the other word:

I'l write it for you, saith a fourth; your life,

Your life Sir, cries a fifth; pitty your Wife,

And the Babe in her: Thus this Diamond's cut,

By Diamonds onely, and to terror put.

Methinks I hear him still, You wound my heart;

Good friends forbear, for every word's a dart:

'Tis cruel pity, this I do profess,

You'ld love me more, if you did love me less:

Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear I know,

But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.

But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.

Thus like a Rock that routs the waves he stands,
And snaps asunder, Samson-like, these bands.

ACT. IV.

ACT. IV.

The day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,
And chides the lingring Sun for tarrying so.
Which blushing seems to answer from the sky,
That it was loth to see a Martyr dye.
Methinks I heard beheaded Saints above

Who, when he came to tread the fatal Stage,
(Which prov'd his glory, and his Enemies rage.)
His blood ne're run to's Heart, Christs Blood was there
Reviving it, his own was all to spare:

Which rifing in his Cheeks, did feem to fay,

Is this the blood you thirst for? Tak't I pray.

Spectators in his looks fuch life did fee,

That they appear'd more like to dye then he.

But Oh his Speech! methinks I hear it still;
It ravish'd Friends, and did his Enemies kill:
His keener words did their sharp Ax exceed,
That made his Head, but he their Hearts to bleed:

Which he concluded with foft prayer, and fo The Lamb lay down, and took the Butchers blow: His Soul makes Heav'n shine brighter by a Star, And now we're sure there's one Saint Christopher.

ACT. V.

LOVE lies a bleeding, and the world shall see
Heav'n Act a part in this black Tragedie.

The Sun no sooner spy'd the Head o'th' floor,
But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more:

The Clouds which scattered, and in colours were,
Met all together, and in black appear:

Light'nings, which fill'd the Ayr with Blazing light,
Did serve for Torches at that dismal night:
In which, and all next day for many hours,
Heav'n groan'd in Thunder, and did weep in showres.

Nor do I wonder that God Thund'red so
When's Hoanarges murther'd lay below:
The high Court trembled, Prideaux, Bradshaw, Keeble,
And all the guilty Rout look'd pale and feeble.

Timerous Fenkins, and cold-hearted Drake
Hold out, you need no base Petitions make:
Your Enemies thus Thunder-struck, no doubt,
Will be beholding to you to go out.

But if you will Recant, now Thund'ring Heaven
Such approbation to LOVES Cause hath given,
I'l add but this, Your Consciences perhaps,
Ere long, than reel far greater Thunder-claps.

The EPILOGUE.

But stay, my Muse grows fearful too, and must

Beg that these Lines be buried with thy dust a

Shelter, blesed Love, this Verse within thy shroud,

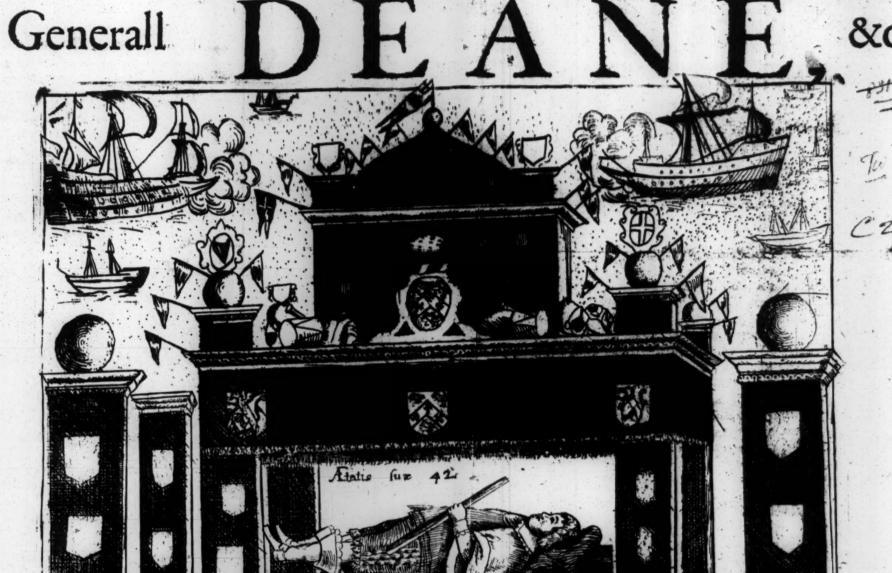
For none but Heav'n dares take thy part aloud.

The Author begs this, lest if it be known,

Whil'st he bewails thy Head, he lose his own.

FINIS

An Elegiack Memoriall of the Right Honourable



E dumb ye Muses who speaks rightly Him Needs the high Accents of a Seraphim, A Cherubs quill, & so perhaps his Verse May not prophane (though it approach) (his Herfe.

The Antient and the Moderne Hero's feeme, C. mpar'd to ours, a poor low barren Theme: Poets and flatt'rers rais'd them to the skies, And who were scarce good men made Deities. Like China-dishes hid an age in mold, By great-grand children Gods and Saints inroll'd. They from mens fancies after death did grow: This was a Saint on Earth, a Star below. The Ethnick, Roman, Calenders are croft, What they pretend t'have found we'r fure w'have loft

heir actions after death ftill greater grew By lying legends; His, in the worlds view, Stand high above the Paraphrate of men, And need no flattering, feare no envious pen. Hence then Detractors, for (if underftood) The ill of him was better then your good. An humble foul hid in a sterne afpect The perfeath friendship in suppos'd neglect. Alea ned head without the boaft of books, A devout heart without affected looks. His great profession did in pradice lye, Religion lockt up in fincerity. Nature and Grace did two extreams unite, To make a bleffed fincere hypocrite.

This present Age had never knowne his worth, Had not high Providence produc'd him forth, To stop the flouds of Greatnesse, and chastise, The intolence of swelling Monarchies: And by his all the purblin'd world convince, Who chaine Nobility unto the Prince.

A Princely foul he had, though Countrey-borne, That greatnesse could chastise, teach, use, and scorne. He in himfelfe drew the Epitome Of a compleat well-govern'd Monarchie. Where reason ruling did the Scepter sway, To which the rest did willingly obey; If his Affections 'gan rebellious grow, Religion quickly forced t' in to bow; Whil'ft in his dealings following Juffice lawes, By exercise her noble habit drawes, Till at the length her Champion he is made, And her defence converts into his Trade.

Then long ten years he posteth to and fro To help th'oppressed and suppresse the foe : For whom three Gen'rals had a high respect, For Councel wife, and valour to effect : Till, England clear'd, he curbs the Brittish broiles, hen into Ireland lailes (Herculean toiles!) The Irish men, or rather Roman Frogs, He makes for fafety leap int chein loge. But he must leave them there, a greater cause Commands his presence (mangre Neptunes Lawes) The fivelling Seas and croffing tides can't part Brave Deane from him for whom he kept his heart. Let others chase the Pirates, he on shore Must serve his Generall till Wars give o're: Who having quite subdu'd the numerous Scots Their Government unto his Deane allots; Where he atchieves another Victory Over their hearts by honeft gallantry; Whilst wife men judged it a propitious doom Unto their land fo to be overcome. For now his greatest buf nesse seems to be To keep their factious selves in unity; He at their instance climbes the rugged hills

And darkfome Groves that Caledonia fills; Whil'st the fell Natives stand aloof and gaze, From craggy Rocks, in a profound amaze, To see the Hors-men march in places where They never saw ought but the wildest Deer: And in affright their Chiefes come falling downe, And vow they'l ne're more plunder Field nor Town. His march was a quick journey, his retreat A pleasant walk with little bloud or sweat.

And now may heln pleasure rest a while With his dear confort, and the time beguile.

In Dalkeith turrets or her shady groves
Whil'st to her Lute she sweetly sings their loves.
But this soft Musick thundring Cannons marre,
Which send quick tidings of approaching Warre.
And is a Duty or a Danger neere On Land or Sea, and Noble Deane not there? way he moors like to a Star that brings The tidings of the fail of States and Kings : He doth not lead the Dulch, out Twice beats them, first from Ours, then to their Wals, Which done, alaffe our Star to Heaven fale.

And it was time, fo faw great Providence; Twas time to call this Heavenly spark from hence His growing luftremight have dimm'd us all; His value did percipitate his fall: For had he held his Course some few more years

The world (with me) had turn'd Idolatere.

Sic fatur Lachrymans.

ANELEGIE

Upon the Never Satisfactorily explored Death of that Rare Column of PARNASSUS,

M'IOHN CLEEVELAND.

S CLEEVELAND Dead ? and not one weeping Pen Vote him in Text The Miracle of Men? Can the great Monarch of the Two-topt Hill Visit the Shades? whose Star-encountring Quill Had He but darted at insulting Death, That pale-fac'd Tyrant had refign'd his Breath, Tribute to Lycambes Collar. Resist His lightest Lash, Take him as Satyrif No Morral can. Snaky Medufa's Head With one prick of his Neb he could strike dead; His sublimated Style most justly mocks A Muse that can't let-Blood the craggy Rocks, And can his Laurel wither? Alas! He As his owne Demesn hath Eternitie. Great CLEEVELAND scorns the Grave, and cannot Die, Before an Exhalation to the skie Gives fire with's flaming Beard, and shall presage Some viperous Curse to cauterize this Age: How then presumes this abhorr'd Scrietch-Owle Fame To intrude @ into CLEEVELAND's Name? He to whom Poets must in Homage fall, And beg from's Verse their Senjes Festivall. But ah! Fame's tipp'd with Truth, his foaring Soule, That was both Arctick and Antarctick Pole To Poesie; has filed off Her Clay, And Eagle-wing'd diffects the Milky way; And with undazled Eyes ascends as far As the Eight Sphere, where She the Sixteenth Star Makes of the first Magnitude. And conjoynt With her Associates, lends this Terrene Point A Loving Glance: whilest we with drowned Eyes Deplore our Earth, Envy the now blest skyes.

Stupid Astronomers! whose senseless Brain
The Middle Region is of Snow, Hail, Rain;
Did ye not by consent avow, This Yere,
No Black Eclipse should Mask our Hemisphere?
And yet with Despair see how Greys-Inne Sun
Twelve Digits is Eclips'd, Mussled, O'rerun.
Resume your Fasobs-Staffs, and with them take
The Astitude of Truth, your gross mistake
Cancel, with a Prediction far more True
Than Priam's chastest Daughter ever knew.

Till the vast Fabrick of the World shall Burn Without Repair, and become its owne Urn, Boldly assert, Men wisely may despair, To see a Muse Merit the Curule Chair So much as CLEEVELAND's. How? Nay, for to see One that might make an Halting Simile.

Foretel the VVorld that there shall shortly be Of Elements but a Triplicitie.

The Muses swear by Sign, Their showing Eyes Shall offer up the Earth a Sacrifice

To Neptane's Trident. This not spurs our Fears, VVho are all ready pickled up in Tears.

Apollo turns Close-Mourner, Burns his Bayes; And nothing fly, but Melancholy Brayes

From Pegasus Horse Throat. Fount Caballine
For Sand hath Salt, the VVater being Brine.

The Phenix robs the VVardrobe of the East (VVhen extreme Age indigitates Her Nest,) Of the most fragrant Spices: And dares Dy, VVithout a Cheer-up from a Stander by. The Sun's Executor; and lets Her have, As 'tis Her VVill, a Cradle, and a Grave. Her Daughter crawles out first: Then learns to sye, Probatum of: the Way to live's, to Dye.

Could a much flatter'd Hope, create Belief, Albions rare Phanix should Revive; our Grief Should end in Paans: And thy Altars round A Thousand Hecatombs with Garlands crown'd, (Great Fove) should Low, whilst Wits in greatfull Crowds, With Acclamations shall unrip the Clouds. Alas! we cannot Beg His Life, of Fate, Were sweet Cyllenius our Advocate: Not though in Thunder, Fove commands Reprieve, To see the Light will Minos give Him leave; And yet although 'tis frivolous to crave An Habeas Corpus from the Hated Grave; Yet shall the Pallas of Thy Laureat Head, Of Carian Manjolaum stand in stead. Thy Brain has had Immortall Issue, which, Till Earths Grand Calcination, shall Enrich Thy Name with Radiant Glory. We no Muse Will invocate but Thine. Thee we will chuse Our Patron, Our Apollo. He who Climbs, Reason t' Embroyder with high Vaulting Rhymes, That scorns His Nurses Words; And counts it cheap To o're-top Saturn at one fiery Leap; Whose Pleasure makes Vulcans tri'd Anvile yield; Can force Archilechus to run the Field; Whom Cate cals, the Glory of His Age; And hath Mens Admiration as his Page: Such, Such a Soule, may Vaunt Himselfe to be A Dim Resemblance of Thy Muse and Thee.

Adieu Dear Sir! We Mortals will prove Just,
Alwaies adoring Your most facred Dust.
The Earth on You lay light: VVhilest heavy Hearts
In Sighs and Throbs shall act our Tragick Parts.
Ever sit Thou Enthron'd ith Peoples Vogue,
Thy Feaver being Nam'd Wits Epilogue.

EPIT.APHIUM.

Actare fas est, dives, O dives Marmor!

Ærarium Magni cineris es CLEEVELANDI.

Sub te Sepultus, qui potis mori Non est.

Virgilius Hic est Anglicus: Tullius Hic est.

Ad alta semper cum sua tetendit Musa,

Altissimam ambit nunc Poesin: In Cœlo,

Indesinenter cantitans Hallelujah.

Dum Nænias celebramus atras stillante Oculo, Viator! sis Tui memor Busti: Elugeas Catastrophen Hanc Parnassi.

T. P. Gen. Norfolcienfis.

VIATOR ILICET.

C20/2

CONSIDERA

Against the

Vanities of this World, and The terro:

VVritten by Doctor John Hewit, and delive little before his death on Tower

end, a

Go Pale-fac'd Paper, tell the World that I, Do die in Peace and perfect Charity.



HY should Man fear to die, alas, when he That lives on earth is ne're from trouble free? Here's perfect Rest, and where

elfe.can we reft, Is not a mans own house, to sleep in beit; If this be all our House, they are to blame, That toth of the great Houles whence they came, And ever more their speech thus interlace, I, and my Fathers House, alas! alas ! What is my Fathers, House, and what am !? My Fathers House is earth, where I must lie : . And I a worth, no man, that fir no room -Till like a worm, I crawle into my Tomb; This is my dwelling, this my trueft home A House of Clay, belt fits a Guest of Land: Nay 'cis my House, for I perceive I have In all my life me're dwel: out of my graves The womb was first my grave, whence fine rofe My Body (Grave-like) doth my foul incline ! The Body, Ikea Corps with theets ore fpred, Dying each night, lies bu led in our bedy And when my days vain toyl, my foul hath weared, I, in my Body, Bed, and House, lie burieds Then have I full: canfe to fear my Tonb, When this, wherein I live, my Graves become, Here I can fleep secure, here let the Tempest rore, The worlds proud waves can diff on me no more, lam at home, and fafe, what ever comes, Let them fight on, I cannot hear their D. un.s, Let those I always lovod. me love, or hate, Ic cannot grieve me, though they prove ingrate, Yea, let them praise, or rail, I lie aloof Out of their reach, my fleep is Cannon-psoof, And we but a ep, for as we close our eyes, Eich night we go to bed, in hope to rife : So do we die, for when the Trump doth blow, We shall as e fi'y awake we know ! And as we after fleep, our bodies find

More fresh in strength, and cheerfully inclin'd, So after death, our Ath (hete dead and dry'd) Shall rife Immortal, new, and purifi'd : If this be true, my Frience, pray make more half, Tie cime to fleep, day fails, night draws on faft : I must go home; for, as the evening Sun Looking me in the face, when day is done, Makes me cast long my shadow : So when death Stares in my face, threatens, and claims my breath, I can his shadow long of from my fight, Yet truly know thereby, 'cis almost night. And when night comes, in dark, & frowning skies, What man will not go home, if he be wife : Here let him come this house's of such fashion, The Tenant nere shall pay for Reparation. Here can the rain not wet me, cold not harm me, H:re no Sun, no weather over-warm me. From hence Ile finde (when 'tother he is gone) A private walk to heaven, to God alone. This is my Port, this is it's perfect cure, Till my G ave covers me, I am nere fure ; Then f. r. well VV orld, thou Author of anoys, And welcom heav'n, the fum of all my loys. What though too foon, a forced deat's I die, 'I will force me live with God eternally? My Faith, Thope, by most is understood To gain Redemption by my Saviours blood, VVhich in my foul, I do so highly prize, Ipa, it Ranfom all my enemies, Which freely (for my death) I have forgiven, As I do hope th's day to be in heav'n. Lay not my thod unto their charge, but le's This Land with Peace and lafting Happineis. Welcome keen AXE thou doft no Coward try, But cut'it my way un:o Eternity.

So let thy Servint depart in Peace for with

FINIS.

So with much Confirmey, and Refulction, he being Goarded to the Scaffoll on Exho ta ion, Praye s, and some other Speeches to his Friends, he willingly yielded he Executioner, who at one blow, severed his Head from his Body.

LONDON, Printed by Edward Cremen dwelling Snow hall in the year



THE # 231

CITY of LONDONS

NEW

LETANY.

To the Tune of the Black-Smith.

Rom Rumps that do Rule against Customs and Lawes,
From a fardle of fancies still'd a Good Old Cause,
From Wives that have nailes which are sharper then Clawes.

Good Jove deliver us all.

From men who seek right where it's not to be had, From such who seek good where all things are bad, From wise men far worse then sools or men mad.

Good Jove &c.

From Soldiers that wrack the poor out or doores,
From Rumps that sturr Coffers to pleasure their Whores,
Which they secretly squeez from Common-wealth scores.

Good Jove &c.

From Ingrossers of wealth to ly by their walls, Which they force from poor women for keeping of Stalls, And choose for to rise by other mens fall.

Good Jove &c.

From Knaves that do pocket good Subjects Estates,
From such that give Plaisters when they've broken our Pates,
From Rumps that do Vote down our Posts, Chains and Gates.

Good Jove &c.

From States-men that Court the thing that they hate, From woful Repentance that cometh too late, From those that delight in making of bate.

Good Jove &c.

From Souldiers who mutiny for want of their pay, And at last go sneeking without it away, Crying they hope for a far better day.

Good Jove &c.

From one who brought forces to fill up the Town, That when *Rumps* were at highest he might pull them down, Because he himself doth aim at the Crown.

Good Jove deliver us all.

From Commanders who never drew fword but in Schools, Which were button-pointed to favour fuch fools, Who in vapouring words do threaten Joynt stools.

Good Jove &c.

Who to loose drop of blood would faint at the heart, And in dread of a, Gun are scar'd at a Fart, If one blows but his Nose it makes them to start.

Good Joye de.

Who think every brush of wind an Alarm,
To which they make ready and cry out Arm, Arm
Yet secretly pray that there may be no harm,

Good Jove deliver us all.

From a City that lyes on its back to be Gelt, From those that wont für till famine be felt, From the Pike, the Gun, the Sword and the Belt,

Good Jove &c,

From a simple Mayor not sit to Rule Hoggs, From such as obey him like Spannel Doggs, From Summers heat and from Winters Foggs.

Good Jove &c.

From County Petitions and Declarations, That will not be drawn one Inch from their stations, But triumph in words for old Reformations.

Good Jove &c.

From Apprentices valour and threats from the City, Which would Act great wonders, yet forbear in pitty, From fools that conceit themselves very witty.

Good Jove &c.

From Oaths and Engagements imposed by force, And broken as fast without any remorse, Alleadging them Ceremonies of course.

Good Jove &c.

From those whose damn'd actions with Treason are crownd From such that would Law and Gospel confound, And Vow that the City they'l burn to the ground.

Good Jove &c.

From people that murmur with Swords in their hand, And keep an entreating when they may command, Yet had rather loofe all then Knaves to withfland.

Good Jove de,

From Rumps that the Kingdoms Revenue have spent, From an everlasting Parliament, And from an Army sull of discontent.

Good Jove de.

From fuch who do courtifies with a long pause,
From those who condemn before they hear the cause,
And from Trades which are worse then picking of strawes.

Good Jove de.

From a Friends anger in an ill hour,
And from a fool that's Lieutenant of the Tower.

Bood Jove ches

From men who make use of their Friends in the nick,
And when the brunt's over against them do kick,
The thoughts of such Varlets doth make my Muse sick.

Good night good near

Good night good people all.

Printed for L: C. in the year 1652.

PANEGYRICK TO HIS

EXCELLENCY

The Lord Generall MONCK.

By Sir William Davenant,

When only Bonfires lent the City light.

More proudly they like Nero did defigne
The City's flame should make the Country shine:
And all those Bells which rung in your applause
They would have melted to maintain the Cause.
Alas! How little you in Action seem,
When by their great intent we measure them?
You the Fanatick party would correct;
The rifle all rich Christians as a Sect.
To Bonfires, you their rouling Pulpits turn;
But they, instead of Tubs, would Churches burn.

But they, instead of Tubs, would Churches burn.

How weak are you, who to advance your Cause,
Call in the firme support of Church and Lawes?
Their Independent strength boldly upbraides
The old discretion of such formall Aides.
You court the City, and the Nation too,
They bravely meant to ravish whom you woo.
Their daring Chiefs, a Warre did undertake,
Follow'd by those who still their Chiefs for sake.
By such as only would consult and sway,
But you chose those who sight and can obey.
By their advantages you gain'd the field,
And what they judg'd your weakness made them yield.

As in destructive Warre, so you no lesse,

Transcend them in the growing Arts of Peace.

You can converse, and in a dialect
Where no strange dresse makes us the truth suspect;
Where plainnesse gracefull is, and free from blame,
As truths fair Nakednesse is free from shame.
They write the style of spirits, you of men;
Yet are their Swords lesse powerfull then your Pen.

Auspicious Leader! None shall equall thee,
Who mak'st our Nation and our Language free.
The first they fetter, not with publick Lawes,
But with their Wills, peculiar as their Cause.
Our Language with such Scripture-phrase restrain,
As makes the borrow'd holinesse profane.
And such strange crimes attempt that whilst they lack
All precedents for Plea, they wrest and rack
The good old Prophets, till they falsly draw,
From ill translated Hebrew English Law,

How soon, how boldly, and how safely too,
Have you dispatch't what not an age could do?
Yet greater work ensues, such as will try
How farre three Realms may on your strength rely.
Nor can our Hope need Anchors where we find
A sudden Courage and delib rate mind.
In doubtfull Battails we may trust your Sword,
And in suspected Factions take your Word.

FINIS.

Spoken to his Excellency the Control of the Control

Representing the Genius of ENGLAND at Drapers-Hall, Wednesday the 28. of March.

OW almost twenty yeares have roul'd about Since first the flames of our late Wars broke out; And Brittain fainting with the losse of blood Under a lawlesse Yoke subjected stood, When now at last her groanes by Heav'n are heard Her fainting Soule and dying Hopes uprear'd; Her sable night of forrow done away By the new dauning of a Royall day, As from the North her first distemper grew, Thence flowes the Soveraigne Med'cine to renue Her joys againe: She hopes secure to stand Upheld by her brave Generall's Warlike hand. Over the Brittish Seas flyes his great Name Born on the swift wings of no common fame, Our Enemies tremble, and our freinds are glad To these 'cis joyfull newes, to those 'cis sad The mighty shours, and the Stentorian voice Of the glad multitude that now rejoyce Awak's the drowfie Genius, if this I'le, Who wept to long or e Charles's Funerall pyle Till his swolne eyes with a Lethargic sleep Were feal'd up, having no more teares to weep. He under stands the cause of Englands joy And least Ambition should their hopes destroy He boldly doth his mind to Monk expresse And shewes how he may Brittains ills redresse.

The Genius Speech.

Reat man by blood, by vertue greater made, Whole presence Banishes the gloomy shade Ot Brittaines night; the faire Aurora too The Royall Phabus ushered in by you: Thy Sword has cut our Chaines of flavery Thy hands the Gordian knots of Tyranny Unty'd; thy strenuous Arms unhing'd our Gates To shew thy strength, the greatest pride abates, To shew what thou couldst do, that we thereby Might on thy more than Samfon's strength rely: But what thou didst was at anothers frown, Thou hung'st them up, that kindnesse was thy owne. Great Hercules of our Ile at last thou'st flaine That Hydra never more to rife againe, Though often cruih'd, that Monstrous Taile, (which bit Her owne head off) did reforrection gir, But now she's dead, and never more shall rife, Tryumps, not teares attend her Obsequies. And now but one stop more and thy great name Register'd stand shall in the book of Fame In fo great Characters the world may read Thy marchlesse story when that thou art dead: The World too little for thy fame shall be And Princes honour shall thy name and thee. See then great Generall, Brittaines Genius now Before thee stands, and willing is to owe A happyneffe to thee, wherein thou may it Raise honour to thy selfe; if thou delay'st, Time and necessity will thee prevent And spoyle the lustre of thy great intent. Now drooping Brittaine raises up her head, Inspir'd by thee she arises from the dead, Her War-made breaches now are cur'd again, And joys and ease succeed her griefe and paine, Her spotlesse Virgin Chores begin to sing Jo Peans in honour to their King: Faile not her now-bigg hopes but be content To raise an everlasting Nonument To thee and thy posterity; that bayes May Crown thy Brows and Ages speake thy praise ou fee'st our wants, and what it is wee'd have

It is a King of Charles's race we crave; Since all the people in one voyce agree, God's Oracle, 'cis God that asks it thee, Who having scourg'd poor Brittain for her sin, Returnes her Baulme to cure her wounds again, We 'ave try'd, and too too long, a Common wealth, Such as it was, a Bane to Englands Health, Where fifty Tyrants with one mouth agree, To eat up Lam, Religion, Liberty. Monsters that Kings and Bishops Lands devour, Kept by extorted fums the Nation poor; Phylosophers that changed all togold, And ler goe nothing that their gripes could hold; Yet these were they that needs would stiled be The Keepers of our England's Liberrie; But by thy power great Monk wee'r freed again, And George most bravely has the Dragon slain. Ambitious Cromwell put the purple on, And having flain the Father, rob'd the Son Of right and title, to a royall Crown, To fet himfelfe up, pul'd another down, And what he got by rapine, he made good, Though by Religion cloak'd, by force and blood, All what our Heroes once contended for, With the fad tempest to a civill VV ar Himselfe blue 3 and gloryes in his To have with peace what was to Kings de But yet you see the Nation scourg d, that ---Renews his mercy and has burn'd his rod, And Cromwell's name g ws odious every where, Which was obey'd not out of Love, but feare. Let his example your ambition curb, Doe not our growing happinesse disturb, By mounting of a Throne is none of yours, For be assured that the sacred powers, Will blaft the first fruites of thy tyranny, Fraud must preserve what's got by policy And now our people us'd to subtleties, To be deceived by crafts are grown too wile, So that the fates deny thy Regiment, And people to obey no more are bent, Till he arises in the Brittish spheare, Whom all defire the royall Crown to wear. Thou feeft our griefes and knowst the wayes to cure, Our Maladies, thy Faith we knows too pure For to be tempted to betray our hopes, Who doubts thy loyalty to treason opes Away; no though thou fay'ft thou'lt us deceive, Such is our confidence wee'l nor beleive, Since one so good and great as Monk must be, The onely Man can give us liberty. Brittain in fackcloth has mourn'd long enough, 'Tis time to lay afide the Sword, and Buff, 'Tis time to pull those Puny-nobles down, Who speak against, and yet affect a Crown, That those by blood and virtue truly great, May be enstaled in their long-left feat, These thining in their ermin gallantry, Beget a reverence due to Majefty, Now I have done, and you have this to doe, To bring him in for whom the Nation fue, Great Charles, who more then by feav'n twelve Months try'd, And in afflictions Furnace purifi'd,
Must come forth brighter then try'd gold, more bright
Then lustrous Sol after a darks me night; Whose brighter beames of Love shall raise the flain, And make our Halcyon dayes to live again; England shall bleffe thy name when this is done, And stile the Phospher to the rising Sun, To thee shall Brittain pay her anual vowes, Whilst Ducall diadems crown thy Princely brows.

30 25

A

SPEECH

MADE TO THE

Lord General MONCK,

AT

Clotheworkers Hall in London

The 13. of March, 1659. at which time he was there entertained by that VV orthie Companie.

NAy, then let me come too with my Addresse, Why mayn't a Rustick promise, or professe His good Affection t'you? Why not declare His Wants? How many, and how great they are? And how you may supply them? Since you may See our Hearts mourn, although our Clothes be gray.

Great Hero of three Nations! Whose Bloud springs From pious and from pow'rfull Grandsire Kings; With whose Bloud-Royal you've enrich'd your veyns, And by continu'd Policy and Pains Have equals'd all their Glory; So that now Three Kingless Scepters to your Feet do bow, And court Protection, and Allyance too;

And what Great men still reach'd at stoups to you.

But you're too truly Noble to aspire

By Frand or Force to Greatness; or t'acquire

Scepters and Crowns by Robbery, or base
And wilfull breach of Trusts, and Oaths, nor place
Your Happinesse in avished Dominion;
Whose Glory's only founded in opinion;
Attended still with danger, fear, and doubt,
And sears within, worse than all those without.
You must still watch and sear, and think, and must
Lose all Content to gratise one Lust,
Should you invade the Throne, or aym at Pelf,
Throw down three Nations to set up your self;
Kings are but royal Slaves, and Prisoners too,

They alwaies toyl, and alwaies guarded go.
You are for making Princes, and can find
No work proportion'd to your Pow'r, and mind,
But Atlas-like to bear the World, and be
The great Ressorer of the Liberty
Of three long captiv'd Kingdoms who were thrown
By others strong Delusions, and their own
Misguided zeal, to do and suffer what
Their very Souls now grieve and tremble at,
Debauch'd by those they thought would teach & rule'um,
Who now, they find did ruine and befool'um.
Our meanings still were bonest, for alas!
We never dream't of what's since come to pass;
'Twas never our intent to violate
The settled Orders of the Church or State,
To throw down kulers from their lawfull Seat,
Merely to make ambitious small things great,
Or to subvert the Laws; but we thought then

The Laws were good if manag'd by good men; And so we do think still, and find it true, Old Laws did more good, and less harm than New; And 'twas the Plague of Countries and of Cities, When that great-belly'd House did spawn Committees. We fought not for Religion, for tis known, Poor men have little, and some great Ones none; Those few that love it truly, do well know, None can take't from us, where we will or no. Nor did we fight for Laws, nor had we need, For if we had but Gold enough to feed Our taking Lawyers, we had Laws enough, Without addressing to the Sword, or Buff. Nor yet for Liberties; for those are things Have cost us more in Keepers, than in Kings. Nor yet for Peace; for if we had done fo, The Souldiers would have beat us long agos Yet we did fight, and now we see for what, To forfle mens Estates; those Owners that Before these wars, could call Estates their own, Are beaten out by others, that had none. Both Law and Gofpel overthrown together, By those who ne're believ'd in, or lov'd either. Our truth, our trade, our peace, our wealth, our freedom, And our full Parliaments, that did get, and breed 'am, Are all devour'd, and by a Minfler fell, Whom none, but you, could satisfie, or quell. You're great, you're good, you're valiant, & you're wife, You have Brierius hands, and Argue eyes; You are our English Champion, you're the true St. George for England, and for Scotland too.
And though his Storie's question'd much by some, Where true, or false, this Age, and those to come, Shall for the future find it so far true, That all was but a Prophecy of you; And all his great and high Achievements be Explain'd by you in this Mythologie. Herein you've far out done him, he did fight But with one fingle Dragon: but by your might A Legion have been tam'd, and made to serve The People, whom they meant t'undo and farve. In this you may do higher, and make fame, Immortalize your celebrated name, This Ages glory, wonder of all after, If you would free the Son, as he the Daughter.

· 44

DEATHIS GRACE

The Duke of ALBEMARLE.

When Hero's thus like common men must die? Cou'd Virtue, Merit, or cou'd Valour save Deserving Men, from the Impartial Grave;
None surely cou'd with so much Justice be Secur'd from Fate, Great Albemarle, as Thee;
Whose mighty Actions to the World has shown,
'I is more to merit, than usurp a Crown;
When gen'rously You did refuse and scorn
That usurp'd Titles shou'd Your Name adorn,
Esteeming it a far more glorious thing
For to Restore, than be Your Self a King.
Those Baits of Pow'r which Empire did impart,
Prov'd far too weak to tempt Your Loyal Heart.

When Civil Broils (for our Offences hurl'd By Angry Heaven on our Sep'rate World,) Whose Rage almost Three Kingdoms had destroy'd, And wrought a Ruine none cou'd scarce avoid, Relenting Fate through pity then ordain'd You shou'd those Ills redress, our State sustain'd; And by an Act, as gen'rous as unknown, Restore Our Soveraign to his Native Throne: Nothing cou'd too, Your Prudence more declare Than the Wise Conduct of this great Affair. Through Tracts of Blood you did not Conquest trace; A Haleyon calm did all Your Triumphs grace. Thole Pow'rs which oft had Royal Arms withstood, You foon dispers'd without one drop of Blood. Secure You wrought what Rebels scarcely fear'd; As Lightning kills before the Thunder's heard. Thus, through Your Noble Conduct we were bleft From all the Toils of horrid War, with Reft.

When not Content with what we did Enjoy, Unless Batavia's Traffick we destroy; A War's begun, which nothing did advance To either Nation, but make Potent France. Whil'st on the Sea, others for Empire fight, In Court-Enjoyments You took small delight; Nor yet Content with former Glories gain'd, Unless You now, Your Countries Cause maintain'd. Victorious York did First the Dutch subdue, Their Second Conquest Fate reserv'd for You; Who so improv'd, what was before begun, is Belgick Fleets did from our Canon run; And whilft You Gen'ral on the Ocean Ride, No Hostile Fleet did on our Seas abide. These Glorious Actions prov'd that You cou'd be, Great Albion's Patron both at Land and Sea; And with more Justice may that Title Clame, Than he who England does for Patron Name.

He only help'd a poor distressed Maid,
You vanquish'd those, who did our Rights Invade.
Rights, our * great Antiquary prov'd to be * selden
As Ancient Ours, as is the British-Sea.
Fore-knowing Fate only ordain'd that He,
Shou'd prove an Emblem, and a Type of Thee.
His Fab'lous Stories scarcely known, but You
A Monster worse than that great Hero slew:
A Monster us'd to Ast such horrid things,
As it durst shed the Sacred Blood of Kings.
For which brave deed, Thy Name shall ever be
Ador'd and Reverenc'd by Posterity.
And may Auspicious Fate still grant that You,
May as their Wonder, prove their Pattern too.

But now at length Death claims, Great Sir, from You A Debt, as Mortal, was to Nature due. Nor can those Lawrels Conquering bows adorn, Protect those Hero's that are Mortal born. Too well, alas, Th' Imperious Tyrant knew, He only You, cou'd through Your Self Tubdue. In other Parts he vainly strove to wound Your too much Heart he only Mortal found. Thus to some Grove the aged Phenix flies, Builds its own Nest, and through its own means dies. In Bloody Fields his Malice You defi'd, And like a Gen'ral in Your Chair You di'd. An Exit Your great Courage did befit, Which seem'd to Conquer, when it did submit. Natures great Debt You willing were to pay, Yet scorn'd to do it an ignoble way. And though Y' are Dead, to future Ages fame With fuch Advantage shall transmit Your Name, As no Oblivion shall thy Deeds oblcure, As long as Time, or History indure. Thy Sacred Reliques too shall be convey'd, And be amongst our English Monarchs laid, With all the pomp a grateful Prince can give, Whilst in his Thoughts You shall for ever live. No Maujolaum can lecure Thy rest, Like such a Lodging in His Royal brest. Protected thus within that Sacred Place, Envy, nor Time, Your Merits shall Deface. Who wou'd not then prove that Great Monarch's Friend, Who does His Kindnels beyond Life extend; And to Your Mem'ry nobly strives to pay Past Obligations in a gen'rous way. Yet who like You, when Fate leem'd most to frown, Sav'd an Usurp'd, Secur'd an Envied Crown, And Three Great Kingdoms did from Ruine free, Deserves those Honors which are pay'd to Thee.

16. 12.17. 1034

Song to his Excellency LD GENERAL MONCK, Skinners-Hall on Wednesday

Aprill 4. 1660.

At which time he was entertained by that honourable COMPANY.

To the Tune of

A Dmile not noble Sir, that you should heare B afts eccho out your acclamations here, And those whom nature had tonguety'd, should breake Ther filent Chaines your fulmouth'd praise to speake It is no wonder Sir, fince that to you The admiration of a greaters due, Whilst by your hands have curb'd the furious rage Of Steele, and have restor'd our golden age, This Brittish Isle by nature fram'd to be Of the great World the grand Epitome Whom Neptunecircling in his briny armes Hathmade secure from forreigne foes alarmes, And Providence so seared, that she seemes By her to prise all other Diadems; And yet had the thus freed from forraigne Warres Rent her owne Bowels with intestine jarres, And when no force of supercilious Spaine Nor power of furiou: France could from hir gaine. Hir wealth and honour, the of both bereaves Hir selfe; and gives them to his basest slaves He whose brave Heroes in the dayes of yore Could beat down others Sceptors or restore Them at her will: now did hir own betray And to her felfe, her felfe did make a prey. Oh foolish Nation, whilst thou sought to bring Subjection to thee from thy Soveraigne King Forgets in Bodies ruine must be red When Members Rebels turn against the Head, A people who turn Traytors to their King Must needs themselves into destruction bring; Most desperate is their case, nor can I rate The mischiefes which succeed a headlesse State, This you have prov'd, and now you fadly fee

I'll never Leave thee more.

Rebellion recompenc'd with miserie; But ile be filent here, and will no more Thus fmartly tub you raw, and galled fore Since here you came not to lament, or make A Fast, but feast for your Redemptions sake, And twas to you great Sir they did intend And to your praise I should my Speeches bend And think not Sir that your renowned name, Receives derraction in the rols of fame By being fung by me; for though that here My guards and followers doe not appeare To show my greatnesse yet at my Command The Forrests bow and as my Subjects stand And though I boast my selfe a mighty King My greatest Honour is your praise to sing Let Rome no more her Fabius show or boast His moderate prudence fav'd her being loft; Since you have justly bragge, your wife delaies Have fav'd a Nation Crown'd your felfe with Baies. Had you been furious any have cast the Dye Of War, we now might all in ashes lye; Triumph'd one by our foes, when now we fee England restored to its Liberty By this your prudence nothing now remaines But that you recompence our other paines, And Crown your merits, whilst you and our strife By giving Head as well as Body life. The Members you have joyn'd, yet they're but dead, Whilst thus they stand dissever'd from the Head Procyed then George, and as thou hast brought down The Traytors, to restore the lawfull Crown, That after ages may thee justly call Restorer of thy Country, KING and all.

The Reader may take notice that this is the right Speech, sung by W. Yeokney.

LONDON: Printed for William Anderson, in the YEAR, 1660.

SPEECH

Made to his EXCELLENCY

THE

Lord General MONCK, AND THE COUNCIL of STATE, Goldsmiths Hall in London,

The tenth day of April, 1660. At which time they were entertained by that honourable Company.

After a Song in four parts, at the conclusion of a Chorus, Enter a Sea-Captain?

Et me make one too; are you grown fo ftout, To contrive Peace, and leave the Seaman out? Have you in those large Bowls which Plenty gave yee, Drank off the Ocean, and swallow'd the Navy? You never think upon our Rocks and shelves, So you may founded in quiet by your felves; Are not you Britains! Is not Navigation The only Guard and Glory of the Nation? Can you have Treasure brought without a Fleet? What is it gilds Cheap side and Lumbard Street But our Seatrade? By our cutting the curl'd Ocean ye hold Commerce with all the World. V Vhence come your costly Carpettings, and V Vorks That grace the Chambers of triumphant Turks, But from beyond-Sea? Whence comes all your gold, For which, by some, both Law and Gospel's fold, But from beyond-Sea? And wife men of trust Beleeve, if ever we have Peace agen, it must Come from beyond-Sea; And d'ye goe about To make a Peace, and leave the Main-Mast out? But where's my Admiral ? Oh! I have spy'dhim,

But where's my Admiral? Oh! I have spy'd him His Merits are so cleer no Clouds can hide him. I must go droll with him though, What Chear hey? Up to the Ears in Custard, here's a fray Compounded without bloudshed; these would be Good bitts upon a March, George, or at Sea: When, in the fury of tempessuous weather, Wee and our meat were pickled up together. Here are pure Quarters, Plenty keeps her spring In London, 'Tis a City for a King.

I came just now ashore to speak with you Directly up to Goldsmiths-Hall, I knew VV here I should find you out: You love to settle VVith honest Hearts, and Men of the best Mettle. They love St. George, and yet they highly let A value on St. * Dunstan, they'r well met, * st. Dunstan was.

They both did put the Devil in a dump, Goldsmiths. One had him by the Nose, tother the Rump And thereby hangs a tayl. When I came hither, My bufiness, and my boldnesse mixt together Made me thrust in: Where crowd you? (cry'd they all) Quoth I, to speak with my LORD GENERAL, I'm one of his Sea Captains; presently The Master and the generous Company All bad me welcom, and did strongly woo Me to bid you fo, and this * Gouncil too In these, or such like words, they bad me say The Sunn's not welcomer to a dark day, Than you unto this City: for you are Temp'rate in Undertakings, Stont in Warr, Prudent in Councils, Quick when Dangers call. Secret in great designs, Honest in All: 'Twould make the greatest Rebell quite renounce ill, To see but such a Souldier, such a Council. God prosper both, and may you never cease, (Peace, Till you have brought home the bright Princesse That long loft Lady: Could we make a Crown As rich as that was worn by Solomon, Rather than we would lose her, or displease her,

(I mean fair Peace) wee'd give that Crown to seize here

If any other Speech be printed, pretended to be spoken in Goldsmiths Hall, they are Counterfeits, and none true but this.

Tho, fordan.



SPEECH

Made to his EXCELLENCY

GEORGE MONCK General, &c.

The Twelfth day of Aprill, M. DC. LX.

At a Solemn Entertainment at VINTENERS-HAL.

Wherein His Illustrious Virtues are shaddowed forth under the Emblem of a VINE.

We've nothing else to welcome to this Hall; We've nothing else to welcome you withall. All else is but your own; to You we owe, Life, Liberties, Estates, Religion too: All else is in your Power, only our hearts Are free to welcome and admire your arts. Time was, when we were forc't to court our Chains, Andkisse the Rod which jerk't us for our pains: We durst not cry for fear of t'other lash, But smooth'd our browes, and blubber'd faces washt. Our Lurdan Masters made us them reward, For keeping of our Liberties in Ward.

But unto You, our hearts aspire to fall A willing Sacrifice, this Festivall; Nor think it (Sir) a hollow complement, We deal in Wine, Wine only truth doth went. Now give us leave to borrow from our Trade, Something which may your radiant Virus shade: And what may better Suit you than the Vine, That Noble Plant, which does such worth enthrine? First, in its leaves which hide and guard the cluster, It notes your modesty, which hides your lustre; It shews your secrecy; by which secur'd You have a Bloudless Victory procur'd: O happy foul! whose silence could do more Then Arts and Armes, then Retorick and Pow'r. You have Three Nations redeem'd, and yet, Not spilt one drop of bloud in doing it. You gently 'did the Strength and Weapons steal Out of their hands, before they could it feel. Let Rome and Tully boast; let Athens bless Demostenes, and thundring Pericles:

Give me the man who works without a noise,
Who spares his tongue and hands, but Wit imployes.
Again, the Vine's not spent in leaves and paint,
But under its own fruitful load doth faint;
That load which lightens men of all their cares,
And fainting spirits with new life repairs.
Thus You (my Lord) oppress your self with pains,
To bring forth unto us more easie gains.

Under your watchful eyes we fleep secure, Under your armes our Commerce we ensure. Peace, Freedom, Laws (both humane and divine) Are the delicious fruits of You our Vine. These are your first-fruits, and they tast so sweet, We long for those which hang not ripened yet: There's fomething still remains to crown the rest, To bind all fast, and make us firmly blest. Some are already drunk with what they talt, And in a drunken fit quarrel for halt, We wrestle yet with jealousies and threats? 'Tis time must ripen all with kindly hears. There are Phanatiques that on both sides rage, 'Till by your art you coop'em in one cage: And while you check Religious lunacies, Restrain likewise prophaner luxuries.

Secure all stakes; all sober men Engage;
This will embalme your Name to future age.
And as the Vine adorns its prop and spreads,
And twists the branches of the tree it Weds:
So do your Virtues spread about these Lands
Which You Espouse, and linke them all in bands
Of sacred wedlock; all men do combine
In You, and mingled Interests intwine.
You moderate, You hush, and silence all
Our jangling suctions and confused brawle.
Bind all unto Your self, and each to other;

Let none Engrosse You, be a common Brother.

The Vine (as in the Parable we read)
Refus d to domineer with lofty head.
Though Brambles may in Lordly rule delight
To scratch, and tear, and rend down all by might:
The humble Vine seeks no such rampant tops,
But lowly creeps unless advanc't by props:
Thus You aspire not unto gay Dominion;
Whose happiness is meerly in opinion:
It is presum'd you'd rather make a King
Then your own hands, to Sway a Scepter bring;
This will Immortalize and blaze your story,
And Crown your head with spendant beams of glory.

If any other Speech be Printed, pretended to be spoken in Vinteners-Hall, they are Counterseits,, and none true but this.

Tho. Jordan.



SPEECH

Made to His EXCELLENCY

The Lord General MONCK

And the COUNCIL of STATE,

At Fishmongers-Hall in LONDON.

The Thirteenth of April, 1660.

At which time they were Entertained by that Honorable COMPANY.

Written by Tho. Fordan.

After a SONG of difference betwixt the Lawyer, the Soldier, the Citizen and the Countrey-man. The CHORUS being ended. Enter the Choft of MASSIANELLO Fisher-man of NAPLES.

S your Peace just? What Rock stands it upon? Conscience and Law make the best Union. If you gain Birthrights here by Bloud and Slaughter, Though you fing now, you'l howle for ever after: Trust my Experience, one that can unfold The strangest truest Tale that er'e was told, In my degree, few men shall overtake me, I was as great as Wickedness could make me; This heart, this habit, and this tongue to boot Commanded Forty thousand Horse and Foot, In three weeks time, My fortune grew fo high I could have match'd my Fishers Family With the best Blond in Naples: Right and Wrong, And Life and Death attended on my Tongue, Till (by a quick verticitie of Fate) I find too foon what I repent too late; And, though a Rebell in a righteous clothing, My glow-worm glories glimmer'd into nothing.

Thus fell that Fisher-man that had no fellow, I am the Wandring Shade of Massian: llo; Who, fince I was into Perdition hurl'd, Am come to preach this Doctrine to the world.

Rebels though backt with Power, and seeming Reason, Time and Success, shall feel the fate of Treason.

But stay! what Picture's this hangs in my fight? the Pieure, Tis valiant Walworth, the King-faving Knight: mortb(who That Stab'd Jack Straw : Had Walworth liv'd within that These four Months, where had Jack the Cobler been? ngeth over I in Season, e head of It was a bold brave deed, an act in Season, Lord Ge-Whilest he was on the Top-branch of his Treason.

But from that Shaddow, dropping down My eye, I see a Substance of like Loyalty.

F long renowned Walworth had the fate A Parallel To fave a King, You have to fave a State; And, who knows what by Consequence? The Knight By that brave Deed, gain'd every man his Right: And you, by this, may gain each Man his due, Not onely Trufty Hearts, but Traitors too: He drew blond, you did not; 'tis all one sense, There's but a Straws breadth in the difference: He lav'd the Town from being burnt, and Ton Have releved it from Fire and Plunder too: He was this Companies good Benefactor, And Ton have been their Liberties Protector; For which, I heard them fay, they would engage Their States, and Blouds, and Lives against all rage That shall oppose Your just Designes: And that You are the welcom'st Guest, ever came at This Table; they fay, All they can exhibit Is not so much a Treatment as a Tribute: They call you the First step to England's Peace, The True fore-runner of our Happiness:

And, joyn'd with these great Councillors, You are To the Our best Preservatives in Peace and War. You have a Loyal Heart, a Lucky Hand, Elected for the Cure of this Sick Land, Who by Protectors and unjust Trustees, Hath been Enslav'd, and brought upon her Knees:

We humbly pray this may be thought upon Before the Kingdoms Treasure be quite gon: And hope you will (though Envy look a squint) When all is fit, Put a Just Steward int.

Spoken by WALTER YOURCHE,

CHORUS. Then may your fame out-live all Dtory, And prove a Monument of Glory; Rings and Queens (as Tribute due) On their knees thall play for You, Whilli all True hearts' confess with Congue and Men? a Loyal Subject is the best of Apen.

England Commonwealth ?!

H: 231

1 (200

BUMM-FODER

VV ASTE-PAPER

Proper to wipe the Nation's RUMP with, or your Own.

Ree quarter in the North is grown so scarce, That Lambers with all his men of Mars Have submitted to kiss the Parliaments Arse, Which no body can deny.

If this should prove true, (as we do suppose)
Tis such a wipe as the RUMP and all's Foes
Could never give to old Olivers nose:
Which, &c.

Theres a Proverb come to my mind not unfit, When the head shal see the RUMP all be-shit, Sure this must prove a most lucky hit: Which &c.

Theres another Proverb which every Noddy
Wil jeer the RUMP with, and cry Hodly Doddy,
Here's a Parliament all Arle and no Body.
Which &c.

Tis a likely matter the world wil mend When so much blood and treasure we spend, And yet begin again at the wrong End: Which &c.

We have been round and round about twirl'd,.
And through much fad confusions hull'd,
And now we are got into the arfe of the world:
Which &c.

But 'tis not all this our courage wil quail, Or make the brave Seamen to the RUMP strike fail, If we can have no head, we wil have no Tail: Which &c.

Then let a Free-Parliament be turnd trump, And nere think any longer the Nation to mump With your pocky, perjui'd, damnd, old Rump: Which &c.

But what doth Rebel Rump make here
When their proper place (as W.!. Pryndoth swear)
Is at the Devils are in Derbyshire:
Which &c.

Then thither let us fend them a tilt,
For if they stay longer, they wil us beguilt
With a Government that is locie in the Hilt:
Which &c.

Youl find it set down in Harringtons Modelle, Whose brains a Commonwealth do so coddle, That teas made a Rotation in his noddle: "Tis a pitiful pals you men of the Sword
Have brought your selves to, that the Rumps your Lord,
And Arsie-Versie, must be the word,
Which, &c.

Our powder and shot you did freely spend,
That the Head you might from the Body rend,
And now you are at us with the But-end,
VVhich: &o.

Old Martin and Scot have still such an itch,
That they will with the Rump try to ther twitch;
And Lenthal can grease a fat Sow in the britch:

VVoich, &c.

Thats a thing that would please the Butchers and Cooks, To see this sinking Rump quite off the hooks, And Jack-Daw go to pot with the Rooks.

Wheh. &c.

This forward Sir John (who the Rump did never fail)
Against Charles Sinart, in a Speech did rail;
But men say it was without head or tail,
Which, Ge.

Just such is the Government wee live under,
Of a Parliament thrice cut in sunder;
And this hath made us the worlds wonder,
Which & to

Old Noll when we talkt of Magna Charta,
Did prophecy well we should all smart-a,
And now wee have found his RUMYS Magn! Fart-a,
Which, &c.

But I can think Monck (though a Souldier and floven)
To be kin to the Fiend, whose feet are cloven,
Nor will creep ith Rumps Arse, to bake in their Oven,
Which, &c.

Then fince he is coming, e'ne let him come From the North to the South, with Sword and Drum, To beat up the quarters of this lewd Bum;

Wlich, &c.

And now of this Rump I'le fay no more, Nor had I begun, but upon this score, There was something behind, which was not before;

1. ch, da

FINIS, In English, The RUMP.

England Commonwealth &!

H: 231

L C2 0 2

BUMM-FODER

VVASTE-PAPER

Proper to wipe the Nation's RUMP with, or your Own.

Ree quarter on the North is grown so scarce?

That Lambers with all his men of Mars

Have submitted to kiss the Parliaments Arse,

Which no body can deny.

If this should prove true, (as we do suppose)
Tis such a wipe as the RUMP and all's Foes
Could never give to old Olivers nose:

Which, de.

Theres a Proverb come to my mind not unfit, When the head shal see the RUMP all be-shit, Sure this must prove a most lucky hit: Which &c.

Theres another Proverb which every Noddy
Wil jeer the RUMP with, and cry Hodly Doddy,
Here's a Parliament all Arte and no Body.
Which &c.

Tis a likely matter the world wil mend When so much blood and treasure we spend, And yet begin again at the wrong End: Which &c.

We have been round and round about twirl'd,
And through much fad confusions hun'd,
And now we are got into the arfe of the world:
Which &c.

But 'tis not all this our courage wil quail, Or make the brave Seamen to the RUMP strike fail, If we can have no head, we wil have no Tail: Which &c.

Then let a Free-Parliament be turnd trump, And nere think any longer the Nation to mump With your pocky, perjuied, damind, old Rump: Which &c.

But what doth Rebel Rump make here
When their proper place (as W.!. Pryndoth fwear).
Is at the Devils are in Derbyshire:
Which &c.

Then thither let us fend them a tilt,
For if they stay longer, they wil us beguilt
With a Government that is locie in the Hilt:
Which &c.

Youl find it set down in Harringtons Modelle, Whose brains a Commonwealth do so coddle, That teas made a Rotation in his noddle: "Tis a pitiful pals you men of the Sword
Have brought your selves to, that the Rumps your Lord,
And Arsie-Versie, must be the word,
Which, &c.

Our powder and shot you did freely spend,
That the Head you might from the Body rend,
And now you are at us with the But-end,
VVhich; &c.

Old Martin and Scot have still such an itch,
That they will with the Rump try to ther twitch;
And Lenthal can grease a fat Sow in the britch:

VVnich, &c.

Thats a thing that would please the Butchers and Cooks, To see this stinking Rump quite off the hooks, And Jack-Daw go to pot with the Rooks. Wheb. &c.

This forward Sir John (who the Rump did never fail)
Against Charles Stuart, in a Speech did rail;
But men say it was without head or tail,
Which, &e.

Just sich is the Government wee live under, Of a Parliament thrice cut in sunder; And this hath made us the worlds wonder, Wich &c.

Old Noll when we talkt of Magna Charta,
Did prophecy well we should all smart-a,
And now wee have found his RUMYS Magn: Fart-a,
Which, &c.

But I can't think Monck (though a Souldier and floven)
To be kin to the Fiend, whose feet are cloven,
Nor will creep ith Rumps Arie, to bake in their Oven,
Which, &c.

Then fince he is coming, eene let him come From the North to the South, with Sword and Drum, To beat up the quarters of this lewd Bam;

Wlich, &c.

And now of this Rump I'le fay no more, Nor had I begun, but upon this score, There was something behind, which was not before;

11 . b, da

FINIS, In English, The RUMP.

ENGLANDS TRIUMPH. ORTHER RUMP ROUTED

By the true Assertor of Englands Interest,

Generall George Monck

A SONET

To the Tune of, Fill up the Parliament full.

Hat maketh the Souldiers
To stand to their Arms?
Tis for what they protest
To keep us from harms,
The Members Secluded
Come now in by Swarms
To fill up the Parliament Full, full, full.
To fill up the Parliament Full.

You know that the City Gates
Late were thrown down,
The Walls too were order'd
By Parliament Frown:
But General Monck, has pleaf'd
souldier and Gown,
And fil'dup the Parliament Full, full,
Audfil'd up the Parliament Full.

A dispute there was had
By the Members Secluded,
Brave Monck was the Umpire
And found them Deluded,
But Englands great joy
Is now wholy Concluded:
For he's fild up the Parliament Full, fu'l, full
He's fil'd up the Parliament full.

Sir Arthur the Valiant
Must make his speech Large,
Lest the Members Excluded
Lay Treason to's Charge,
Hee'd better t'have deast
With his Newcastle Barge,
Than to see the Old Parliament Full, full, sull
Than to see the Old Parliament full.

The Aldermen Grave,
And the Commons o'th City,
Imprisoned were
The more is the Pity,
But Gen'ral Monek said,
That I will acquit yee,
For the Parliament now shall be full, full,
For the Parliament now shall be full:

Have you not seen
Fresh flowers in the Spring;
And have you not heard
A Cage-Bird to sing?
But if the Cage-Members
Would bring in the King -It would fill up the Parliament Full, full, full;
It would fill up the Parliament full.

The Parliament now will
Come into their Geers,
For Secluded PRYN
(That once lost his Ears)
Marcht in with his Rapier
For Commons and Peers,
To fill up the Parliament Full, full,
To fill up the Parliament full.

Whose often Declaring
Ha's furnish't the Nation
With Parliament Arguments
Of the old Fashion,
And would have both
King, Lords and Peers in this Nation
To fill up the Parliament Full, full
To fill up the Parliament full.

Our brave General Monck
We bound are to thank,
The Honest Lord Fairfax
Ha's plaid (100) his Prank
No thanks to be given
To the Rump nor the Shank
To fill up the Parliament Full, full
To fill up the Parliament full,

Had the City ne'r mov'd,

Nor the Prentices strove,
They'd lost their Old Charter:
But MONCK had a love
To challenge the Grand Ones
Which Mischies did move;
And so fill'dup the Parliament Full, full,
And so fill'd up the Parliament full.

LONDON, Printed for James Johnson.

The Breech Washd

By a Friend to the

RUMP.

Ycleped a dotefull dump.
Thought I — we're at a fine passe;
Not a man stands up for the Rump:
But lets it be lash'd o'r and o'r.
While it lies like a senselesse Fop--.
'T would make a man, a Whore,
To see a Tail tew'd like a Top.
Though a Rump be a dangerous Bit,
And many a Knaveruns mad ont't,
Yet verily as it may hit,
An honest man may be glad on't.

To abuse a poor, Blind Creature—
I had like to have said, and a Dumb;
But now it ha's gotten a Speaker,
And Say is the Mouth of the Bum,
When Besse rul'd the Land there was no man
Complain'd, and yet now they Rail:
I beseech you what differs a woman
From a thing that's all Tongue, and Tail!
Though a Rump, &c.

The Charter we've (worn to defend,
And propagate the Cause.
What call you those of the Rump-end
But Fundamental Laws?
The Case is as clear as the Day,
There had been no Reformation,
If the Rump had not claw'dit away,
You had had no Propagation,
Tho' a Rump, &c.

As a Body's the better for a Purge,
Tho' the Guts may be troubled with Gripes:
So the Nation will mend with a Scourge,
Tho' the Tayl may be fick of the Stripes.
Ill Humors to conveigh,
When the State hath taken a Loofneffe, !
(Who can hold what will away?)
The Rump must doe the Bus'neffe.
Tho' a Rump, &c.

The bold Cavalier, in the Field,
That laughs at your Sword, and Gunshot,
An Ordinance makes him to yield,
And he's glad to turn Tayl to Bum-shot.
Old Oliver was a Teazer,
And waged warr with the Stump;
But Alexander, and Casar
Did both submit to the Rump.
Tho' a Rump, &c.

Let no man be further missed

By an Errour, past Debate.

For Sedgwick has prov'd it the Head,

As well of the Church as the State;

Honest Hugh; that still turnes up the Tippets,

When he Kneels to Administer;

Sayes—— a Rump, with Skippons sippets,

Is a Dish for a Holy Sister.

Tho' a Rump, &c.

Through Pride of Flesh, or State

Poor Souls are overthrown:

How happy then is our Fate?

Wee've a Rump to take us down,

In matter's of Faith, 'tis true,

Some Differings there may be,

But give the Saints their due,

In the Rump they all agree.

The' a Rump, &c.

Tis good at Bed, and at Bord;
It gives us Pleasure and Ease,
Will you have the rest in a word?
'Tis good for the new disease,
(The Tumult of the Guts;)
'Tis a Recipe for the Kings Evil,
Wash the Members as sweet as Nuts,
And then throw them all to the Devil.
Though a Rump be a dangerous Bit,
And many a Knave runs mad on't,
Tet, verily, as it may hit,
An honest man may be glad on't.

Printed at Oxford for Carolus Gustavus.

THE GLORY OF THE WEST

The Tenth Renowned Worthy, and most Heroick CHAMPION of this BRITTISH ISLAND.

Being an unparallel'd Commemoration of GENERAL MONCK'S coming towards the CITY of

LONDON.

O unperplex the Riddles of our State,
And to discover t'us our hidden fate
Welcome (we cry) Welcome to George the Great,
A joyful sight to see.

Not like the Macedons impatient sword,
That solv d the doubt tyed in the Gordian Cord,
Great George doth time proportion due afford,
A joyful, &c.

Wisdomes great pattern bred at Bellonas Brest, Prudence and Valour joyned in one Crest, No more St. George shall be but George the Blest, A joyful, &c.

As Cefar did the affrighted Boat-man learn,
When he fate trembling at the finking stern,
My fates Embarqu'd that do's the world concern,
A joyful, Exc.

So the wrack't Vessel of the state distrest, With Heav'ns angry blasts, now seeks for rest, From the Favonian Gales of George o'th West, A joyful, &c.

His great excelling merits in the scale,
Of our raif'd hope, nor shall the angry Taile,
Of any Comet 'gainst our peace prevail,

A joysul, &c.

Another Fabius, whose wise delays,
(Like a misty morn, guilt with the Suns noon rayes)
Have Crown'd him with the Glorious Bayes,
A joyful, &c.

He that has marched quite three Kingdoms o're, subdu'd his great mind for to make them four, Designes to bring peace and plenty to our Door,

A joyful &c.

Let all antient Glory then be a Romance, Let old fame, and craz'd Time, lye in a Trance, Nothings new but Hony Soit qui mal y pense, A joyful, &c.

This is the Noble Champion of the Garter,
The great Defender of the Magna Charter,
The foveraign good come from the Northern Quarter
A joyful, &c.

To fettle a Nation without any Blowes, To break down the 1 ridge of another Nose, To do what all wish, but no body Knowes.

A joyful, &c.

To compleat a Design without any Noyse.

To amuse the Loud cry of Vive le Roys,

And sport all a long with the Commonwealth toys,

A joyfu!, &c.

Put all the grand Hero's and wise ones together,
None had such advantage of Wind and Weather,
'Tis true he's sprung of a Princely Feather,
A joyful, &c.

Where shall we begin his Tropbees to raise?

Or when shall we make an end of his praise?

The blessing and honour and joy of these dayes.

A joyful, &c.

The untam'd scot (before his glorious time)
Has made t'expiate their treacherous crime,
They own him fole conquerour of that clime,
A joyjul, &c.:

His great and most powerful Influence,
Ha's restraind them in their obedience,
As if they ow'd it the Vice-roy of their Prince,

A joyful &c.

The shifting Irish, bey'd his great command,
The slaughtered Dutch, yet rowling on the sand,
Crave a reflux, to keep them from his hand,

A joyful, &c.

Thrice did he Victory over them repeat, And the a'most ruined State forced did to treat, To save them from a final last deseat,

Whether we conque rd are, or must submit,
By his all-powerful hand to them that sit,
We are sure to be eased of our present sit,
A joysul, &c.

What if great George should come to the Citie,
And in all your good humours should presently fit
As I hope he will do; else more is the pitie, (ye,
A joyful fight to see.

GEORGIO MONCK Duci de Albemarle,

Comiti de Torrington, Baroni in Potheridge, &c. Exercituum in ANGLIA, sub Rege CAROLO Secundo, Generali; à Consiliis Secretioribus; & Nobilissimi Ordinis Aureæ Periscelidis Equiti.

EPITAPHIUM.

Luge & Mirare, Quisquis ades.

Cce jacet in Tumulo qui Sedere noluit in Throno. fatis communibus moritur, qui communibus non vixit; naturâ magnus, fortunâ major, se ipso maximus. Miles audacia Secundus nulli, Dux prudentià,

Subditus fide. Tyrannum, & Populis & Regibus formidabilem, Solus non timuit, sed terruit. Defuncto Tyranno, & Superstite Tyrannide,

Venit, Vidit, Vicit,

non armorum strepitu, sed confiliorum alto Silentio; (geaus vincendi planè novum, quod nec voce nec armis!)

tria Regna obtinuit, vel uno die, nec præliatus, nec locutus. Obtinuit tria, noluit vel Unum:

Sceptri enim facus Arbiter, maluit reddere quam habere; pluris meritò estimans restituere Regem quam esse. Restituit quidem, restitutumque observantissime coluit,

CAROLO, non fibi, victor, Et obedientia inclytus magis quam Imperio,

humilitate quam gloria; Modestior Ipse post restitutam Majestatem, quam post læsam alii.

Fel'x qui triplici Regno Regem demeruit & hunc Regem, CAROLUM Secundum, prater injurias oblitum nihil,

nihil memorem præter officia; nec triplici Regno, sed omni, dignum. Restituto Rege simul omnia restauravit, Pacem, Justitiam, Religionem.

Restauratifq; omnibus, decennium adhuc vixit, conservaturus quæ restauraverat, & conservando quam restaurando clarior;

Curarum nempe vitæque prodigus ut semel restaurata semper conservaret.

Amicos habuit BONOS omnes, Inimicum neminem, nisi aut Dei, aut Regis, aut Patria. Titulis, honoribus, divitiis, crevit supra modum, sed infra meritum;

fortunis mutatis nihil mutatus iple, semper minor sibi quò aliis major.

enè inter nuptias filit haredis obiit, lachrymas funeris temperaturus nuptiarum gaudiis. Domestico tamen solatio nihil placantur publici luctus; Nec aliquod remedium doloris est, ubi calamitas dolorem superat,

Ubi amittitur quod nec reparatur in Hærede dignissimo: Virtus enim Successorem non habet, quæ Antecessorem non habuit HEROES toti nascuntur, & toti pereunt;

Similem non viderat Anglia, nec Orbis videbit. Sepelitur cum Regibus, qui Rex non fuit, sed nec voluit esse. Quidni cum Regibus jaceat, per quem stant Ipsi Reges,

Tumulumque accipiat qui Solium reddidit ? Superstes, etiam post hæc marmora, futurus, Nobilior & recentior dum antiquior;

Dignus plane qui celebretur mortuus, cum recusaverit vivus; Imò qui cœlum mercedem habeat, cui compensando terra non suffice

Hunc & Luge & Mirare.

George Mor

Duke of ALBEMARLE, Earl of TORRINGTON, Baron of POTHERIDGE, &c. Captain-General, and One of His Majesties most Honourable Privy-Counsel; and, One of the most Noble order of the GARTER.

Ament and Wonder, Reader, here lies one Intomb'd, who did refuse t'ascend a Throne; Who Dyed, by the common stroke of Fate, As other Men, but liv'd not at that Rate; By Nature Great , yet Greater by Successe, But above all, was in himself Greatest. He was a Souldier second unto none In Courage, and a General well known In Courage, and a General well known
In Prudence; and 'tis equally as true,
He was a Loyal, Faithful Subject too;
The Tyrant whom, both Kings and Nations fear'd,
He only fear'd him not, but boldly Dar'd.
The Tyrant being dead, this Gen'ral came,
And faw th' succeeding Rage, then Overcame;
Not by the Noise of Arms, but by the Deep
Silence of Counsels, which he knew to keep;
Strange kind of Cong'ring this, and almost New,
In one Dayes space three Kingdoms to subdue,
(Without engaging of his Tongue, or Sword)
And yet of Either would not be the Lord;
Accompting it more Grandeur for to save Accompting it more Grandeur for to Save Three Scepters, and Restore them, than to have: For being made an Umpire, did decree 'Twas better to Restore, a King, than be: And thus resolv'd, the King he did Restore, Then Him, as Cæsar, Humbly did Adore. It was King CHARLES, for whose most worthy Sake (And not his own) he did this Conquest make; That all may know by reading of his Story, Humility was his Aim, not Glory; Since with more Modesty unto the King He did submit, than those who injur'd him: Most happy man, who didst three Kingdoms gain, That CHARLES th' Second might solely in them Reign. A Prince, whose Virtues are so Great, that He, Deferves more Kingdoms Crowns, as Well as three: Forgetting nothing but past Injuries;

Mindful of nothing, but good Offices.

Even Him he did restore unto his Throne;

With Him, PEACE, JUSTICE, and RELIGION

That done, Ten years survived, that he might see What was restored, might conserved be; And so become more famous to maintain The Crowns Support, and Peace, than to obtain. For which, his Cares and Life he valued not To keep that alwayes, which at once he got.
All good Men were his Friends, his Foes were they, Who GOD, the KING, and COUNTRET disobey. Titles, Honours, Wealth, he did inherit, (High as they were) yet much beneath his Merit: Though Fortune did advance him above others, he Had in himself the more Humility. At length, this brave Heroick Gen'ral Dy'd. About the time his Son had ta'ne a Bride; That so the foyes in her might seem to dry Those Tears, which ought to fall at's Obsequy: And though those foyes were Great, yet could not boast For to compensate what the Publick lost In him; nor is there any Remedy Of Grief, if master'd by Calamity; Which is so great, that nothing can repair, Although he left a Son, his worthiest Heir: For Virtue hath no Parent, from whose Race, It may derive to Successors its Grace. HEROES are such by Birth, and such they Dye Without Transmission to Posterity And such a one as this nor England saw. Nor ever shall the World to keep't in ame. He Vaulted is with Kings, although 'tis known He was no King, because he would be none. What though he lie by Kings, by whose stout Hand And Policy, even Kings themselves do stand; It is great Honour, but 'tis justly shown To give a Tomb to him, who sav'd the Throne: Tet, though these Marbles do consume, thy Fame Shall even by Age renew, still be the same: For he, who Living, did refuse to have The World's Applause, best claims it in the Grave: And he deserves Heav'ns favours to partake, To whom the Earth could no Requital make; But Mourn for and Admire this Glorious Man

DIAIOGUE

TOM AND DICK

The former a COUNIRY MAN, The other a CITIZEN. C.
Presented to his EXCELLENCY and the COUNCIL
of STATE, at DRAPERS-Hall in LONDON, March 28, 1660.

(To the Tune of I'le never-leve thee more.)

Tom.

OW would I give my life to fee,
This wondrous Man of might.
Dick. Dost fee that folly Lad? That's he,
I'le warrant him he's right.
There's a true Trojan in his Face:
Observe him o're and o're.

Dick. Come Tom, If ever GEORGE be base, Chorus.

Ne're trust good-fellow more.

He's none of that Phantastique Brood,
That murther, while they pray:
That trusse, and cheat us, for our good;
(All, in a Godly way,)
He drinkes no Bloud, and they no Sack into their gutts will poure.
But if GEORGE does not do the knack;
Ne're trust good-fellow more.

His quiet Conscience needs no guard;

He's brave, but

Yet by your leave he brick a 10 pages.

Tom. Yet, by your leave, he knock a jo naim,

H'adlike t'awak'd the City.

Dick. Foole, 'I was the Rump that let a Fart,

The Charmes and Gates it tore.

The Chaynes and Gates it tore.

But if GEORGE beares not a true heart, Chorus.

Nore trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. Your City-blades are cunning Rockes;
How rarely you collogue him?
But when your Gates flew off the Hookes,
You did as much be-rogue him.

Dick. Pug'h. —'Twas the Rump did onely Feele,
The blowes the City bore.
But if GEORGE be'nt as true as Steele, Chorus.
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Dick: Come, by this Hand, we'll crack a quare, Thou'll pledge his health, I trow.

Tom. Tope boy, Dick—A lusty dish my heart,
Away w'ot; Tom. — Let it go.
Drench me you slave in a full Bowle,

Dick. Nay, if GEORGE be'nt a hearty Soule, Chorus.

Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. But heark you, Sirrah, we're to loud, He'll hang us, by, and by.

Dick. Me'thinks, he should be vengeance proud?

No more then thee, or I.

Tom. Why then I'le give him the best Blade, That ere the Bilbo wore,

Dick. If GEORGE prove not a Bonny Lad, Chorus.

Tom. Twas well he came, we'd mawll'd the Tayle;

— We've all throwne up our Farmes.

And from the Musket, to the Flayle,

Put all our men in Armes.

The Girles had ta'ne the Members down,

Ne're faw fuch things before.

Dick, If GEORGE speak not the Town our owne, Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Dick. But prethee, are the Folke so mad?

Tom. — So mad, say'st; — The're undone,

There's not a penny to be had;

And ev'ry Mothers Sonne

Must fight, if he intend to eate, Grow valliant, now he is poore.

Dick. Come ___ yet if GEORGE don't do the feate, Chorus.

Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom. — Why Richard, 'tis a Devilish thing,
We're not left worth a groate.
My Doll, has fold her medding-ring,
And Su has paund her Coate.
The Sniv'ling Rogues abus'd our Squire,
And call'd our Mistresse Whore.

Dick. Yet - If GEORGE don't what we desire, Chorus.

Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Tom: -By this good day; I did but speak;

They took my Py-ball'd Mare;

And put the Carri on Wench to th' squeak:

(Things go against the Hair).

Our Prick-ear'd Cor'nell looks as bigg

Still, as he did before.

Ric. And yet if GEORGE den humme his Gigg, Chorus.

Faith, Tom: our Case is much at one;
We're broke for want of Trade;
Our City's baffled, and undone,
Betwixt the Rump, and Blade.
We've emptied both our Veines and Baggs,
Upon a Eastions Score.
If GEORGE Compassion not our Raggs,
Ne're trust Good-fellow more
Chorus.

Tom. But what doest think should be the Canse,
Whence all these Mischiess spring?
Ric. Our damned breach of Oaths and Lawes;
Our Murther of the King.
We have bin Slaves since CHARLES his Reign,
We liv'd like Lords before.
If GEORGE don't set all right again, Chorus.
Ne're trust Good-sellow more.

Tom. Our Vicar — (And hee's one that knows)

Told me once, — I know what:

(And yet the Thief is woundy Glose)

Ric. 'Tis all the better; — That.

H'as too much Honesty and Witt,

To let his Tongue runne o're:

If this prove not a lucky hitt,

Ne're trust Good-fellow more. Chorus.

Shall's ask him, what he means to doe?

Tom. — 'Good faith, with all my heart;

Thou mak'ft the better Leg o'th' Two:

Take thou the better part.

I'l! follow, if thou't leade the Van.

Ric. Content; — I'll march before.

If GEORGE prove not a Gallant man,

Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

Chorus.

My Lord: — in us the Nation craves
But what you're bound to do.

Tom. — We have liv'd Drudges: Ric. —And We Slaves;
Both. We would not die so too.

Restore us but our Lawes agen;
Th' unborn shall thee adore:
If GEORGE denies us his Amen;
Ne're trust Good-fellow more.

A ROYAL PROPHECY,

Written long fince concerning the

KINGS RESTAURATION

To his Crown in 1660.

Old out brave Charles, for thou shalt win the Field, Thou canst not lose the day, unless thou yield On fuch Conditions as may force thy hand To give away thy Scepter, Crown, and Land: And which is worse, to hazard by thy fall, To lose a greater Crown worth more than all. Thy poor dejected Cavaliers rejoyced, To bear thy Royal Restitution voyced: And are contented far more poor to be, Than yet they are; so it reflects from thee. We are not so ambitious to desire, Our drooping Fortunes should be mounted higher: When thou so great a Monarch (to our grief) Must sue unto thy Subjects for relief: And when they sit and long debate about it, Must either stay a time or go without it. No (Sacred Prince) thy Friends esteem thee more. Since thy Distresse, than ere they did before. And though our Wings be clipt, our Wishes fly To Heav'n by Millions for a fresh supply; T hat as thy Cause was so betrayed by men, It may by Angels be restor d agen The time will come, and sure tis nigh, Though Blood it cost, and many dye, To purchase it, that Peace shall come, And quite dismis Rebellion: Madnesse submit to Reason, and Each his Religion under stand: Ignorance again be loath'd of Men, And treason be call'd treason, then The Royal Lion shall supply His Awfull throne of Majesty. The Publick Faith shall then by many Be cry'd abroad, all for a penny. Your Cupboard-beads shall then stand free

Your Loans and well-affected Losses Shall testifie your hate to Crosses. If that should fail, you know an art, Call'd twenty times the twenty part: And then your Instruments of War, Shall turned be to Gibbits, for Your Cariage fleadge, your Pollaxe will Serve you to be a Pollaxe still. The Law a Sacrafice will have. The Ram then Isaac shall not fave: Buthmust be offer'd, both must bleed; No Angel then will interceed. Each Cities Gate will be renew'd, And stuck with Limbs from Traytors bew'd. Then Justice shall proceed, and then The Axe awe those who slight the Pen. He too will suffer in that day, Who did lye Still, yet ran away. The indifferent Lords shall give good words Then to be call'd indifferent Lords. The Pulpit then shall utter Sence, And Learning counted no Offence, Sound Doctrine then more us'd shall be; Then Faces noyse and Blasphemy. Militia Captains shall ence more Go break: as they have done before. And surely some receive such checks Will bring them off with broken Necks. The Presbyters will then go near To shake hands with the Cavalcer: Order shall be confirmed; and then We shall have good Lord Maio rsagen. All this and more I prophecy, They're now alive shall live to fee. Now the Phanatique-brood's Subdu'd, That foo'ld fo long the multitude.

Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.

From Popish Silvers Imagry,

Vox Populi Suprema Rex Carolus.

Or, The Voice of the People for

KING CHARLES

With a true

ACCOMPT of the Actions of the KINGDOMS Grand Trappanners, since the year 1641 to this present year 1660.

GO, Go Bellona, try if thou can'ft Finde out another Clymate, Our wants Have made us Friends, The Angels sing, The People Vote, God save the King.

No more Committees, nor Sequestrators, No more Excise, nor Habberdaskers, No more Compounders nor Malignants No more Engagements, nor Covenants. No more Imprisonments, nor Confinements, No more Jamaca's, nor Exilements. No more Tub-preaching, nor Hugh Peters. No more Good Wives to rub, nor holy Sifters, No more Lord Bradfham, nor Prideaux No more Tom Scot that Jack in a Bex, No more long Parliaments we thank thee George. No more Lord St. Johns of all defignes the Forge. No more John Thurlo, old Cronwels Spyder No more blinde Generals, nor Esquire Lyder, No more Tem, and no more Noll No more Bels, nor no more Poll----No more of Richard, and no more of Harry No more Pembrooks which will neither go nor tarry No more Cecills of the Cammels Order. No more Lambert, but no more Sr. Arthur, No more Protectors nor falle Committee, No more Projectors, to undo our City, No more John Ireton, nor John Titchbourns No more of Jenkins, nor blaspheme Barebones, No more of Marshall, and no more of Ny No more Phanaticks nor Presbytery No more such State Confounders, and rheir Kings, No more of Conscience ty'de with codpils ftrings. No more Lord Desberough, but hie, ie, ho. No more the Burgeffe which ne're faid I nor r No more of gifted Fleetwoods, nor Lord Whaley No more of Pride, the Commonwealths dam'd Talley. No more of Hewson the Commonwealths Translator, No more Church-Lands for Rich Sr. Arthur.

No more of Staines Old Noll's Contriver, No more Lady Lambert fince Old Nol don't fw--- her: No more Lord Baxter the Thimble-maker. No more Griffith of all Sects but a Quaker. No more of Overton to keep out Hall, No more Nan Robbins! Harry Martins Tiull; No more Whielocks, nor Lifles for Keepers, No more Fleetwood Captain of the Weepers: No more Miles Corbet Divil of the Nation, No more Cooks the Devills by Creation: No more Hic, nor Hac, nor Hoc, no more Rump, No more Dear Sifters for a holy Jump, No more cheating of our City Maydes, No more riding of our Wives like Jades. No more pretences for a Reformation, No more Pifles for honest Hugh's Collation, No more Acts against Christmas Pyes, No more failing that with a Sifter lyes.

Now then no more, here are enough to please,

Three Kingdoms, fince no more shall be of these.

Now you've heard these Changes, there's but one more More Sweet then all the Changes were before.

A KING, a KING, all the people cry——
The KING, the KING cryes GEORGE and I——
And so it shall be: GEORGE thy Word
Will fetch him home, if not thy Sword.
Although I am no Figure Flinger,
No William Lilly, nor yet John Stringer,
No Alminack nor yet Prediction,
No strange Prophecy nor new Fistion,
St. GEORGE that Star, was to Usher in the Sun
To see Great CHARLES, of Good Charles the Son.
Oh what a night we have had! GEORGE thou alone
Must be both STAR and SUN to light him home.
Hasten good GEORGE, and bring him to his Throne,
Both KING and People, shall place thee in thy own.

To close these Changes, Merrand Angels sing Thanks to thee GLOROE, and GODsave the KING.

The Countrey-mans VIVE Le ROY.

His Joyfull Fxaltation for King CHALES his Restoration,

In a Dialogue between DICK a Plough-man, and JACK a Sheeherd.
With Jacks Prigram upon Englands Grand TRATTOR.

Dick.

Ome, Jack shake off thy old disguise, Of clouded Brows and warry eys. Now mourn no more, for what is palt Our griefs have found a cure at last. For now the youth in ev'ry Street, As the; do one another meet, With hearts full traught, and Loyal joy Eccho and ting Vive Le Koy.

My forrows are io great and fixt And with uch heavy Causes mixt, My heart with grief is so of prest No joy must ha bour in my breast; My dearest friend was snacht away By Tigers, wolves and beatts of prey, By whole most Savage overthrow, My heart is made the feat of woe. For want of whom my flockes co fray And by the beaft do Itill decay, Those few which yet are left behind, Rob d of their Fleeces I do find, My Lambs lie flain before my face, My fel am scorn'd and in diigrace, My g iefes are helplets, till with joy

I shall hear sung Vive Le Roy. Dick. I was at London th'other day, And fure 'twas in the Moneth of May, When the whole City feem d to me By the great flame on fire to be. Thenas I past a little higher, I found the Peoples hearts on fire, Whose zeal us slames express with joy, And Caps flung up, l'ive Le Koy. Still as I past along no note, Was heard that day from any throat, But what did I oyalty expresse, Ard their great joy for his fucces, Unto his Koyal throne, the mi th Was greater now then at his birth, For every Age and Sex, and Boy Speak nothing but Vive Le Roy.

Dick welcome home for thou doest tell, Such news which firs my homour well, My flocks will now with lafety feed, And when they've year'd their Lambkins breed, Free from the danger of the beaft, Safe under his protection rest, For whose Return lets sing for joy, With heart and voyce Vive Le Roy.

lack now the case is alter'd quit, And we shall all enjoy our Right, Now we shall have no cause to fear, The plundring wolf, or killing Bear. Our Labours now will sweetned be, With wisht content and Unity, For which we may rejoyce and fing, With heart and voyce Gol fave the King,

Arcadia now's restor'd to Rest Which was by Tyrants fore opprest, My little Lambs skip ore the plain, Which were by Typers well nigh flain, Forgetful of their former woe, Securely wander to and fro, Which on my Oaten pipe for joy, makes me to play Vive Le Roy.

Dick. Our Horses now return at night, Acquirted of the Souldiers fright, For neither they of late, nor we, Are led into Captivity. We keep our poultry and our kine, Now that is thine and this is I ine, For which whillt I hold plough my Boy, Shall whiftle out Vive Le Roy. Nowwhile my Lan bkins feed and play, I can fecurely walt the day, And to avoid the heat of Sol LO RO Dick With pretty Nancie or kind Dol. Sport in tome thade: my Flocks return I need not fear the wolf's in's Urne, For which let every Arcadian Boy Rejoyce and fing, Vive Le Roy, Come Jack lets go and take a sup, And drown old forrows in a Cup, Of brownest Ale that we can find, For to reftore our drooping mind. Bring thou thy Dol: I'le bring my Nan And Frollick it with Cake and Can, Wee'le make our Girles no more be coy, But laugh and fing, Vive Le Roy. I like the motion of my friend, I'le fold my Flock, and thee attend, 全国企业。全国、全国企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业。

To mother Mabs old tipling-house Wrere we will take a fin art caroufe Of he brown napt y stuff, till we Are full of Ale and Loyalty. Wee'l drown all care and iwell with joy, Laugh, quaff and fing Vive Le Roy. Co.re Frank Arike up a merry Arain Since the King injoys his own again,

When we see our long witht for King, Let B' ni es flame, and the Bells ring. Fill a full (up, I'le drink a round, My heart doth as my Cups abound. A health to our King, pledge all with joy. Heav'ns bleffe the King, Vive Le Roy. I beir wish.

Make hast (Great Sir) to our Areadian Plain, And bleffe this Island with your beams again, Heav's grant that never such another night, As we have felt fince we did lose the Light May Cloud us any more, O may the Sun Still shine upon us, and our Day ne'r done May the Suns influence of thy fair beams, Give store unto out Plains, Life to our Streams. So shall our Flocks yield us a good entreise When Plenty's usher'd in by welcome Peace. Long may you live King of th' Arcadean Land, And we learn to obey what you Command. In C: omwillum Regicidum.

Ad mortem Domi um male prodi it Iscariotes Cromwellig doto Rex borns inter it Convenere pares solo hac discrimine las Obtinuit meritas, non tulit ille cruces, Ju'as betrayd his Sove eign Lord to death, By Commells fraud a good King loft his breath, Only in this these Traytors different be, Judas was justly hang'd, so was not he.

London, Printed for J. Jones, 1660.

A Horrible, Terrible, Troublesome

Hill5 42

HISTORICAL NARRATION

Of a

DUEL;

Or, the Relation of a

COCK-FIGHT

Fought at

W I S B I C H.

Written by the Author of Iter Borcale.



LONDON,
Printed by R.D. Anno Dom. 1660.

The Relation of a

COCK-FIGHT,

Fought at

Wisbich.

And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurres to show for t, and can crow,
And count all Dunghill-breed that cannot show
Such painted plumes as yours; which think t no vice
With Cock-like lust to treadyour Cockatrice.
Though Peacocks, weather-cocks, woodcocks you be,
If y'are not fighting Cocks, y'are not for me.

I of two feather'd Combatants shall write: And he that means to th' Life t'expresse their fight, Must make his Ink the bloud which they did spill, And from their dying Wings must take his Quill.

No sooner were the doubtfull people set, The match made up, and all that would had bet; But straight the skilfull *Judges* of the Play Brought forth their sharp-heel'd Warriours;& they VVere both in linnen Bags, as if 'twere meet Before they dy'd to have their winding-sheet.

A 2

Into

A Cock-fight

Into the Pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the Stage, the Norfolk Chanticlere
Looks stoutly at his ne're-before-seen Foe,
And, like a Challenger, began to crow
And clap his wings, as if he would display
His war-like Colours, which were black and gray.

Mean time the wary Wisbich walks and breaths His active body, and in fury wreaths His comely CREST, and, often looking down, He beats his angry BEAK upon the ground. This done they meet: not like that Coward breed Of Æsop's; these can better fight than feed. They scorn the Dunghill; 'tis their onely prize To dig for Pearls within each others eyes. They fought so nimbly that'twashard to know, To th'skilfull, whether they did fight or no; If that the bloud which died the fatal floor, Had not born witness of t. Yet fought they more; As if each wound were but a Spur to prick Their fury forward. Lightning's not more quick Or red, than were their eyes. 'Twas hard to know Whether 'twas bloud or anger made them fo:

I'me

I'me fure they had been out, had they not stood More fafe, being walled in each others bloud. Thus they vi'd blows: but yet, alas, at length Although their Courage were full try'd; their strength And bloud began to ebbe. You that have seen Awatry combat on the Sea, between Two angry-roaring-boyling Billows, how They march and meet, and dash their curled brow; Swelling like Graves, as though they did intend To intomb each other, e're the quarrel end; But when the wind is down, and blustring weather, They are made friends, and sweetly run together; May think the se Champions such: Their bloud grows low: And they which leapt but now, now scarce can go; For having left th'advantage of the Heel, Drunk with each others bloud, they onely reel. And yet they would fain fight: they came so near, Me thought they meant into each other ear To whisper wounds: And when they could not rise, They lay and lookt blows int'each others eyes. But now the Tragick part! Afterthis fit VVhen Norfolk Cock had got the best of it,

And

A Cock-fight

And Wisbich lay a dying, so that none, Though fober, but might venture seven to one, Contracting, like a dying Taper, all His strength, intending with the blow to fall, He struggles up, and having taken wind, Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind. And now poor Norfolk, having lost his eyes, Fights guided onely by Antipathies. VVith him, alas! the Proverb is not true, The blowes his eyesne re saw, his heart must rue. At last by chance he stumbling on his Foe, Not having any strength to give a blow, He falls upon him with his wounded head, And makes his Conqueror's wings his feather-bed. His friends ran in, and being very chary, Sent in all hast to call a 'Pothecary. But all in vain, his body did so blister That 'twas not capable of any clyster. Physick's in vain, and 'twill not him restore; Alas, poor Cock! he was let bloud before. Then finding himself weak, op'ning his Bill, He calls a Scrivener, and thus makes his Will;

Imp.

Imp. First of all, let never be forgot, My Body freely I bequeath to th' Pot Decently to be boyl'd, and for it's Tomb, Let it be buried in some bungry Room. Item, for Executors, I'le have none But he that on my side layd seven to one, And, like a Gentleman that he may live, To him and to his heirs my Combe I give Together with my Brains, that all may know That oftentimes his Brains diduse to crow. Item, for Comfort of those weaker Ones Whose wives complain of, let them have my Stones. For Ladies that are light, it is my Will, My Feathers make a Fan: And for my Bill I'le give a Taylor: but' faith' tis so short, I am afraid, hee'l rather curse me for't, And for that worthy Doctor's sake, who meant To give m'a Clyster, let my Rump be sent. Lastly, because I find my self decay, I yield, and give to VV isbich-Cock the Day.

OURANIA:

The High and Mighty Lady the Prince s Royal

AURANGE

CONGRATULATED

On Her Most Happy ARRIVAL September the 25th. M. DC. LX.

CUre Darling Fortune humour'd thy sweet mind In thy most safe Recesse, 'twas hugely kind To take thee from our black tempestuous Times, And place thee in Serener quiet Climes. Bright Guardian Angel, fince you fled from hence W' have lost our Vertue and our Innocence; Whave lost our peace, whave lost your father too, and all's imputed to our want of You. Nay, while You staid to Complement the State Death rudely parts Your Dear Triumvirate; And being angry he might fnatch no more, He rav'd and Storm'd to keep you from our Shore, But Neptune felt our fighs more then the weather Who'd bear your greatness and our grief together. Welcome Halcyon Lady as the Dove That the Old Variable recovery did prove, But where's the Branch the Royal Orange Sprig To give affurance that the Plant doth live; (Since wars hot beams scorcht not that delug'd Not a ripe Orange can again be found. (ground,) Thrice welcome to our toffed shatter'd Ark Thou Star that lightst thy Brothers in the dark: Castor and Pollux borrow'd Leda's rayes, Her lustrous lightning made their night be dayes. What did they suffer not! what she not doe! Hard hearted Fate doth love and fain would woe!

Oh fuch Widdow fuch a Turtle Mate Would put robb'd Nature to a new Create; Set the great pair together, Her and Mother, No Name or Glory will be left another: Go feek in vain for such a Loyal Love, Tis gone to Heav'n and interchang'd above. Yet like a kindly vapour drawn from Earth, That gratefully discends to ripe her Fish, So her affections Mounted upwards, run Fruitfully down upon the Prince her Son; Here Love like Janus has a double Face One would not serve Great Mary full of Grace. So many great relations ne're met Proportion'd wisdome and a minde so sit. Now th' Happy Constellation appears The gladdest light e're blest the English Spheres, We have forgot the miseries are past Since your sweet Influence overtook the lati. Disquiet dare not stirre nor Rebel hand Move but a finger, You secure the Land. Tis the Kings peace we keep, and to him due, But our Tranquility we owe to you. O Land of Wonders, what's yet to be feen! Your Princely Sister and your Mother Queen.

LONDON, Printed by W. Godbid. 1660.

ELEGY

On the Death of Her Highness

MARY

Princess Dowager of Aurange,

DAUGHTER TO

CHARLES the First, King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, &c.

Ail Graceful MARY! Summon'd up to be,
A Member-Saint oth' Heavenly Hierarchie!
For fince Your Virgin-Name-Sake's Peer'd with You,
Our Ave-Maries must be Doubled too.

What Zeal of Glory did Your Highness Move, To rob Low-Countries, to Enrich th' Above? Or was it in a Complement You fell, To leave HENRIETTA' chout a Parallel? Was't not Enough, that Glouc'ster's Shining Star Shrunk the Payr-Royal, to a Royal Payr? And as Ambassadour (to fit Your State) Prepar'd Your Ways, knowing the Path was strait? But must (O Times!) more Royal Blood be spilt, To make Attonement, for a Kingdom's Guilt? Curst be that * Bane of Greatness! A Disease That Scandals Galen and Hippocrates! So lothfome too, the Soul would hardly own The Body at the Resurrection! Thus the Lamb Suffers, while the Fox still thrives: Heavens Kingdome's near; 'Tistime t'Amend our Lives. Tis for the Nations Sins, a Punishment On Princes falls. They'd Live if Wee'd Repent:

* Tenero sedet in Ore Lucs. Si, tam pracipiti, sucrant Ventura, Volatu, Debucrant aliâ, Fata, Venire Viâ. Here let our Souls, flow from our Eyes in Tears!
Like Those, Whose Hopes, are Master'd by their Fears!
Another Branch, lop't from the Royal Tree,
And shall the Shrubs remain Secure and Free?
Oh! if our Earthly Gods, like Men, must lye,
How, like the Beasts that perish, shall Vassals Dye?

All Things Immortal, in this Lady were
But meer Mortality, and That lies Here!
Whose Goodness needs no Gloss to set it off,
Say but—'Twas Charls his Daughter—That's Enough.
Oh may Her Son like Her, live to inherit
The Mothers Virtues and the Fathers Spirit!
Then will Heaven bless its Blessing with that Good
Which cannot be Express'd, less Understood.

The Wonder of Her Sex! less Great, then Good:
Honouring Her Name, Ennobled by Her Blood!
The Ages Joy and Grief! Enwy and Pride!
You could not think Her Mortal, till She Dy'd.
In brief, be this Inscrib'd upon Her Tombe,
HERELIES THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTENDOME!
But—Cease to Mourn!————
A Princess never Dyes;

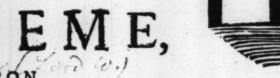
But, like the Sun, does only Set to Rise.

HEN. BOLD. Olime N. C. Oxon.

Qui Chetat Chetabinat:

TYBURN Cheated.

OEME,



The three Regicides Munson, Mildmay and Wallopp; who were Drawn upon Murdles to Tyburne on the 27th. of fanuary, 1 66 1

Reat, and grave Tyhurne, Wee are fent To court thee in a Complement: Wee come, oh strangel to make no stay, Only greet, and fo away; Take notice how we doe adore thee, And in worthip fall before thee; Thus we fall before thy Trine, And vow our felves for ever thine: I was for thy fake we stirr'd up strife, And now we love thee to the life; Our humble hearts doe make request, Not to be mounted, like the rest; We are content all strife should ceale, And love, what once we hated, Peace. Did we not doe a pretty thing, To Marder a Religious King: Oh! how we quaffe his guiltless blood, He onely dy'd for being good; Whilst all the Punishment we had Was but to live, for being bad; If this be all we must incarr, Who would not be a Mureberer : We care not now we know our hope Must be intayl'd upon a Rope. Pray tell us Lawyers, can there be A Fine, without Recoverie? We'l satisfie our selves a None, We now are reading Little_ton; If Cooke were living, he'd advite us In our distress, though you dispiseus; But he (poore Wretch) was cast aside, His Law was Dun before he dy'd: Some of his Brethren smil'd to see, Whilft others cry'd, And why not we? Their Judgments did the thing enlarge, Though he were Drawn that drew the Charge; We fee a boundance of our Gange, (I hope they practice how to Hang)
That knew full well, the time was, when Money made Knaves, now honest men: Nor had we bin thus made a Theame, Had we bin rul'd by QUARLES his Dreame; He call'd us Rebells in our prime, And told us of this very time: But he n'ere dream'd, as some recited, That for his Worke he should be slighted: Such Caveleirs we daily see. Are constant to their Povertie; Their's was the danger, their's the paine, But we can tell who reapes the gaine; Now they may begg through Jron-grates, That loft (by which we got) Estates. Whilft once a yeare we pay our Yows, To this our monstruous three legg'd Spins, Who showes her love, in this our woe, Poore Wretch the's loath to let us goe; Oh! how the labours, and inclines To make us understand her Lines; How the feems to swell with pride,

With her Champion by her fide, Who invites us to our woes,

He tells us that we need not feare, For old Nell, and Bradfhew's there;

That the Knave might have our cloathes:

We know, and all the world may fee't.

That 'tis not merry when Knaves meet;

But this old faying now proves true, The Gallownalwayes claimes her due; Wer't not for fear we would proceed, And our of love, be hanged indeed;
For unto us it does appeare
Sad to be sanged once a yeare,
For like old Nott. though breath be fled, We may be hanged when we be dead:
But one thing joyes us to the heart,
The Eavely's can bare no part,
For if we see them but begin
To laugh, we'le bid them laugh that win; And if they chance to make their braggs, We'le bid them looke upon their Raggs; Alas poore Creatures, they can hope Only in Raggs, and we in Rope. But now, Grave Tyburne we must leave thee, Tis no wonder we deceive thee; Pray doe not weep, for 'cis in vaine Next yeare, we'le fee the here againe; Till then, with a submissive bow We make to thee, each Man his vow: And first we doe resolve to bee Obedient unto none but thee; Next, during life, we vow t'appeare And doe thee bomage once a yeare; These promises thou well mayst trust, Necessety will make us just. Thus we thy Servants, every one, Wallopp, Mildmay, and Manson, With all our might and power, will Be allwayes carefull to fullfill Thy sweet commands, not time, nor season Shall hinder us, from thinking Treafon; What shough we never lov'd our King? Thou lov'ft us for that very thing; In all things thou shalt be our Cheife, Thou lov'st a Traitor, and a Theife, Therefore thou need'st take no care For we can fitt thee to a haire; For our Deeds are so much fam'd That Hell will blush to hear us nam'd, And thus for our Rebellious Pride, Wee'l once a yeare on Hurdles ride, And if Squire Dun will not oppose, Wee'l every Winter finde him cloaths. And now, great Charles, to thee we bow, And, Satan-like, we all alow And owne thee for a gratious King, Though unto us th'art no fuch thing; We tooke away thy Fathers life, His Blood Still reckes upon our knife; Then how can we expect thy Grace, When Justice takes up Mercies place. Therefore, if extracted be The Quintescence of Tyrannie, TisLove, compared to our Deeds, Tilf we are dead, thy Father bleeds; But if thy Mercy should out shine Thy Tubice, Thou would'it prove Devine; Add Plagues, to Plagues, and even then Thou are the mildest of all Men. Thus we conclude, and from this houre We will acknowledge Thee in Pewer. FUNIS London printed by Edward Crowch dwelling on Snow hill. 1661. Who thefe Traitors would once have bang d



These Armes disarm'd us, and Rebellion nurs'd;



Tu not for Nothing They are now Revers'd.

SATYR

ONTHE

ADULTERATE COYN

INSCRIBED

THE COMMON-WEALTH, &c.

. . . .

Hat Common-wealth which was our Common-woe, Did Stamp for Currant, That, which must not Goe: Yet it was well to Paffe, till Heaven thought meet To shew both This, and That were Counterfeit. Our Croffes were their Coyn! Their God our Hell! Till Saviour Charles became Emanuel. But now __ The Devill take their God! Avaunt Thou molten Image of the Covenant! Thou lewd Impostor! State's, and Traffique's Sin! A Brazen Bulk, fac'd with a Silver Skin! Badge of Their Saints-Pretences, without doubt! A Wolfe within, and Innocence without ! Like to Their Masqu'd Designs! Rebellion Film'd with the Tinsell of Religion! Metall on Metall, here, we may disclose; Like Sear-cloth Aript from Cromwell's Copper Nofe.

Thou Bastard Relique of the Trayterous Crev!

A mere Invent, to Give the Devill's Due!

Or (as a Learned Modern Author sayth)

In their Own Coyn, to Pay in Publique Faith!

Heavens! I thank you! that, in mine Extreme, I never lov'd Their Mony More than Them!

Curs'd be those Wights! whose Godlinesse was Gain;
Spoyling Gods Image in Their Soveraign!
They made Our Angell's Evill! and itis known;
Their Crosse and Harp were Scandall to the CROWN.
Had, mongst the Jewes, Their Thirty Pence been us'd When Judas truckt for's Lord, 't had bin refus'd.
Worse than that Coyn which our Boyes, Fibbs do call!
A Scottish Twenty-Pence is Worth them All!

To their eternal Shame, be't brought to th' Mint!

Cast into Medalls: and Their Names Stampt in't!

That Charon (when they come for Wastage ore)

L'ay doubt his Fare, and make them wait on shore:

For, if Repentance ransome any thence,

Know! — Charles his Coyn must pay their Peter-Pence.

Prima peregrinos obscana Pecunia mores

Intulit: Juv.

Hen: Bold olim & N. G. Oron.

831 19 C29 8 50 47

THE

Wheel of Time turning Round

TO THE GOOD

OLD VVAY;

OR,

The Good Old Cause Vindicated.

Friends , Is you who did Defend the Good Old Cause, And Guarded Englands Fundamental Laws, That for a time under a Cloud do lye To make you know the price of Liberty; Oh droop not then! there is no reason why You should not suffer Bonds as well as I, Who have engaged for a Parliament, And many drop of preci'us blood have spent? Yet doubt I not (though now in Bonds 1 be)
But I a day of Liberty shall see. And though our Sun-shine's darkn'd by a Cloud, Yet time will move away that Vail or Shroud That doth Eclipse our Light, then shall appear The Morning-Star, our Day-Light shall be clear, And those that now in grief and sorrow be By Magna Charta, shall be soon set free; The glory of the Beast away shall fly
That beat down Law by Will and Tyranny;
Good Judges then shall Truth and Right maintain When as the Beast and all her Imps are slain; Though now they Rule, and over us bear Sway, A-d worship God The clean contrary Way, With Places built of Stone, whose Consecration They stile, The ready Way unto Salvation, And Copes like Aarons, but no Bells to gingle Plac'd on the skirts, the Surplis, or Surfingle; Befides the bawling Singers that do cry, And roar out Prayers in this Solemnity. With Boys like Puppets, who with Voyces shril, Bawl loud, the ears of the ignorant to fill, With Common-Prayers like an old Wives Fable, An Altar made of a Communion Table; Wax-Candles, Lawn-fleeves, Holy-water, Rocket; And Wafers iweet, to put into the Pocket; With other Fancies which they do allow As Images, for ev'ry foul to bow And fall down to, nay worthip as their own Creator, though a God to them unknown, With Organ-pipes their mirth they do advance Above their God, and lead in ignorance

The People, who do for their musick pay, Whilft Mafter Black-coat carries all away, And Crams his panch, till that he looks as big As Bacon-Hog, with eating Tyths of Pig. But yet in time their Organ-pipes, and all Their Impliments shall in a Chaos fall. The time's but short, for he that lives to see This Babel fall, shall find in Sixty Three A Curtain drawn, by which he foon shall know, It's near the ending of this Poppet-show. Dagon shall down, each Consecrated place Of Worship shall both break his head and face, Nay on the Thresholds of the door shall lie The pieces which do from this Image flie. Rome shall destroy'd be, and the Scarlet Whore Shall never drink the blood of Martyrs more. Poor Christians then shall not pay Contribution To Prelates for the Bonds of Persecution; No new-vampt Justice shall the Truth Controul, And with a Billet knock down ev'ry foul That will not bow to Baal, and bend the knee And swear to stand for the old Liturgie 'Gainst Conscience, no dam 'um then shall be Respected, but the godly person free; Nor shall the honest person be undone By Cruel Laws of Mer. Abbington, A Gentleman, who doth Phanaticks stile um That fear the Lord, and would like Faggots pile um; This Plot was first contrived by a Monk Or dancing Ape, whose Sack hath made him drunk, With Robinson, a May'r once of this Town, Who reel'd along the streets; 'twas with a Brown And fiery Sot, who still the mischef broaches, Though then so drunk they could not find their Coach-Though now in grief and forrow we do lye, Embroider'd Cloaks shall be as poor as I And every man shall then discern his friend, And live in love and peace, and fo I end. Written by a Lover of the Good Old Cause, who expects a time of Redemption from his present Captivity.

The ASSE beaten for BAWLING;

REPLIE from the CITY CRIE of the COUNTRY.

To Smedymnuus the Club of Divines, or Divines of the Club.

To you, because you are one manifold,
A twisted Halter, and because w'are told
You understand the nonsence of the Cryers,
As they doe your's, send we that are Replyers.
Take up your Colts, you know them by their mark,
Bid them give audience, that is standand hark.

Fleabitten Gray with your out-lying eares, The KING's Disturbers, and Gods Pillagers, Baule not, but heare the Crys of millions dead, Our bloud has been your drink, our flesh your bread. And are your maws too tender for the stones Of the now Priest? that could eate Churche once? Complain ye now of Canting ye Jack Daws That set Religion to a tune The Canse Ye Wolves Synodicall, felf-Hallowing Caft, If ye could pray ye fhould, so ye would fast. Our Church is like to fall into the Myre If the must follow fuch a fatuus fire, Dark Lanthorn lights, fuch whose well-shadow'd sin Begun the Dance that Cushind Crommell in. Mistake us not, we doe not meane those zealous And tender soules, that fearing still, were jealous: Who fet the Kingdome all o'hre, and made No conscience what CHARLES suffred, how betray'd. Let such have double honour, Capitol Geese, Cause they'l be gagling, Pulpits two a peice, But this we like not that ye stand and bark To keep the wearied Dove out of the Ark: And that your tender conscience brooks not giving The Priest his Church, now you have had his living, For he poor Man shall not injoy't he fears So many Months, as ye have had it years. I but the Ravens come too, and they'l croke So that a fecond judgment they'l provoke. 'Twas the first turn'd them out, what follows then? The next must be your comming in agen. Where are your wits? get you again to Schoole Ther's a scourge for you, and a pretty toole With a Chris-cross in't, There when you have been Well whip'd and scourg'd for this your modern fin

Of simple rayling at the Men of God, I'll take a care for burning of the Rod Till then be not fo mad I pray thee Smec. To let fuch Coxcombs break the Church's neck; God and the King's a book that doth concern, The Preacher, that would others teach, to learn; 'Tis not their splaymouth nor their hoboy nose Their hums and haus, and fuch like forms as those We quarrel at, nor black Caps fet in print On the notch'd Poll, there may be nothing in't These fooleries we own, but yet a Saint Is not cut out of every one on h cant; Were Arrogance and Faction vanting, how Should Ignorance take Blockheads from the Plow, And arme them back and breast against their King? These graces are tily Saints Smec. That's the thing Which blooming Peartree makes his Livery Mouth indefatigable, were all such as He! Now pardon us good Smee, we do not this To make thie Presbyter seem as he is A zealous R ____ nor do we disown Or hate: his ways that levell at a Throne But as we would, Rome should not tyrannize, And be our selves a Rome put in disguise: And ev'ry Man a Pope in his precinct, Nor shall the Scotch Kirk think to be distinct But truckle under us; duly we and truly For Bishops pray, that they would be unruly. And to our holy work put their own hand, Promoting the distractions of the Land. For to speak truth, we cannot weare a bridle, And suffer others preach, and we stand idle: Nor is it possible we should agree Unless we can have Bishops, such as we That would Priests rayling make, and factious too, With whom good Cafar knows not what to do. Men free from charity, and love of peace Smec. if thou leav'st us any, leave us these That robbing Peter, and not paying Paul We may get, what? why ee'n the Divel and all

Corpe

But now, this very hour the world must end, Take no more care for Sunday Pudding friend. Nor as was, done in dayes of the Protector Ninteen probationers preach for one Lecture The deep Soraction frow must now turn black Dark be yee dazling Lamps, Phebus go back And fetch thy Mourning Cloak, the Moon bow die Fire cannot burn, nor Round-heads cannot lye. Farth shift thy Poles and thaw the Muscovites, In the Armenian planes. And now the Lights Are out, let all things to confusion tumble, And rudely like the family conjumble. They may beget an Affe, Styx will so arme, And freeze, that he shall feel Land but lukewarme. Of whom the Brethren that conformed not All in his time, cry'd out he was too Hot.

God fave K. CHARLES and keep him from the clutches Of him that at the KING'S Religion grutches.

POSTSCRIPT.

When he has got a Living or a Cloak,
Only this Country's mouth feeds in our Cubboards,
And brings his Cry no further then the Suburbs.
Advertisements and Supplements w'ave read,
He looks to's Eares, we must look to our Head.
Now no more Mumming sirrah, d'off your Vizzard,
Know we have eyes can pierce into your Gizzard.
By stroaking of our Beards you are not like,
To make us be secure and let you strike
He that calumniates the meaner fort,
Looks ill on all, and ought to suffer for't.

Edm. Cooper
Of Limestreet, Doctor of Physick.

Printed by J. Brudenell, dwelling in Maiden-bead-Ally near New-Gate, 1661.

ACCOUNT OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

REBELLION'S DOWNFALL

Justitia Regis, Pax est populorum, Tutamen patrie, immunitas plobis, temperies aeris, serenitas Maris, Tetræ secunditas, solatium paupuram, Cura laguorum, Gaudium hominum, hariditas Filiorum, et sibimet ipsi spes sutura beatituadinis. Greg. Mor. 5.

Ehold how Blood-hown-Vengeance hath at last Unlodg'd Security, and over-cast Prospirous Rebellion, which so long hath blaz'd Like a prodigious Commet, and had rais'd warmen Vice to fo high a pitch, that Vertue seem'd As 'cwere imposible to be redeem'd From fad Captivery , till Heav's thought good To tracke Rebellion by the guiltless blood (late, OfMartyr'd CHARLES, which hath betray'd, though The worst of Traytors to the worst of Fate; Now they may see by this their sudden fall, That flow-pac'd Judgment is the worst of all: A prosperous Vice serves only to delude Like Fatious Fire, the gazing Multitud:.
How hath this Nation bin a long time ul'd To these false Lights, how sadly bin abus'd And led by them out of the quiet way Of Peace, and Cheated by a yes, and nay: Rebelion: (like a monstruoms Hydra) spreads. Till Indiment, at one blow, cuts of her heads. Thankes be to Heaven, that hath in Mercy brought Israel, from Egypt, who, a long time wrought Vnder the fatall Tak-masters, whose Law Made us make Bricks, yet took away our Straw; Moses and Ares (partners in this woe)
Could not prevaile to let the Children goe. Pharach was still perfidious, Yet the God Of our bleft faceh, with his Iron-rod, Scourg'd Pharaoh and his Hoaft, and made them know That Israel must not stay, if Heaven bids go; Yet this Ile say of Pharaoh and his Powers, Though ours were Saints, yet his were Saints to ours: Thankes be to Heav'en for this most happy day, Indoments Red-Sea hath washt them both away; Strange alteration! Pharaoh being drown'd In his own Floods, our Israel is Crown'd; Let not the Children grumble, or account Their labours loft, Moses is in the Mount, He will prevaile to wash away this staine, If like Lotts wife we looke not back againe; He will prevaile with God in our behalfe, If Aron does not make a golden Calfe: Our Foes we see, if we observe, with care Like Absalom are hang'd in their own haire; Rebellion leaves them underneath the Oake, While Instice (like to Joab) gives the Stroake: But David mournes (thinking what they have bin) Not for their punishment, but for their fin; When Vengance comes in hast it will not stay, Like Pioneers, it cuts out Judgments way; The Arke thus won, let David dance before it, And, like the Ifralites, we will adore it: Thus as our David, with a faithfull Sling

The Arke thus won, let David dance before it,
And, like the Ifralites, we will adore it:
Thus as our David, with a faithfull Sling
Hath kill'd Goliab, let our David fing
As David did, My God which dwells on high
Hath done this good for Ifrael, not I;
He hath redeem'd we from our great diffress,
And led we from Rebellions Wilderness:

Now may the Isralites declare and tell They were deliver'd by a Miracle; Mercy preserv'd them from the fatall brinke Of death' nay and the Roots did make them drinke; Heaven fent them Quisica al all the ground was spred With Manna, like a tale; for their bread; Is it not meet that those which lived so long With Ifraels mercy; should fing Ifraels Song?
But yet there are some Ifralizes forgot,
As they suppose, that drew the longest Lot In our late Miseries, who now repine, Being glad of Water, that expeded wine Some that were never constant to their Vows They say, now snatch the Manna from their months; But Mifes does not know how they are fed, Some having all, and others wanting bread: They fay Defere goes wandring up and down Being louth t'intrench too much upon the Crown: Since Heaven in Indgment hath rewarded Treason, True Loyalty will never out of feafon, Though at the present we are something lame Being Fortunes Criples) we are still the fame, Tis not within the power of griping forrow To make us good to day, and bad to morrow; We are no old State-Inglers, that can be, Honest for gaine, or else nescessitie: But hold, I shall be chidd, but 'cis no matter, A Pen too full of Inck, may some time scatter, And leave a blots or two; and so has mine, Bit J'le not write my selse into a Line: Therefore, as God hath out of mercy fent Our Soveraigne home againe, let's rest content, And not with fruitless petulancies bring Upon our heads, the anger of our King Lest God, whose goodness, takes delight to save, Should take in Judgment, what his merey gave : Let us rejoyce that our (once hopelels) eyes Doe see the downfall of our Enemies. Now CHARLES the great, and good, hath purg'd the Land And Rules his Subjettes with a prosperous hand; Let us be thankfull, that in him are bleft, Time, and conveniency, will worke the rest.

> Lastor selerum veniet vindexque reorum, Qui Commissa suis rimabitur argumentis, In succenique trabet, tacitaque sicentia fraude, Hinc etiam immitis tortor pænæque minister, Et quisque vero favit, culpamve perodit, Proditur, atque also qui iurgia Pectore tollat.

> > By John Quarles.

FINIS.

London, Printed by Edward Crowch dwelling on Snow-hill. 1662.

after many high Tempelts, and a long Diftrelle at Sea; and how She was diligently and magnificently met with in the way by His Highness the Duke of Tork, the Duke of Ormond, the Earl of Suffolk, the Earl of Chestersield, and many other Personages of Honour: As also, the most pompous and solemn Joys expressed at Her Landing at Portsmouth, by a great confluence of the Flower of the Nobility and Gentry of this Nation, in which (on the first Report of Her Arrival') the City of London sympathized on Thursday May 15.

A perfect Account of Her Happy and most Auspicious Mariage to His most Sacred MAJESTY, on Wednesday May 21. by the Right Reverend Father in God, Gilbert Lord Bishop of London; As also of their Removal from thence to His Majesties Royal Mannor of Hampton Court, on Thursday May 29. which Day, was the Star-crown'd Birth-day of His MAJESTY.



HE Queens Approach no sooner fill'd our Ears,
But we were all strait turn'd Geographers;
We vex'd the Maps to give us an Account
Of Scillyes Island, and Saint Michael's Mount;

We every Inch examin'd, every Joynt,
Searching from Dartmouth to Saint Ellen's Poynt;
And all the Coasts of th' Isle of Wight being seen,
We look'd for Portsmouth, and there found our QUEEN.
See where She rides, Ier Beauties do adorn,

The Light, which from them controlled flyes,
Dazles the Sun to look upon Her Eyes;
There need no Knots of Ribbons in Her Hair,
The laughing Stars in knots are radiant there.

No sooner shipp'd for ENGLAND She set saile, But Neptune sent forth a Tempessuous Gale, When loe Her Beauties charm'd the Winds loud rage, Calm'd the Wilde Waves , and did the Sea affwage ; At which loud Triton did his fuit prefer To entertain him for Her Trumpeter, And many a Meremaid did attendupon Her, And humbly begg'd to be Her Mayds of Honour; The Dolphins neer Her shoal'd, and with their Train Swept the Salt Deep, and cut the Foaming Main; So great the Tumult, one might well suppose From Love, not Rage the late great Tempeft rose; The Waves t' enjoy Her fight could not forbear To leap into the Element of Air, The Air, to bear so fair a Burden, fain Would change its place and nature with the Main, (Ha) Whilst Winds (that struggled who should most have crown'd

Landed at last; Saint Michael's Mount must be
The onely place, where happy Destinie
Decreed, that first this Princesse thould be found.
To plant Her foot upon the English Ground:

So finn'd by Zeal, that they almost had drown'd Her.

o give a thore Refreshment, and so cale Her Body , weary of the churlish Sea, The Frigets put to Sea, and did convey This Mate Is Princes unto Portsmonth Bay; Catherine of A Here as along the English Coasts they work, She was incountred by the Dake of Tork, And Chefterfields, and Suffolks Earls, with whom A gallant Train of Gentlemen did come : Heere the Sea grew more milde, and all the way Now feem'd as gentle, and as smooth as they, The Winds fo friendly, and the Seas fo tame, From th' Isle of Wight She unto Portsmouth came; Now Bonjires warm the Air, Healths drench the Earth, Portsmouth the Center, and the Stage of Mirth; Some use their Tongues, and speak their Mirth in Farcies, Others their Feet, and tread their Joys in Dances; All things do smile, and do conspire outright To mingle Royal Greatnesse with Delight: The Moneth is May, and the dress'd Spring doth stand In all her Pride to welcome Her to Land; Heere Youth and Love do Pomp and Honour greet, And Peace and Safety walk in every Street; And Heav'n, the more his Bleffings to unfold, Doth haile down Pearls, and rains down riguous Gold. This was the Place where first His MAIBSTIE His Matchlesse Sponse Queen KATHARINE did see; For though twas Commall to the QUEEN did bring The happyfight of ENGLAND, yearthe KING (But when Her Picture did present the same) Ne'r faw His QUEEN till She to Portsmouth came. T' express the State and Gory of this Day, When eyes did eyes, and fonls did fonls survey, When Nobles strove who should exceed each other, And Pomp, and Joy, to conquer one another, Would be too large a Subject to ingage The narrow Compass of so short a Page. From hence these Royal Consorts did transfer Their Sacred Persons unto Winchester; Here they are are new united, by a bleft And solemn Marriage; here the KING possest Earth pure as Heav'n, and stain'd with no Alloy, Braganzaes Glory, and Terrezaes Joy. From these United Loves, may the Flames rise Pure, and Unwaving, till they touch the Skies: May they new Bleffings to this Land invite, And fill the World with their United Light; May their Loves be a Sacrifice t'attone Their Peoples Rage, and make their Hearts but one; May the Church flourish in her Truth and Train, And be as White as Innocence again; May those who scorn'd us in our late Distresse, Now feat, and wonder at our Happines; Whiles e very Street relounds, and every Green, GOD Save the King, GOD law preferve our

A POEM ROYAL

TOTHE

Sacred Maiesty of CHARLES the II. King of Great Britain.

ANDTHE

Illustrious Donna CATHARINA His Incomparable CONSORT.

By F. L. Efq:

Onfusion, with grey Winter's snow's disfolv'd,

Rebellion's ice (that so long time involv'd Our Loyal hearts, chilling the noble Blood That once so vig'rously that Frost with-

flood) Gen. Mont Thaw'd by the * Northern Star; the glor'ous Spring To th' Worlds great wonder did produce a King; Great CHARLES that had so long conceal'd his rays Behind the angry Clouds, he now displays H.s iplendid lustre, and the Flow'ry May Must ever sacred be for that glad Day; The god's confirm'd it; and (in spight of sear) The Sun and Stars more fulgently appear Th' enfuing May; you would have thought our joys Top and top-gallant now; what novel toys Shall the next year bring forth? Fortune 'twas deem'd Had play'd the Prod'gal; and Britain feem'd With triumphs surfeited: But Heaven's Decree, Bliffe much above our hopes, we 'gain must fee A happy May; great Neptune now must bring A glorious tribute to the Oceans King: Proud of the blifs, his countenance he cheers, And learns to smile, his Charr'ot switche bears Toth Indian shore, searching that Golden Mair, In hopes some precious Carcanet to gain Some Massie Orient Pearl, or Odour ta'ne Out of the Promix Neft; but all the store The I.dy's yeilds too small, he must have more: Then tacks about, fair Lisben Porc's his aim; His Sea-Nympths and loud Fame in's ears proclaim The Infan:a's rare Accomplishments, 'tis the The war'ry God will court for's Maj. stie. He offers up his Trident-Fork, his Chair, He charms the Seas to calmness, takes the care Of Pilot, and commands his liquid train Of Nymphs and Dolphins to corrant the Main: Whillt Tryton shrilly lounds, Syrens are feen Warbling melod'oufly to please onr Queen.

So once the Cyprian Goddels bout her Isle
Did fail in state; her triumph did beguile
The winged hours, and the her self did please
With hopes of Leing Goddels of the Seas.
But had she seen how far cur Queen excels
Her tamed Beauty, how the Ocean swells
To bear a Gem more worth then all that e're
Trusted themselves unto the Sea-god's care,
She'd pull her Altars down, for anger die,
Or blush her self into deformity.

Mild Zepherus foftly fill the expanded fails, The thips glide nimbly, favour'd with fresh gales; The unwilling Waves divide, amaz'd to fee Upon their backs such beaut'ous Majestie, Whilst the proud billows strive o're deck to glide, In hopes unto her Royal foot to flide And Iteal a kiss; but curb'd by Neptunes frown, They burst with grief, and in tears trickle down. The sporting Fishes leap along the way, Offring themselves for facrifice in joy. But England envies that the feas to long Should her fo much defired blifs prolong. She grows impatient til the Cornish Hills Salute her Royal Fleet; the news foon fills The neighb'ring shires, they 'larm all the Ile, With joy the Rocks at her approach do smile. But Neptun: would by no means leave his Charge Till Europe's * Mars from's care did him enlarge; Commands him to retrear, and vows himselt, To fet her fafely on the happy Earth. No fooner landed, but the Guns roar joy, The Bonfires and the Bells make Holy-day. Each Loyal heart exalts, the Muses sing A joyful Meeting to our Queen and King. The well-loyn'd Citizens wil drink a health To Royal Cath'rines Nuptiels; may their wealth E're ready be for to support her state; And may Great CHARLES protect her from all hate. May all auspicious fars conjoin to grace Their interview, and at that b'effed place (At the first fight; let showres of Arrows flie, And pierce their hearts, fent from each others eye. And may their love-fick fouls (to feek a reft At first salute) steal in each others breast : That facred Hymen may unite those hands, Whose hearts were join'd before in Cupids bands. Then let our Isles with IO found, the Night Is facred to our Soveraigns choice delights May it prove full, e'relasting, may defire Hourly add Fuel to their Nuprial Fire. May both live long, both love, and happy be In Health, Wealth, Peace, and in Prosperitie. And may this Month, great Sir, a Britains Heir From your Imperial Loyns next year prepare A Princely Pledge of your chaft Conforts love, Another CHARLES to reign when you're above Inthron'd; but may that change never draw near Till Neftor's Age upon your head you bear : Your Royal Babe grown Man, that we may be Rul'd still by one of your blest Progenie.

D. York

LONDON, Printed for Giles Calvert, at the Black-spread-Eagle near the West-end of Pauls, 2 662.

The Tradesmans Lamentation

OR THE

Mechanicks Complaint.

Can raise up Trade which now lies on the ground Gasping for breath? Except some course be taken I fear, of it we shall be quite for saken; Which holds not onely up our City's Wall But Cititiz'ns too, who shortly else will fall: For Trading Chiefly doth uphold the Land, And Money gives it Legs whereon to stand; Both which are fled, and lest's in desperation, Which is the Subject of this Lamentation. Walk any where, in Shops, i'th'Streets, or Lanes; Not one alone, but All in one complains, Money's so scarce, and Trading is so dead, That Tradesmen now can scarsly buy them bread, And to maintain them decent, and their Charge From beggery and want; it were a task too large For to recount their misery, I protest By this rude Pen it cannot be exprest.

But stay; Methinks it seemeth somewhat strange,
Though each thing's turn'd, that Trading too should change:
For though Distractions we have had great store,
Such Trade as then was, never will be more.
We hop'd those Flames had buryed been in ashes,
But they (like Lightning still break out in stashes;
'Tis greatly fear'd (Trade making such a stand)
Some greater Revolution's nigh at hand.

Then what's the reason Trading's such a slave,
Seeing we great Peace with every Nation have:
The Spaniard sends us Gold, the Russian Silks good store,
Methinks' tis very strange that Trade should be so poor!
I fear, 'tis this whereat the Tradesman frets,
Great men are grown so high, they scorn to pay their debts:
Then Tradesmen surely, must of force be poor,
When as the Rich, run on the Poor-man's score.
Nay, that's not all, for it is daily known,
A man dares scarcely ask them for his own.
Tradesmen must needs be poor I really think,
When they are only paid with Dam and Sink;
Who make a man believe they'd run him through:
But God be thank'd there's Law for such as you;

Such Tricks as these seem very much unsit,
T'eat Poor mens Meat, and give them ne'r a bit.
This, this is it, that makes our Trading shake,
And cause us poor Mechanicks for to quake.
Well, I could wish some course with't might be taken,
T at poor Men and Trade may not be quite forsaken.

Another reason's here worse then the other,
We are so hateful grown towards one another;
Which caused is by some Phanatick brain,
That does both Truth and Justice now distain;
Whether they be Trapanners, Pimping Sectifts, Nippers,
Tarpaulins, Currers, Quakers or Dippers,
No matter what; They so much strife have made,
They break the Peace and spoile our daily Trade.
Well, I do hope ere long, that by degrees,
Our Nation may be purg d of such as these.

To find a fourth, I need not long to stand, We have such Grand Intruders in our Land, Who take our Money, and our Trading too Out of our hands, and poor Tradesmen undoe; Who do our daily Trading much entrench, Ask who they be ? I answer, th' Dutch, and French: These take our maintainance from out our hands, Th' Dutch Fish our Sea, th' French fish our Trade by land? Now Fellow-Subjects, these things are not fair, That nothing will go off that's English Ware: But if a French man puts it out to sale Though ne'r fo bad, of's price he shall not faile; Our English must them give (oh'tisa grief to tell!) One portion of their Wares, the other for to fell Our English Subjects, by such means as these (Without a speedy help) their Freedome soon will leese. But to Conclusion I must haste a pace, And on this subject will no longer trace: But wish some remedy may soon be made To help the Poor, and to support our Trade: Then I, with Loyal hearts will ever fing Our Trade re-flourishes ;) GOD SAVE THE KING.

By J. Brokeman, formerly a rich (but now decayed) Tradesman,

A PILLAR ERECTED To the Memory of that Holy, Hum-

ble, and Faithful Servant of lesus Christ, Mr. Henry lesse, who rested from his Labours upon the fourth day of the seventh Month, 1663. In the Sixty Third Year of his Age.

S Jeffe Dead? How can this be resolv'd? We grant you, the Compositum that's dissolv'd. But for his Soul, it lives among the bleft. His Bodi's but afleep, and gone to rest. If neither Soul, nor yet his Body dye, Then Grave stand forth, and shew thy Victory. What though his eyes be clos'd, he dwells in Light, And Death hath'onely turn'd, his Faith, to Sight. Death hath but broke the Glasse, that Refract rayes May be no more, the Vision of his Dayes, But direct Beams, in that Cælestial Place, Where Saints behold their Father, Face to Face, What though his Body, in the dust did drop, It's but to Raise it up, a Spirit'al Crop, To make it fitter, for to Tune those Pfalms, Which Saints do Sing, that bear Triumphant Palms. But if you'l call this Sleep, a death, then fay, Jesse is gone to bed, till it be day, Till Christ shall wake him, that he may put on, Like Glorious robes to those, which cloaths the Son. And with him on his Throne, a Seat obtain, When Crowned Saints, over the Earth shall Reign. But what was Jeffe? that fogreat a Throng, Of Saints should Croud, to Usher him Along Unto his Bed; could no lesse serve the Turne, To draw the Curtains, round about his Urne, But fuch a Number, which did feem to be About his Hearse, like to a Prodigie.

Why Jeffe he was one, that lov'd them all, And had this Love repaid, at's Funeral. Asin his Heart, he had a General Love, For ev'ry one, whose birth was from above, So with a General Love, he's compast round, When he like Seed, is cast into the Ground. His short Afflictions, which on Earth have bin, Such weighty Glory, have wrought out for him, That though in largenesse, could our hearts arise, Unto the fand, which on the Sea-Shore lies, Yet could we not conceive, much lesse Declare, That Glory, whereof now, his Soul doth Share. His Fight of Faith is fought, ev'n that good strife, And he hath laid hold, on Eternal Life. The Conflict's over, and the Race is Run, The Gole is Touched, and the Prize is Won. His Course is finish'd, he the Faith did keep, And having done his Work, is fall'n asleep. Then be ye fesse's Follow'rs, as ye see, Jeffe did follow Christ, so follow ye, That when with Jeffe, you shall end your Dayes, You may have nought to do, but sing forth Praise, And look on Death, which is the King of Fears, But as a Bridge, over this Vale of Tears, To Land you on those Banks, along whose side. Rivers of Pleasure, evermore do Glide. And at the Last Day, may be found to stand, With Henry Jeffe, at our Lords Right Hand.

HIS EPITAPH.

Here Lyeth One, whom if thou knew'st, can'st tell, He Liv'd in Heav'n, whil'st he on Earth did dwell. And though to Heav'n, he now Translated be, Yet still he Lives on Earth, and Speaks to Thee.

RECANTATION

Penitent Proteus,

CHANGLING

As it was Acted with good Applause in St. Maries in Cambridge, and St. Pauls in London, 1663.

To the Tune of Doctor Faustus.

Ttend good people, lay by scoffs and scorns, Let Roundheads all this day pull in their horns; But let Conformists and brave Caviliers Unto my doleful Tone prick up their Ears. Take from my neck this Robe, a Rope's more fit, And turn this Surplice to a Penance-sheet; This Pulpit is too good to act my part, More fit to preach at Tyburn in a Cart: There I deserv'd t'have taken my Degree, And Doctor Dun should have presented me: There with an hempen Hood I should be sped, And his three-cornered Cap should crown my head. Here I am come to hold up guilty Hand, And of the Beast to give my self the Brand: Here by confessing I have been i'th wrong, I come to bore my felf through my own Tongue. In learning, my poor Parents brought up me, And fent me to the Universitie; There I foon found bowing the way to rife : And th'only Logick was the Fallacies. In Stead of Aristoltes Organon, Anthems and Organs I did Rudy on 5 If I could play on them, I foon did find, I rightly had Preferment in the Wind. I follow'd that hot scent without controul, I bow'd my body, and I fung Fa sol; I cozen'd Doctor Couzens, and ere long A Fellowship obtained For a Song. Then by degrees I climb'd until I got Good Friends, good Cloths, good Commons, and what not; I got so long, until at length I got A Wench with Child, and then I got a Blot. Before the Consistorie I was try'd, Where like a Villain I both swore and ly'd, And from the Whore I made, I was made free, By purging of my felf incontinent LEE. But as I scorn'd to Father mine own Brat, 'Twas done to me as I had done with That. The Doctors all, when a Doctor I would be, As a base son, refus'd to Father me; With much ado, at lengthh by art and cunning, My Tears and Vows prevail'd with Peter Gunning, Me to adopt; and for his love and care, I will devote my felf to Peters Chair. Cambridge Heft with grief and great difgrace, To feek my fortune in some other place; And that I might the better fave my stake, I took an Order, and did orders take. Amongst Conformists I my self did list A son o'th Church as good as ever pift. But though Ibow'd, and cring'd, and crost and all, I only got a Vicaridge very small. E're I was warm (and warm I ne're had been In such a starved hole as I was in) A fire upon the Church and Kingdom came; Which I strait helpt to blow into a flame.

The Second Part.

MY Conscience first like Balaam's Asse was shie, Boggled, and winc'd; which, when I did espie, I eudgl'd her, and spurr'd her on each side, Until the Jade her paces all could ride.

When first I mounted on her tender Back

The world have been protestant dul Rack,

The world have been protestant dul Rack,

And more has learn the Prestyde on Tros.

Twas an hard Trot, and fretted her (alas The Independent Amble easier was; I taught her that, and out of that to fall To the Tantivy of Prelatical. I rode her once to Rumford with a pack Of Arguments for Covenant on her back. That Journey she perform'd at such a rate The Committee gave me a rich piece of Plate. From Hatfiela to St. Albans I did ride, The Army call'd for me to be their Guide; There I so spur'd her that I made her fling Not only dirt, but Blood upon my King. When Cromwel turn'd his Masters out by force, I made the Beaft draw like a Brewers horse: Under the Rump I made her were a Grooper, And under Lambert she became a Trooper. When Noble Monk the King did home conveigh, Shee (like Darius steed began to Neigh. I taught her fince to Organ Pipes to prance, As Banks his Horse could to a fiddle dance, Now with a Snaffle, or a Twyned Thred, To any Government Shee'l turn her head: I have so broke her, the doth never start, And thats the meaning of my broken heart. I have found out a cunning way, with eafe, To make her raft ber Coat when e're i pleafe; And if at Rack and Manger the may be, Her Colts Tooth She will keep most wanton. LEE. He change as often as the Man i'th Moon: His frequent Changing makes him rife fo foon, To eat Church Plum-broth e're it all be gone, lle have the Devils spoon but Ile have One. For many years my Tongue did lick the Rump, But when I faw a King was turn'd up Trump, I did resolve still in my hand to have One minning Card, although t'were but a Knave. If the great Turk to England come, I can Make Gospel truckle to the Alchoran; And if their Turkish Saboaths should take place, I have in readiness my Friday Face. If lockt in Iron Cheft (as we are told) A Load frome their great Mahomet can hold: The Loadstone of preferment (I presage) To Mahomet may draw this Iron Age. The Congregation-way best pleas'd my mind; There were most shees, and they most free and kind . By Chamber practife I did better thrive Then all my livings though I skimmed five. Mine Eyes are open now my Sins to fee, With Tears I cry, Good people pardon me; My Revered Fathers pardon I do crave, And hope my Mothers bleffing yet to have. My Cambridge fins, my Bugden fins are vile, My Effex fins, my fins in Ely-Isle; My Leicester fins, my Hatfield fins are many, But my St. Albans fins more Red then any. To CHARLES the first I was a bloody Foe, I wish I do not serve the Second fo; The only way to make me leave that trick, Is to bestow on me a Bishoprick. This is St. Andrews Eve, and for his fake A Bishoprick in Scotland I could take; And though a Metropolitan there be, I'de be as Sharpe, and full as Arch as he. Now may this Sermon never be forgot, Let others call't a Sermon, I a Plot; A Plot that takes, if it believed be, If not I shall repent unfeigued L. E.E.

fildings at

SET-HOUSE.

... rin Princes, and with Palaces Treated so ill, chac'd from your throne, Returning you adorn the town, And with a brave revenge do show, Their glory went, and came with you; While Peace from hence, and you were gone

Your houses in that Storm o'rethrown, Those wounds which Civil Rage did give, At once you pardon and Relieve:

Constant to England in your love, As Birds are to their wonted Grove, Though by rude hands their Nests are spoil'd, There, the next Spring, again they build: Accusing some malignant Star,

Not Britain, for that fatal War, Your kindness banishes your fear, Resolv'd to fix for ever here:

But what new Myne this work supplies? Can fuch a pile from Ruine rife? This like the first Creation shows, As if at your Command it rose; Frugality, and Bounty too, Those differing virtues, meet in you; From a Confin'd well manag'd store

You both imploy, and feed the poor:

hat does our Island bless Let Forein Princes vainly boast The rude effects of Pride, and Cost. Of vaster Fabriques, to which They Contribute nothing, but the Pay: This, by the Queen her felf design'd, Gives us a pattern of her mind; The state, and order does proclaim The Genius of that Royal Dame, Each part with just proportion grac'd, And all to fuch advantage plac'd That the fair view her Window yields, The Town, the River, and the Fields Entring, Beneath us, we descry, And wonder how we came so high; She needs no weary steps ascend, All feems before her feet to bend, And here, as She was born, She lies High, without taking pains to rife.

> London, Printed for Henry Herringman at the Anchor in the Lower Walk in the New-Exchange. Anno Dom. 1665.

The Grateful Non-Conformist; A RETURN of THANKS

To Sir 70 HN BABER Knight, and Doctor of Physick who sent the Author Ten Crowns.

En Crowns at once! and to one man! and he As despicable as bad Poets be! Who scarce had wir, if you requir'd the same, To make an Anagram upon your name; Or to out-run a Badger, or prepare An Epitaph to serve a Quinbrough May'r: A limping-Levite, who scarce in his prime Could woo an Abigail, or fay Grace in Rime : Ten Crowns to such a thing! Friend, 'tis a Dose. Able to raise dead Ben, or Dav'nant's Nose; Able to make a Courtier turn a Friend, And more then all of them in Victuals spend. This free Free-Parli'ment, whose Gifts do sound Full five and twenty hundred thousand pound, You have out-done them, Sir; yours was your own, And some of It shall last when Theirs is gone. Ten Crowns at once! and now at such a time, When love to, such as I am, is a Crime Greater then his recorded in Fane Shore, Who gave but one poor Losf to the farv'd Whore: What now to help a Non-Conformift! now, When Ministers are broke, that will not bow: When tis to be unbleft, to be ungirt; To wear no Surplice, does deserve no Shirt: No, Broth, no Meat; no Service, no Protection: No Cross, no Coyn; no Collect, no Collection: You are a daring Knight, thus to be kind: If trusty Roger get it in the Wind, He'll smell a Plot, a Presbyterian Plot, Especially for what you gave the [scot :] And if the Spiritual Court take fire from Crack, They'l clap a Parritor upon your back, Shall make you shrug, as if you wore the Collar Of a cashiered Red-Coat, or poor Scholar, What will you plead, Sir, if they put you to't? Was it the Doctor or the Knight did do't? Did you, as Doctor, flux some Usurer, And with your Phylick his dull Silver fir? Or did your Zeal you a Knight-Templar make. Igive the Church the Booties you should take? was it your desire to beg Applause, hew affection to the GOOD OLD CAUSE? 't to feed Faction, or uphold the flickle Between the Old Church and New Conventicle? No, none of these; but I have hit the thing, It was because You know I low'd the King. Ten Crowns at once! Sir, you'l suspected be For no good Protestant, you are so free: So much at once! Sure you ne're gave before; Or else, I doubt, mean to do so no more:

This is enough to make a man protest

The Christians for whose sakes we are undone, Would have cry'd out, O'tis too much for one.

Religio Medici to be the best.

Either to give on take! What needs this waste? O how they love to have us keep a Fast! Five private Meetings (whereat each four Men In black Coats and white Caps (you'l call them then A Teem of Ministers) have tugg'd all day, Deferving Provender, but scarce got Hay; Where I my felf have drawn my part some hours) Have not afforded fuch return as yours. I'd wish them watch, and keep me sober still; Not want of guilt in them, nor want of Will In me, but want of Wine does make me lame, Or else I'd sacrifice them to the flame Of an high-blazing Satyr; here's a Man Who ne'er pretended at your Rates, yet can More freely feed us with Coyn and good Dilhes Than they, yet this is their Alms, fighs and wishes. O for a Rapture! how shall I describe The love of thousands to their Reading Tribe? Who fo maintain'd them when they loft their Places. They did not lofe one Pimple from their Faces; But after all, full fraught with Flesh and Blagan, Came forth like Monks, or Priests of Bette One would have judg'd, by their high look They had layn-in in Cellars, not in Cells, Where they grew big and batten'd : for without doubt Some that went Firkins in, came Hogsheads out. But ours in two years time are Skin and Bones, And look like Granhams, or old Apple-Fohns? One Lazarus amongst us was too much; But e'rt be long, we all shall look like such; And when that comes to pass, the World shall see Who are the Ghoftly Fathers, They or We: And then our Bellies, without better fare, Will prove as empty as their Noddles are. Though We be filent, our Guts won't be fo; But make a Conventicle as they go: Peace, Colon, peace, and ceafe thy croaking din; Thouart condemn'd to be a Chitterlin. Nigardly Puritans! blush at the odds Betwixt their BONNER's, and our meagre DOD's; You give your Drinkin Thimbles, they in Books; Your Church is poor St. Faiths, but theirs is POWLS: And whilst you Priests and Altars do despise, Your selves prove Priests, and we your Sacrifice. But why do I permit my Muse to white? I wish my Brethren all such Cheeks as mine; And those that wish them well, such Hearts as thine. My Noble BABER! I have chosen you For my Physician, and my Champion too: Give me sometimes but such a Dose, and I Will ne'er wish other cordial till I die: And then proclaim you a most Valiant Knight; Shew but fuch Metal, though you never fight. FINIS.

London, Printed in the Year 1665.

Upon the late VICTORY obtained by

His Royal Highness the Duke of York

Against the DUTCH, upon June 3. 1665.

By the Author of Iter Boreale.

OUT! I conjure thee by the powerful Names Of CHARLES and FAMES, and their victorious On this great Day fet all thy Prisoners free, (Triump hs command a Goal-Delivery) Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe From my Lord Chancellers to mine below; Unless thou giv'st us leave this day to dance, Thou'rt not th'old Loyal Gout, but com'ft from France. 'Tis done, my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms, I feel a Bonfire in my joints, which warms And thaws the frozen jelly; I am grown Twenty years younger; Victory hath done What puzled Physick: Give the Dutch a Rout, Probatum est, 'twill cure an English Gout.

Come then, put nimble Socks upon my Feet, They shall be Skippers to our Royal Fleet, Which now returnes in dances on our Seas, A Conqueror above Hyperbole's. A Sea which with Bucephalis doth fcoru Less than an Alexander should be born On her proud Back, but to a Loyal Rein Yields foaming Mouth, and bends her curled Main: And conscious that she is too strait a stage For Charles to act on, swell'd with Loyal Rage, Urgeth the Belgick and the Gallick shore To yield more room, Her Master must have more, Ingratefull Neighbours!'twas our kinder Isle, With Her own Bloud, made Your Geneva Stile Writ in small Print [Poor States and fore perplexe] Swell to the [HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS] in Text; And can ye be such Snakes to sting that Breast, Which in Your Winter gave You Warmth and Reft? Poor Flemish Frogs, if Your Ambition thirst To swell to English Greatness, You will burst. Could You believe Our Royal Head would fail To Nod those down who fell before our Tail? Or could Your Amsterdam by her commands, Make London carry Coals to warm her Hands? A bold Attempt! Pray practife it no more; We fav'd our Coals, yet gave you fire good store, It is enough, The righteous Heavens have now Judg'd the Grand Quarrel betwixt us and you. The Sentence is --- The Surface must be ours, But for the bottom of the Sea, 'tis yours: Thither your opdam with some thousands, are Gone down to take possession of your share,

Methinks I hear great Triton found a Call. And through th' affrighted Ocean fummon all His scaly Regiments, to come and take Part of that Feaf which Charles Their King doth make; Where they may glut Revenge, quit the old score, And feed on those who fed on them before; Whom when they have digested, who can find Whether they're fish, or fiesh, or what's their Kind? Van-God, Van-Ling, Van-Herring will be cry'd About their Streets; All Fish, fo Dutchified. Their States may find their Capers in their Diffi, And meet their Admirals in Butter'd Fish. Thus they'l imbody, and encrease their Crews A cunning way to make each Dutch-man two. And on themselves, they now must feed or fast; Their Herring Trade is brought unto its Laft.

To the KING.

4012 YReat Sir, Belov'd of God and Man, admir I My Loyal zeal to run before my Wit. This is my Pens miscarriage, not a Birth; Her hafte hath made her bring blind Puppies forth, My aims in this attempt, are to provoke, And kindle flames more Noble, by my smoak; My wisp of Straw may set great Wood on Fire, And my weak Breath Your Organs may inspire, Amongst those Flags y' have taken from the Dutch. Command your Denham to hang up his Crutch: He is a man both of his Hands and Feet, And with great Numbers can Your Navy meet, His quicker Eye Your Conquest can survey; His Hand, York's Temples Crown with Aourishing Bay. Waller (great Poet and true Prophet too) Whose curious Pencil in Rich Colours drew The Type of this grand Triumph for your view, (The Fishers (like their Herrings) bleeding new) With the same Hand shall give the World the fights Of what it must expect when England Fights, That Son and Heir of Pindars Mule and Fame. Your modest Cowley, with Your Breath will flame, And make those Belgick Beafts, who live, aspire To fall Your Sacrifice in his pure Fire. He shall proclaim Our FAMES great Neptune's Wonder And,like a Fove, Fighting in Clouds and Thunder,

Licensed June 16, 1665.

The Run-awayes Routed:

A WHIP for MOMUS.

Being an Answer, and a Confutation, | Against the Run-awayes, and their Vindication.

Quicquid Conabor dicere Versus est, OvID.

C20/2

FF with your Doublet Sirrah, come you Ass, Must every Coxcomb for a Poet pass? With my Satyrick Rod I will thee VVhip, And through the Royal Change i'le make thee Skip Like Jack a Lent, that goodly Round shall be No more abus d by thy dull Poetry; For with my thundring Verse Ile quite confound, And hurle thy Lines out of that famous Round; My Soul doth mount on golden wings that fly Three times thrice higher than the Starry Sky. But babling Battus needs must be in Print, Though neither Head, nor Foot, nor matter in't; Fie Battus, fie, is t not a burning shame, To put in Print such palery Lines and lame? And for to Vindicate thou know'lt not what, For by this Act no credit half thou got, But foul difgrace, for as I did pais by (Upon my Word I do not tell a Lie,) The Royal Change, the Women that did stand With thy disgraceful Paper in their hand: It is such filly and such paltry stuff, (Say they) theres none that sees them but doth puff; It is a shame, a blemish and Disgrace, Unto this Famous Round, and goodly Place To have such senseless idle Lines to sell; For Battus, it thou'lt give me leave to tell Thee, they are raw and lenseless, dull and nought, And thats the cause so few of them are bought; For those same Women that thy Lines do cry (If they could once this gallant Poet Ipy,) They'd Icratch thy eyes out, and from off thy face VVould pluck thy Nole, and with a foul dilgrace, They'd cause the boyes to hoot at thee, and shout, Till from that Royal Round they did thee rout! To cause them dayly in the cold to stand, VVith luch a lenlelels Paper in their hand, Untill there braines do crow, their hearts do ake, And cannot so much as a penny take; Therefore thou famous Poet be advis'd For if thou come, I wish thee come disguis'd. Thou fay'st the Prophets did from Solyma flee, But prethee what is that to thee and me? They had a special call from thence to go, But these themselves, I'me sure cannot say so. All argument by Scripture must be try'd, But then the Scripture must be right apply'd; Tis Aprosdionuson nibil ad rem,

For what hast thou and I to do with them?

58 When in the Camp the Plague was now begun, Did Moses, or did Aaron seek to shun? Or were they so afraid they durst not stay? Or did they once attempt to Run away? They did not stirr atoot, but rather Ran Unto that place where they heard it began; So that it doth appear they ran not from't, But with undaunted Spirits ran unto't. Betwixt the Living and the Dead they Itay'd, And to the God of Heaven there they pray d; The sum is this, tis not to Run away Can fave a Man, but to repent and pray. For it a finner Rove the World about, His fins purfue him and will find him out. The Plague will follow fin be where it will, VVithout repentance it a Man will Kill. No more of Scripture Battus, let us see, How we can prove it by Philosophie; Tollitur cansa, Tollit effectus; The best Philosophers do argue thus. The cause remov'd, th' effect doth cease to be, This is both Scripture and Philosophie. Sin is the Cause, then take the Cause away, And the effect it can no longer stay; Thou fai'st that Majesty did bid them go, But prethee tell me canst thou prove it so? Did Majesty bid them run, and not thee? Thou wast to stay for to write Poetry, 'Tis well Majestick Poet thou didst stay, For hadst thou Money to have Run away, 'Ime sure thou would not long have stay'd behind, Thou art so giddy and distract in mind. Thou Wooden Dunce that can do nought but Vaper, Go pay the Primer for his pains and Paper. For he his like to loofe by thy Dull Brain, And the poor Women for their daily pain; Must all be loosers, they must never see One pennie by thy Babling Poetry. There's not a man alive did ever write Such paltry nonsense, or did ere indite Such Fustian stuff, for sure thou art some Boy, That wantest Wit, and so do'st write a Toy! Farwell, Farwell, poor Momus, my dear Hony, I wish thee more Wit, and my self more Money.

Ars inimicum non babet nisi ignorantem.

FINIS.

MENE TEKEL

TO

FIFTH MONARCHY,

WITH

The Knavery of the Cloak.

NGLAND'S a Ship with adverse weather cross'd, With wind and waves, schisme and sedition toss'd. The Chiliast, (heavens, (what a ridle's he?) Would hew down Kings, to heave up Monarchie. He would confider all his Plots as vain, Did he remember, but, by whom Kings reign; Not hope with idle charmes the Moon to move: Nor, for a King croak with the Froggs to Jove. To holy John did Heaven hid truths reveal, Yet the same words to thee, those trnths conceal, Which, should he preach to thee? He took in hand A miracle, to make thee understand. Think it thou that Jejus, meant he fuch a thing, Would countenance thy treaton to thy King? Or need thy help; shall not the son of God Dash them in pieces with an iron Rod? If he were hungry, would he ask thee bread? He cannot want a Crown that made the Head: Will he his Kingdome to thy care referre, Who is himself the mighty Counceller? Dost thou believe that thou canst court him down From a Cælestial to an Earthly Crown? Or that hel leave, as one in love with scornes, A Crown of Glory, for a Crown of Thornes. Look in his Word, for he has told thee there My Kingdoms not of this World; If it were? Then would my Servants fight: Hence therefore yee Fight not for Christ, but for your selves I see. So have I feen a Cabbace fair curld head, In which a loath fom Toad has made her bed. What evil fury has the rout possess d That like the Spirits, they can take no rest, But even the places, a short Peace has dry'd, Must flow again with blood for which Christ dy'd. Come, come, your actions give your words the lie, Whom you pretend to crown, you crucifie. Christ's service does consist in no such thing; He's never true to God that's falle to's King.

I now should to those numerous Sects proceed
That do as Vermine crawle about the head,
And like a shoal of Herrins, do reveal
A flaming mountain from their flashy zeal
But (fry) I wave yee, and convert mine eye
To that Leviathan Presbytery.
Not but you are though each at other railes,
Like Sampson's Foxes all ty'd by the tayles,

As it no Devil but a Covenant, Could keep the Church in a state militant. Do we not know (as much as in yon lay) You make the Lord's Inheritance a prey: And fend to all the Nations round about If it be possible to root us out? To that infernal Bogge, (O conscience tender) To get the Devil for your Faiths defender. That treacherous Lake of Pluto, den of Thieves, That synagogue of Satan that receives All forts of Assassins that can but bring A blasphemy against the name of King. That mart of Superstition, that by odds More several Worships hath, then Rome had Gods. Nor has, then the Religion they abuse, Proteus more shapes, or the Camelion hues, That source of schisme, where a man may find Religion bag'd up, as a Lapland wind: Only they Papists hate, but that is plain, Cause the profession of the King of Spain Worship to them goes all to six and seven; Gain is their God, and th' Indies are their Heaven. They fear not Hell, but rather are content; For in the deep thate in their Element. I would the Gibbers now were to be feen, That with Erasmus they might hang between. Yet Church and State too, you are hurrying tow'rd This fifthy Midotaur to be devourd. Look but into your felves, and tell me (Sirs) Does not this show yee rigid Presbyters? This, this too truly tells us faith is fled From the long Cloak, and Love is long fince dead. What do yee, but in a Religious vest Turn Usurers, and plot for Interest? You want a Parliament now to advance Your good Old Cause, with peals of Ordinance. But thanks to Heaven, our wife & wary City Has order d some into a close Committee; And yet, alais, they do not Newgate lear, One of their tribe got a good Living there. But that they should delign our ruine thus, When God is visiting both them and us? Is an offence that multiplies their blame, And leaves them nothing, but their fin and iname.

Tantum Religio potnit suadere malorum?

THE Markes 11- King

Kings Majesties Love

TO

LONDON.

Y dearest City, and my native place, To see sad tears run down thy beauteous face, Makes Me and mine, to mourn, lament, and weep, Doth cause me wake, when I should fall asleep; As I am King, my Love to thee is more Then Seas have Water, and the Earth hath Shore: My love shall never fail to thee or thine, But for thy take, as far as Sun doth thine My Navy and my Forces shall seek out Thy forreign Foes, and feek the World about & I'le scowre the Main, I'le make the Ocean dry, And thy proud foes shall at thy Foot-stool ly: In this distress, O London! thou shalt see, Great Britains King thy onely Friend to be; Trust to it London, for as I am King, I will thy Foes unto Subjection bring; And cause them at thy Foot-stool for to ly, Because they wrong thee in thy misery: O London, London, if thou wilt obey My just command, I never shall say nay To any thing that's right, or thou'lt require, Thou'lt have thy will, thy grant, or thy defire; My Cordial love is more then thou doft know, If thou'lt obey, if thou'lt subjection owe To me thy King, I'le make the World to see, Thou shalt lose nothing by obeying me; Though on my Foes I usually do frown, And with my might I tumble them all down 3 And will all those who commonly arise In open Armes; and those who do despise My Government: will not subjection yeild, But feeks to fight me in the open Field; Or by falle treachery do me annoy, If they feek my life, I shall those destroy: My chiefest City, I do much lament, Thy grief, thy forrow, and thy discontent, Thy tears, thy mournings, and thy fad condition, And for thy cause I daily do Petition My Gracious God, to take his hand away, And fuffer not his Angel for to flay, Or thee or thine, or suffer thee to stand, Within the reach of his destroying hand ; But to remove his judgements, and to spare My only City, for which I fo care: My Royal City, and my Native place, My Metropolitan hath spoil'd her face; Her eyes with weeping are funk in her head, And the lies now, much like to one that's dead : What good thy King, O London! can thee do, He will doo't for thee, yea, and that foon too; The daily prayers of great Britains King, Will cause a Heavenly Dove, to London bring An Olive leaf; whereby to fignifie, That thou and thine shall live, ye shall not die:

LONDONS

MODEST

ANSWERCZOCZ

Rejoyce O London! in thy King, Who to thy City doth fuch comfort bring: His Purse, his Prayers, and his Princely Deeds, He doth thee send, to stanch thy Wound that bleeds.

OST Soveraign Lord, my good and gracious King, What Joy, what Comfort, doth your sweet words bring?

bring? How they revive my foul, and do me chear, Expells my forrows and drive back my fear ; But what am I, poor London, what am 1? That Britains King, the flour of Majesty, Should look upon me with such care and pity, A poor distressed and unworthy City? 'Tis his free grace, and heavenly disposition, That at Gods Throne he daily doth Petition For me and mine, that God would us restore, To perfect health, and drive death from my door; O gracious Prince, how am I bound to pray, For your good Grace, and how bound to obey Your facred Person, and your just command, Your Acts, your Statutes, and not to withstand Your Will and Pleafure; but whilft I do live, I will subjection to your Highnels give? If God be pleas'd to lengthen out my days, I will not onely Speak, but Write your praise 3 And all the Nations this day under Sun, Shall fully know what Englands King hath done To Londons City; when Gods hand did lye Most heavy on her in her milery: How Wine and Oyl he poures in her wound, How with his prayers he leeks to let her found; How he doth comfort her amidst her grief, How to the poor he sendeth great releif; What comfortable words from him proceeds, What Royal vertue, grace, and goodly deeds. O happy London, in so good a King, That in thy miseries such comfort bring, In thy afflictions he should look upon Thy wants, and woes when all thy friends are gone: Whilft London stands, her King she will obey, And for his Majesty will daily pray 3 She never more will heave a fingle hand, His facred pleasure she will not withstand ; But will obedience and subjection give, Unto Authority while she doth live; Live, live, O London, live, and do not dye, Thy King's thy friend now in thy misery: The King, the King, of Kingsdoth daily pray, That God would turn his heavy hand away From me and mine, and in my great distress Would comfort lend, and with his graces bleis: What City in the World hath fuch a Prince? Not one example can be shown e're since The Worlds creation; who did so provide For his poor Subjects, who must needs have di'd: Yea, thousands at this day had been in grave, Who are alive in health whom he did fave: And under God by his rich means did cure, In health amongst us Lord let him endure.

London, Printed by John Best, at the fign of the Three Crowns in Giltspur-street. 1665.

ONE

BROAD-SIDE

MORE FOR THE THE TORY CH:

The Belgick Lion Couchant.



Hen quaff no more, thou drunken Jack-a-dandy,

Our English blood more spirit has than Brandy:

Have ye not Hearts to answer your design, Until you get your Hogs-heads full of Wine? Know Brandy does into your Brains intrude Rather a phrensie, than true Fortitude. How did ye beg the Wind to swell your Sail, Trusting your Yard-arms, where your own Arms tail, Your Hogen Mogen stood in desperate Need, To send to Ægypt for a rotten Reed. But stay! Your Fleet, with our Hamburger Meets, Sure to provide Ye of your winding Sheets: Did Ye suppose (fond Swobs) the Mackrel loath To dine on You, without a Table-Cloath? That fear was needless, they would feast on You; And take your Canvas for a Carpet too: Sure Brawn will come to be a dainty Dish, When Boars are made a banquet to the Fish. Devils again have enter'd the Unclean, And the herd's choakt in fight of Gaderene; Their Tops they Low'r, and their Top Gallants too, No, Hogen Mogen, all are Low. Dutch Now. Be what they will? Twenty Geneval Sermons Are never like to make us Cousin Germans. Brag on, and boast still, yet the English slight Ye; Ye may be High, but fure Ye are not mighty. He is too prodigal of fame that Rates You other now, than poor distressed States. Throw up the Cards, You see your Game is lost, England has turn'd a Trump up to your Cost.

You the third Coat-Card, we the two best have, And all Men know, the King will hangthe Knave. We see your tricks (mine Heere) and give you but The leave to shuffel, cause we mean to Cut; To our advantage too: And to be plain, If You deal salse, then we will Cut again. No, if You fight the prize with English men, Your Admirals must play above Board then; Pour Evertse was doubly over-come, First to be beat abroad, and then at home: But what made Trump set up his Hogen Broom? Did he for Boots, or Shooes, or old Hats Come? Or if, to sweep the Channel (as some Say) He may be fet a work here every day. The Broom is Chymnie proof; get it but in, And Trump may foon turn up a Sooterkin. But (Swobbers) cease your high and mighty brags, We need but Mackrel Boats, to take your Flags; We boast of Nothing (Lord of Hosts) but thee, Whose only Goodness gave us Victory. Our well tun'd Bells and Canons kept ev'n Ranks; Whilst Bonfires were the Altars of our Thanks; The Boars had Bonfires too, as well as we, Only ours were at home, but theirs at Sea: Their fireships did in us no Terror strike; We were resolved to make them all alike: Why should the Dutch our Colliars then Defire? They need no Coals to fet their Ships afire: Thanks to his Royal Highness James the Great, And Brave Prince Rupert for this Grand Defeat: Thanks to the Admirals, and all the Rest; Who all so Fought, as Every one fought Best.

ANSWER C20/ To the French DECLARATION.

THE Heavens look big with wonder, and informe Our Expectations of some present Storm. French, Dutch and Dane too, all at once? why then 'Tis time to show that We are English Men. They say, at Foot-ball Three to one is odds; But this is nothing, for the Cause is Gods. Have at 'em all, we care not where we come, Since Cracious Heaven is reconcil'd at Home, Courage brave BRITTANS then, We do no more But fight with those whom We have beat before. And now methinks, much better may We, fince We fight for such an All-accomplisht Prince, Who the World's Conquest is as fair to get As Alexander (like himself) the Great. Talk not of Ten to One, pittiful story, Alas the odds does but encrease the Glory: Besides the English from their Ancestrie Derive themselves the heirs of Victory Where should the Sons of Honour, if they die, But in the Field, the bed of Honour lie? The World will know, when time shall serve, we dare Come out, and meet that Prince of Pitch and Tarre; Bring your Wind-selling Laplanders too, do Sure We shall deal with ye, and board ye too; And you will tell us, when this comes to pass Your Bergen bu's ness no such bargain was. Danes? We don't fear ye; come, alass ye know Our Women beat ye once, and so may now.

Nor value we that Kingdom of Kick shawes, We come not to receive, but give them Lawes; We shall provide 'em such a Frigaze Of Legs and Armes they'l scarce be glad to see. They now must understand with whom they cope, A mighty Prince, and not a Myter'd Pope; One that will otherwise the matter handle, With Glittering Sword, and not Bell, Book and Candle: One that shall Anathematize ye worse, Not to pronounce but execute your Curse: He'l bring ye Jeggerie home to your door: Instead of Bulls you'l hear his Canons roar; And I make bold to tell ye in the close Although no Popes, we'l make ye kiss our Toes. An English Monarch (Mounsieur) no new thing, Has sent his Son to fetch him a French King: If ye suspect, or scruple our report, Enquire at Poictiers, Cressie, Agin Court, That place never to be forgotten, where The Prisoners more then we that took 'em were: The French shall know it too, as we advance, Tis We, not they, fight for the King of France. Ye boast of Gold and Silver, and such stuffe, We'l bring ye Pockets for it sure enough. And if we meet ye on the foaming fource VVe'l have a word or too of deep Discourse. A fig for France, or any that accords VVith those Low-Country Leather-Apern Lords.

The suspence upon SIXTY SIX:

Astrologers Prerogative.

Reader, Begin don't flop nor halt it, when Towav read a Line, press forward to the end; And if there wants discourse your wits to please, Blame not the Author, tis not his Disease;

If matter fails; your goodness will excuse His petty fault, rather commend his Muso Deserving nought, but if you'l add to it, Twill please him well to hear some can remit.



OU daily fluggards, you that view the Skies
In'th fitence of the Night; you thus precife,
That fits to watch the shooting of one Star,
And then by computation to declare

All fieth as grate; The Pingue thall ceafe that Town, This shall be free, that Land shall have renown. This by invaligns fuffer great diltrefs, No Remedy thall help, tis remed'less. The rolift Troops shall in a civil War This year engage to fight: The fiery Star Northward the Pole, forespeaks it to be true, Their faith will call it real; and not a few Doth credite this; look farther yet and gaze The Star in th Ealt brings peace, where no War was. This year they I say the Turks in Candia fight With the Venetian, who to keep their right Will give them Battel, and a total rout, Until with new inpplies they face about. Thus plac't is their defign, they'l never want Success to their reports, which makes them vaunt In their delusions; sometimes a Wound They'l plaister up, and swear their's no't but sound This is to please, this is to favour what Allows them this, from whom by favour got Their Land is still secur'd, no Wolf shall touch A Lamb of this their Fold, the Heavens thews such No blatt shall scorch their Corn, no mildews spoil Their tender spring, but plenty shall recoil From that which went before; no nipping frost Shall blite their Trees, their Land shall not be crost. The s did they urge, when an unufual Star Approach't the Heavens, which made the Commons stare, Yet foon appeas'd by these slye gazers on, Who gave it out the Turks should be undone. We should be clear, our State was not concern'd, Though fince, to'ur cost, Bowels have often yern'd; Some on our Friends, some on our Neighbours lolt,

Some on our own Estates, some on our Hoast.

Which of them all did e're the least describe The raging Pestilence thus to reside Within this Land, to have our Cities fild With flain, as if it were whole Armies kill'd; The Countrey had no less, the Fleet had some, What could we think but that our final doom Was near at hand? But thanks be to above We'r yet a Nation; O lets joyn in love And fight with courage gainst our Belgian Foes, Unless a grateful Peace they will compose; Our Caufe is good, how should we want for aid, When One above will help us being decay d. Where were these Watchmen when the War broke out Tween Us and France, furely they'd all the Gout, They could not gaze, and so did not declare The League tween Dutch and French gainst whom we are On their gouty limbs, not vext with that disease The last foregoing year, being well at ease They spoke of Sixty Six, and to defend The certainty approv'd, do still depend On the ruine of the Pope; the Conclave they Shall be diffolv'd, no more the Pope obey: What happens then within this compleat year, Believing them, be fure tis very rare.

Thefe are but tricks, be patient for a time, Delay your judgment, you shall quickly find What ten months will produce; if it appears To be of wonder great, a Year of Years; Then pass your censure on these starry men, But let your reason sway the hinder end; That so your judgement may be fix't aright, The Balance weighing equal none to light.

By E. G. Gent.

With Allowance.

VOX CIVITATIS

Londons Call to her Natural and Adopted Children;

Exciting them to Her speedy Reedification.



ming Trade?

Has our late too much Heat dry'd up

your Well,

And choak'd the Sifters that there us'd to dwell? Or does your so much fam'd Poetick Fire In Londons Conflagration expire? That not one idle Muse attempts a strain, To promife Her Rebuilding up again?

Call the old Theban from his drowlie Tomb, And with his potent Lyre here let him come; And it he ere built Thebes (as Poets tell's) Or by his Musick or Poetick Spells: Here let him on a worthier Subject try His skill, and Londons Walls reedifie. But see, the sullen Ghost keeps still its station, Nor yields obedience to our Invocation. Ah! no, that which our Reparation brings, Must flow from Real, not Poetick Springs.

And now, methinks I see the aged Head Of London Town move from her too warm Bed; And with her parcht tongue feeming to effay Something to her much fuff ring Sons to fay. 'Tis She; Her by her reverend locks I know, With her own Ashes strow'd instead of Snow. She calls to all her Children in each Land; And I her mean Interpreter here stand.

What needs all this aftonishment, my Sons, As if ye were transform d to liveless stones? Viewing with stupid horror my decay, As though all hopes of Rife were ta en away. What frights ye thus? does this fuch terror strike, As though ye nere had feen, nor heard the like? Have not as great Towns heretofore, or greater, Suffer'd sometimes by Fire, sometimes by Water? Are not all Bodies subject to like Fate? Do not your own of Fire participate In Burning Fevers (pray?) and what are then Dropsies, but Inundations in Men? All things their Sealons have, and Revolution; And shall have till the last great Dissolution. In all things there's a Spring, wherein its youth Sprouts, and feems to prefage its future growth:

Hat News, my Neighbours of the Ri- | A Summer that succeeds; when strength arrives To its perfection, and a fulnels gives: What, all by Londons Burning quite | A scorching Autumn follows; when the pride Of former Grength and beauty feems to hide It wholly from our fight : and it may ly Unfeen all Winter, fleeping, yet not dy.

> 1, your sad Mother, in this rank am found; Burnt by the raging Fire almost to the ground: My present Fall indeed stupendious is, Yet have I risen from as great as this. How comes it then that now so much time sees Me in a suppliant posture on my knees? What is the cause? ye cann't your Mother blame, VVho ne er was to her Children a Stepdame; Oh no, 'tis to the Universe well known, What Glories I have to my Offsprings won. Here's then the case; Istill preserve my state: But ah! I fear my Sons degenerate! If so, my tears should from my eyes be skrew d, Less for my Fall, than their Ingratitude.

I that could once with Laureate Brows have sung Cefars and Princes from my intrals forung: Have nothing left, my griefs now to decline, But the remembrance that they once were mine. Where are my Philpots, Walworths, Grefhams, Lambs, Suttons and Ramseys, with the rest, whose Names Claim'd a bright Rubrick in my Calendar; Clorious for Acts of Virtue near and far? 'Tis sure, they could not die; their Names still live, And their immortal Memories survive The Ruines of their own all-praised Deeds. Oh for a Race now that might them fucceed! And all like them, by happy Transmigration; Then might I hope my speedy Restauration.

Rouse up, my Sons, methinks my Prayer's heard, And you already to my help prepard; Warm'd by the felf same genuine heat and force, Which once did actuate your Ancestors. Some of our Heroes are already met, And to this end in Consultation set: Lay to your helping hands; so may you see Your felves once more to Fame advanc'd with Me So may we mutually rejoice each other, I in my Glorious Sons, you in your Mother. Licenced. R. L'Estrange.

C20/2: part 2 82

LONDON Undone;

OR,

A Reflection upon the Late DISASTEROUS FIRE.

O more Historians your surmise recant,
For London's Flames have prov'd her Troy-Novant
Pack that Pack may, all ready to be gone,
For every man was an Ucaligon.

London, that once was glory of the VVorld,
Heaps upon heaps is in confusion hurl'd!
The Head and Foot, the Root and Branch embrace,
It e losty Jurret, and the lowly base.
Tables, and Stools, as they the Flames were woing,

Contribute matter to their own undoing.

Their Goods (alas!) men knew not where to carry,
For even the Churches were no Sanduary:
Such as convey'd their Treasure to St. Paul,
In hope they there were safe, even they lost all.
No Eye could travel thither, but it meets
Too many Authors in their winding Sheets.
Th' imperious Flames about each Arch did hover,
Till every Book had got on a red cover;
And so continued in that surious rage,
That it writ Finis in the Title Page.
VVhat any sav'd, (as who would not desire?)
He earnt it, for he got it out o'th' Fire.
Our Merchants turn'd (O sad to the beholders!)

Scotch Merchants with their Shops upon their shoulders.

Places were lost where Coach and Cart might meet,
A half burnt Steeple was the Sign o' th' Street.
A dumb deformity could nothing say,
No, not so much as give ye time o' th' day:
Houses lay topsie turvy, Farewel Rents;
For now like Iscalites, we dwell in Tents:
Here Farson we Pluralities allow,
I fear ye'l scarcely make one Church of two;
For satal Time with his impartial Sythe
Has mow'd down all, scarce left so much as Tythe.
And what yet much more sad is, with the Dead,

A man may see the Living buryed.

But that those Hobnail'd Clowns should be so chubbish, Whom though we knew much baser then our rubbish:
Those pilsering Country-Coridons, that they Should come to make of us a second prey;
Ere I'de have answer'd their unjust desire,
I'de first have seen my Goods, and them i'th' Fire.
But then (alas!) men had no time to talk,
No more but so, Take up your Bed and walk,
Into the Fields on that bleak dew-dropt Grass,
Where the Earth Ped, and Heaven its Teaster was.

Infants and aged quarter'd row by row, Never more Qua sers had More-fields then now. The Miscellany made in every square, The Counterfeit of the Great Bed of Ware. Like those in debt; the Feople durst not trot Along the Streets, the Stones they were too hot. This (London) might be spoken of thy fall, Burnt Wine was plenteous at thy Funeral: And, as Eye-witness, I may well report Thy Bearers were those of the better fort. This to the Field, that to the Water bears, The City then fwarm'd with Philosophers. In brief, that I may to a period come, Never was day to fadly buribenfeme: Day did I say? Alas! we had no Night, For a whole week together, 'twas to light. Ah lovely Lendon! cruel Fate, and strange, Beauty for Ashes, 'tis a fad Exchange: When such as did in cieled Houses dwell, Live now like Hermits in a smoaky Cell: Me thinks I tremble still at the sad fight, Where loads were heavy, and the houses light. Sad Spectacle, for maugre all endeavour, London departed of a burning Feaver.

Let others look at second Causes, I See nothing in it but a De-If I look up to Heavens Ann anty Lord, i shall with David see the Angels Sword. Shall I with Afip's Dog fnarl at the Stone? No, I'le observe the Hand whence it was throwne. My Sins have forc'd this Vengeance from my God, Shall I then kick? No, I will kiss the Rod; And by Repentance to my God be turning, Who might have made this Everlasting burning: Nor doubt I, but, if from our fins we cease, The Lord of Hosts will be the Prince of Peace. Then shall this ruin'd City like a Ball, Rebound so much the higher for her fall. And with the Phanix; (Heaven will so contrive,) From her own Ashes shall again revive. VVhen, like the Churches you her Streets shall see Founded, and fronted uniformallie: Houses so firmly built, so fairly furnisht, As if it had been burne, but to be burnisht; Then you'll conclude with me, the Flames were kind, She was not so much ruin'd, as refin'd.

C20/2 53+ 49

Sir ROBERT HOLMES

HIS

BONEFIRE

OR, THE

DUTCH DOOMSDAY.

Where are those boasting Boors, what are their names? That swore they blockt us up ich River Thames? Brave, were it done; I must confess the Hogan Was very willing, but he wanted Mogan. Are they not impudent, proudly to bid The World believe the thing they never did? They are beholden to their valiant Lungs, If they can block up Kingdoms with their Tongues; For this atchievement they have brought to pass, Like Sampson with the jaw-bone of an Als. But having wak't the English Lyon, they Who were his Enemies, are now his pray. Brag's a good Dog; The Dutch I can compare To nothing, but an Armie in the Air; Where they look terrible, but take no prize, And only Combate our deluded eyes: They talk they routed us, and they gave Thanks, For what? because we had not cut their Banks. If beaten they give thanks, the men I fwear, Under correction very thankful are: So a great company, once, when time was, Were routed by the Bear and Hudibras : We mov'd but, and thefe apparitions found, Like Quixots Wind-Mills, swiftly tacking round. Soon as they faw the English made up, they Progress'd like Crabs, the clean contrary way. Who then 'has cause to boast, the World may see, They are our shadows, follow and they flee? Hence I conclude, who e're I come among, The lowest spirits have the loudest tongue. Now Sea-fick Soveraigns, would not mercy be, In your diftress, a soveraign remedie? VVhere are the English now? why they are truly, If I be not miltaken, at the Vb;

VVhere they are imitating the flames of Troy, And making Bonefires of their Towns for joy: VVhere once again, as well my Author notes, VVe fought their Admirals with Fisher-boats. Where by crols fate their fortunes did expire, Not (as they fear'd) by water, but by fire. VVhillt we were giving Thanks to Heaven, we found Our former victory with a fecond crown'd. And thereupon we had, and well we might, Thanksgiving-day, and a Thanksgiving night. Our Streets were thick with Bonefires large and tall, But Ho'mes one Bonefire made, was worth'em all. Well done Sir Robert, bravely done I swear, Whilst we made Bonefires here, you made'em there. There was no Bonefire money beg'd with you, If you want Faggots, youl make Frigats do. You fir'd their Fleet, an hundred fixty odd, In their own Harbour too; b'effed be God. When Pitch and Tarr, and all their wealthy ftuff, VVas on a flame, fure they were warm enuff. This was your VV ster-work, but to come nigher, You fet your foot ashore, their Towns a fire: And nob! y let a thousand houses burn, To light you to a fafe and brave return. Not a lame fortune, but it got a prop, For every Cabin was a Gold-smiths Shop: The bold adventurers fuch booty gat, No Sea-man but he drank in his own Plate, God and our Generals we thank, for even Through th' Arm of Flesh, we see the Arm of Heaven

FINIS.

Licensed, August 18. 1666.

THE DUTCH GAZETTE:

The Sheet of Wild-Fire, that Fired the DUTCHFLEET.

'Le tell ye not of Etna's Flames, nor Troy's,
That long agoe has fill'd the World with noise:
Nor of Romances, nor of Histories,
Done Ages long before, whose Obsequies
Were sung by Laureate Pens; that which I tell,
The Storyes of the World can't parallel.

Rupert I fing, Duke Albemarle, and Homes, And of the rest, that sent those to their homes, Whose Pride and Envy, Hell it self ('twas such') Can't match, would you know who I mean, the Dutch.

Who had a Hundred fixty Ships, and more, Of Merchant-men, lay sleeping on their Shore, And never dreamt of danger, till we came, And took them napping; Ask but Amsterdam, Who stood Spectators there, and saw their Sayles Transform'd to Sheets of Wildfire, and those Gales That use to swell and spread abroad their 'tire, Serve now as Bellows to fet all on fire. For Guinna some, others for Russia bound, Scarce one worth less than Fifteen thonsand Pound. Did you ne'r ice the Winged Troop, that flies From Flower to Flower, until their laden thighes Force a retreat? Did you ne'r see them strive, Which should goe richest laden to his Hive? Just so each Souldier, in a plenteous measure, Has made his Cabb'n, a Cabinet of Treasure. Silks, Hollands, Silver-spoons, Plate, Cloth of Gold, All had their choice to take what e're they would.

These are the Dutch, that did but th' other day Make Bonefires o're their L and for Victorie, ---- But never thought of seeing This by Sea. ------ Where Helm and Rudder, Top, Top-sayl, and all, Within sew hours to Dust and Ashes fall.

Had but Will. Lilly seen this Blazing Comet, I'le lay my life it had portended onewhat Of strange event, as he'd have made appear In his Prognostication for next Year.

They'l block the Seas up, why then so they shall, No fitter Heads than theirs to do't withall; Where they may lay'um together, and counsel take, How many Bonefires they had best to make.

Now will I loose the Pinion of my Quill,
And dictate to my Muse a Word at will;
That Fame it self, that Herauld (and not I)
Shall shew the Blazon of our Victory.
At which the World distracted stands with sear,
And won't believe but that the Gods were there.

Great MONK so thundered, that 'twas hard to Whether 'twas He, or Fate, that got the Day. (say Smith sent such Thunderbolts as ne'r were made. By Vulcan, since he first wrought of his Trade;

Who gaz'd, but durst not come within a Shot,
For fear his other Legg had gone to Pott.
'Twas Smith, whose Sword so often quench'd in Blood,
Return'd so hard, as not to be withstood.:

Steel to the Hilt; this Proverb has he got, He ne'r strikes stroke until the Iron's bot.

Here dives a Corps, there struggles one half dead;
Here sinks a Trunk cut shorter by the Head;
Here one 'twixt hope and fear thinks 'tis a dream;
And there another strives against the stream;
Here dive a hundred Dutch into their Graves;
There dye as many 'mbracing of the VVaves;
Here one turmoyls, and there another strives,
Yet scarce two in a hundred save their lives.

Such Musick as they had, had but Troy known, 'Twould quickly 've made the Grecians fled their Had poor Ulysses heard but one broad-side, (Town. 'T had made him quake, and been asraid to ride The Grecian Horse, his wood'n Bucephalus Had been transform'd into a Pegasus.

Had Monk but Thunder'd at proud Babels VVall, Babels proud Battlements had got a fall: Had th' Great Collossus stood where he discharges, He'd veyl'd his Bonnet to our Boanarges.

Th' Ægyptian Pyramid (whose massic Tower, The Jawes of Time could never yet devour)

VVhen he discharges, its proud Marbles must Lay down their palsey Heads within the Dust.

Great Conquerours, could I your Worth indite, The World unworthy were of what I'de wtite.

Your feely Souldiers too, I dare but name,
For fear I over-charge the Trump of Fame,
That caus'd the World proverbially to fay,
THEY fought like Englishmen, and wonn the Day.

Return, Great Conquerours, live Men of Mirrour, Englands chief Glory, but the Dutches Terrour. VVho have a Tromptoo, but the VV orld's to blame,

If c're they take Him for the Trump of Fame.

e La

AND OF THE PARTY

in Charles I was 1 6

Of a famous German PRINCE and a renowned English Duke, who on St. Fames's day One thousand 666 fought with a Beast with Seven Heads, call'd Provinces; not by Land, but by Water; not to be said, but sung; not in high English nor Low Dutch; but to a new French Tune, call'd Monsieur Ragon, or, The Dancing Hobby-horfes.

ee-States.



Here happen'd of late a terrible Fray

Begun upon our * S. James's day,

With a Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump,

Thump, Thump a Thump, Thump!

Where Rupert and Company of the state of the sta With a Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump,

Where Rupert and George for CHARLEMAIGN Swindg'd the Dutch again and again, (As if they had been but the French or Dane)

With a Thump, &c.

'Twas brave Tom Allen led the Van, Stout Utber, and bold Tiddiman, With a Thump, &c. And then our Immortal GENERALLS With twenty thousand Thunder-balls Pierc'd their boggie flesh-mud-walls With a Thump, Thump, &c.

The Game was hot, and then you'll swear That Jordan (Heart of Oak) was there With a Thump, Thump, &c. And gallant Holmes that never fails, Torn and hurt, yet still prevails, Valiant with or without his Sails, With a Thump, &c.

The Royal Charles was all their Aim (For there they knew was Princely Game) With a Thump, &c. Seven Provinces here spend their Quire, (De Ruyter's mighty Triple Tire) But had his Answer all in Fire With a Thump, Thump, &c.

For here our glorious Prince and Duke Gave him fuch a fore Rebuke With a Thump, &c. That now De Ruyter findes it clear The Warlike English have no peer, Who dare do any thing but Fear A Thump, Thump, &c.

The Soveraign came to revenge her Wrongs, (Becalm'd a while for want of Lungs, Without any Thump, &c.) But foon as her dreadful Sail displaid Good Lord what Lanes and Wrecks she made! The Devil a Dutch came nigh or staid, For fear of a Thump, Thump, &c.

Her Balls of Fire the Flemming fees Are thrice as big as a Holland-Cheese, With a Thump, &c. And now they ran, they ran, they ran, And left poor Zealand, shift as it can; They made him the Rere, who would be the Van--Van Trump, Trump, Trump, &c.

The Kings own Colours (Red and White) Purfu'd the Boors all day and night With a Thump, &c. O how 'twould Lords and Commons please To see our Soveraign of the Seas Chacing their Seven Provinces With a Thump, &c.

Over Flatts and Banks we fir'd their tails (Till we heard their croaking Nightingales) With a Thump, &c. This Difference 'twixt two Navies stands, Ours built for the Sea, and theirs for the Sands, We had fent them else to their last Netherlands With a Thump, Thump, &c.

Their Shott still at our Tackling flew, Lest when they ran we should pursue With a Thump, &c. For though the Dutch are Sea-men grown, Bold English are the Marks-men known, And therefore kill them fix for one With a Thump, Thump, &c.

Our Rere was Smith, with other two (Spragge and Kempthorn) both true Blew, With a Thump, &c. And here the Zealanders came on, Who foutly gave us Gun for Gun, Till Holland-like They also run With a Thump, Thump, &c.

In In, In In, said Valiant Spragge, Wee'll beat this vapouring Trump to th' Hague With a Thump, &c. His Chaplain fell to his wonted work, Cry'd Now for the King and the Duke of Tork! He pray'd like a Christian, and fought like a Turk With a Thump, Thump, &c.

Six thouland Dutch (a Low-Country Dish) We fent to their own Cozen the Fish With a Thump, &c. The rest into Holes so tamely crawl That little Fanfan dar'd them all, Great Rupert's Sloop is an Admirall, With a Thump, Thump, &c.

What Amsterdamnable Cowards are these To boast that they were Lords of the Seas With a Thump, &c! Their Impudent Gazette proclaims How bravely they lock'd up the Thames! But had no leave from CHARLES or JAMES, And therefore had a Thump, Thump, &c.

And now De Wijt's new Holland Rump (Who rides the States) will burn to th' Stump With a Thump, &c. For George in England once before Hath fir'd one Rump, and will do more Till Men and Bells all Dutch-land o're Sing Rump, Rump, &c.

Then let them invent some other Cheat, Go hang their Captains 'cause th' are beat With a Thump, &c. Let Monsieur or Myn Heer that snarls At our Soveraign and Royal Charles, Beware of Ruperts and Albemarles With a Thump, Thump, Thump, &c.

VOX PACIFICA

OR

A congratulatory Poem on the peace Between England, France, Denmark, and Holland.

Y the High Senate of the Powers above A Union is decreed, the God of Love. Diffides diffention, makes Neighbours to agree; The only Maxim in Christianity! Mow England do I see thy starrs shine clear, For though thy Natives hearts no Foe did fear I'th height of War: but for their Countries good Wool'd Right its wrong, or spend their dearest blood, Rather than yeild, and as deaths welcome prize Render their lives avalerous facrifice: Like those bold Turks who on their nimble feet Did run to face death with their winding sheet; Yet notwithstanding, all that's wife will deem Pax bello petior : is a Princely theam Bellona's frownes no more do war prelage, We must enjoy such as love onely wage, And like a Nation truly happy fit Under secure shades, use the benefit Of peace and plenty, which the bleffed hand Of a good King gave this distemper'd Land. A general joy this general peace atends, A happy vertue that makes Foes prove friends ! What to our Cittles good can be more dear, The Seas are free, each Ship doth pass by clear, And fafely to its haven does arrive With a full fraught to make their Merchants thrive, At which they smile, like dying Saints thar know They are to leave the earth and t' heaven goe, Indeed who is not glad, whose interest Is not hereby made greater, whose is best, Is inditputable, but all will confess Peace makes a universal happiness. What shall I say? my weak Muse can't impart Peculiar joyes, which every loyal heart Ecchoed, when proclamation of a Peace, Gave us assurance that our warrs must cease: But if loud shouts and hollowing descry, A joyful heart, I am fure I do not lye If I say many thousands did express, By such glad signs their endless happiness: If ringing of the bells, if bone-fires thew, We have good cause now, to surcease our woe I dare avouch then (fince difference does decay, London in time will see a second May. Then let us fing fuch fongs, as may dispence. Knowledge and pleasure to the Soul and sense,

Torneys, Masques, Theaters, will now become Our Halcyondays: what though the Heathen drum: Bellow for freedome and revenge, the notice Concerns not us, nor shall divert our joyes, Mor shall the thunder of their Corabins Drown the sweet aires of our tun'd Violins; For I believe if their prevailing powers Gain'd them a calm fecurity like ours, They'd hang their armes upon the Olive bough; And dance and revel then, as we may now. But let not our mirth extend to fin, Least peace abus'd create a war agi'n, Pardon my Muse if that he seems to be Tedious in one line of divinity. In representing to each Christians view, Intire Emblems, from which may entue Intire Joy to those, whose life does move In Hope, Faith, Fear, Grief and Intire lave : Let us not Heathen like appear so rude, To repay mercies with Ingratitude. Though we've a peace, we must not now forget, We have been finful, but from fin regret. Retire then prefumptuous man and fee These Emblems that may work thy Eternity Dispise the world and what's voluptuous, A perfect Dives to a Lazarus ! Trust, trust in God alone and he will be, Thy cheifest comfort in thy milery, For when dispair had almost wrought our death This welcome peace gave us a fecond breath: Then England doubt not, thou hast a God above, That will replenish thy wants with his love. Contemn the help that this world does afford, And let thy Faith be stedfast in the Lord. Him feek, him ferve, and daily from thy heart Thy fins confess and his due praise impart, With fear and Reverence, and he will be Thy God of comfort to Eternity: Bewaile thy fins and for the future be More mindful of thy immortality, And in the sphere of union only move For God leves him who knows that God is love; This done will make each Christians joy encrease. Aicribe all praise unto the God of Peace-

With Allowance.

London Printed by P. Lillierap 1667.

Pax optima virtus.

Iong lookt for Come at Last;

OR TE

PEACE PROCLAIMED.



Housands of Storms have usher'd in a Calme,
And Years of Wounds have met a day of Balme;
Cymerian Clouds have darted out a beam,
Which, when it came, we were as those that dream:
Our foolish fears and fancies too unjust,
Durst neither God, nor his Vice-Gerent trust;
As if our Sins and Sufferings did agree

To give us o're to Infidelitie. But we have now an Honourable Peace, If Eyes and Ears may be but witnesles. Peace, now as white as Harvest on our Stage Appears, a Peace that shall grow white with Age: All then (but those that hate her) will accord To welcome Peace, fair Daughter of the Sword, Who would have thought, to see us disagree, Discord should have produc'd such Harmony? The Sword was drunk with Blood, both Nations lay, And yet the longest Night will have a Day; Though it was long a breaking, now tis come, And with its Rayes enlightend Christendome: The Iron-sided Buff-Coat truckles down, And Armes on Knees pay Homage to the Gown: If the unjustest Peace (as some minds are) Ought be prefetr'd even to the justest War, What Thanks and Duty owe we CHARLES the Great, Do's thus from War, both Peace and Honour get? But as it hapned 'twixt the Coach and Swaine; This would fair weather have, that would have Rain: So tempers varie, and are come to that, Most men would have indeed they know not what: Alas! how dampt the Blood flesht Souldier looks, To find his Spears turn'd into Pruning Hooks? The Country Man may milk his full dugg'd Cow, No fear of Plunder or Free Quarter now; Each Man secure sits under his owne Vine, Both in the comfort of the shade and wine; Whilst every Grape, ambitious of his Good, For a Peace-offring, pours out its owne Blood. Fear no Complaining in our streets hereafter, Each heart is fill'd with Joy, each tongue with laughter; The Country shall not flock like Mice and Rats To London, with Petitions in their hats: Nor need those Guild-Halders their Votes increase, Who crying Peace, had better held their peace: That Peace is come (though then it was no crime To wish it) onely they mistook the Time:

Licensed the 24th of August, 1667.

Time, that as't hapned made their Loyalty
An Errour, great as the Fifth Monarchy.
O that we had all of us hearts like them,
Pray for the Peace of our Jerusalem;
Neither seditious Church, nor factious State,
O then our Peace would end in endless date.
In vain we fault the City, or the Court,
Sin that hath found us out, hath plagu'd us for't;
Whilst for the Wheele of State, each leaves the main,
And moves by th' Epicycle of his own brain,
Which is so strangely a wool-gathering run,
That mad as Phaster he must guide the Sun

That, mad as Phaeton, he must guide the Sun. But (Brain-ficks) by your leave, this talk must cease, No time to quarrel, 'tis a time of Peace, A day of Joy, a harvest of content; No Farmers starve, nor Land-lords pine for Rent: Our hungry Neighbours now, hardly Cornfed, Like the Samaritan Criples, shall have bread; Yet they for it, shall bring their Money too, No more than Joseph made his Brethren do. The City shall in Nobler fort be built, And all her Towers, with Guing Gold be guilt: Whilst empty Pockets shall her Silver meet Plentifull, as the stones once in her street: Churches 'tis like a while may be forborn, For, building Churches most men have forsworn; Yet should that pious work chance be begun, The World well knows Church-work goes flowly on. Her Fires are quencht now, but we Fires discover, Trophies of Peace, all the whole Kingdome over! And her poor Citizens I hope shall get Able (in fine) to pay their Fines so great. On building Houses, he's a fool that stands, Patience and Peace will build them to their hands. Is not this better than to underlease The womb of Time for an abortive peace? The sportfull Dolphin brings his Offering, And Seas are filent whilft the Syrens fing T' invite our Colliars; see what they can do, To make a Summer of the Winter too: Besides Newcastle, and her Hell deep hole, Guiny and both the Indies will bring Cole. Thank God, whilst others Famine did encrease, Our Plenty all this while has staid for Peace. And if it be'nt by Prejudice or'e-aw'd, Here's this Broad-side to set the Peace abroad.

Pacem te possimus omnes.

HUE AND CRIE

AFTER

The Earl of CLARENDON.

Rom Dunkirk-House there lately ran away A Traytor, whom you are defir'd to stay. You by these marks and signs may th'Traytor know, He's troubled with the Gout in feet below: Pity it is, it vex'd no other part; Tis pity but long since 't had pain'd his Heart : Had it, I'm sure 't had sav'd some thousand Lives, And thousands that are Widows, had been Wives: Thousands that Orphans are, so had not been, But their dear Parents still alive had seen : Dunkirk by England still had been possest, Instead of being turn'd into a Nest Of Gallick Pirates: Those Ships that by Flames Did lately periff, still had kept their Names. Scotch-Cittadels had stood; and th'stones that came From Pauls, might have conduc'd t'have stopt that That not long fince that ancient Pile did burn, (Flame-And turn'd it into its own Fun'ral Vrn. Ships that were captive led by hostile hand, Had still remain'd the Bulwarks of our Land; And we whom Conquered Foes did late invade, Might unto us still them have subject made: And might have kept, without much cost or pain, Plantations, that will cost dear to regain: This hopeful Blade being conscious of his Crimes, And smelling how the current of the times Ran cross, forsakes his Palace and the Town, Like some presaging Rat th'house ere't falls down; Or like Sea-Monster, when the Waves 'gin t'roar, Retires, and waits until the Storm be o'er : So he, presaging Storm, away is fled; Knowing twould cost him loss of Hide and Head;

Shou'd he remain. 'Tis pity that the Womb
That bare him, did not also prove his Tomb.
'Tis pity that this Cock' trice had not been
Crusht in the Egg, ere he the Light had seen:
Or that long since he had of Vital Breath
Bereaved been by some untimely Death;
It had been well for us: No Days that are
Mark'd with Red Letters in our Calendar,
Had more deserv'd Remembrance; hardly those
That Popish Plots against us did disclose.

But since he's fled, who ere can find him out, And bring him back; an Action without doubt, Grateful to England will perform; and he Shall with three Nations thanks rewarded be: If possible alive let him be brought, That for those hellish mischies he hath wrought, He may be punished in publick view, And Hangman with the Devil receive his due. If not, twould be a meritorious Deed, For any man to make his Heart to Bleed, With Stab of Dagger; any way; foth' World Be rid of him; so he to Hell be hurld: Whither almost we may conclude he'll goe, And stir up Feuds amongst the Fiends below, Till a new hell for him they find: No times Can instance in the like flagitious Crimes, By any Person done: A thousand Lives, And ruine of ten thousand that survives, Lie on his Charge. Therefore when ever he Shall perish, let a General Jubilee Be kept throughout the Land, that all may know Treason still works the Traytors Overthrow.

FINIS.

LUNATICUS INAMORATUS

The Mad Lover.

Ark how the Welkin Thunders ; Hark ! stand, stand. Dire Flames Belch forth, the Fury's are at hand. Pluto by Stix! Foul Tysiphon avant: Ho Proserpine! beaut ous Proserpine, grant Me a Boon; Command that Cerberus lye still: Tell the low'd Curr, 'tis Amarantha's Will: My Amarantha; She, who's now at Play With Ariadne, in the Milky-way.
The Studded-Crown is stak't; O unkind part, Against a Crown to wage thy Lovers-Hart: Why Covets Amarantha fuch a Gemm? Jove shall present thee with his Diadem. But, that these curs'd-Manacles forbid; I'd mount the Globe, and place it on thy Head. Aurora speak; What! ha's my Angel Won? 'Tis fo, 'tis fo; now give it, to th' Sun, Th' dayes proud-Post; He'll drink thy Health at Night, In Sweets extracted from his Thetic light. What Plagues are these Cold-Chains ? Why, Ixion! Sysiphus, Sysiphus! lay by that Stone; Pledge Me, and Tantalus: This Glass to Her Who Tinds the Stars, keeps Me a Prisoner. Come, ye imoky Cyclops, come, Drink apace: That, to your M. Strifs; next, to Juno's Grace: To Nep:une now, quas't off yee frolick Slaves: For Neptune Tipples the Impostum'd Waves. Sirrah Boy, Ganimede, fill up their Boules : 'Tis well; the Horned-God keeps thirdy-Souls. More Nectar still, A Tun to him that sits Collecting Notions from a Bedlams Witts. Arme, arme Alcides! Sooty Feinds Invades The Flowry-borders of the Elizian-Shades. Charon, Scull, Ferriman, Steer towards Shoar; Stem that proud Wave, Bear-up, now wast me o're. Whence blowes that Gust? be calme, be calme; rude Wind Obey; Love, and my thoughts are unconfin'd. Bold slave forbear to touch it; know that Rofe, Only to deck my Amarantha Grows. The Ruddy-Morne has strung of Dewy-Pearl; A double Carkanet for thee, my Girl. Look, where She comes; Hyperion stay, And strow thy Golden-Attoms in Her way. Venus, thy Charriot; quick, How dar'st thou see Her walk on foot, that is more fair than Thee? Attendance there; the Graces I'le prefer; 'Twould Grace the Sacred-Nine to wait on Her. Five, Tune the Whirling-Sphears; Arion come, And Sing my Sweet a Lovers Requirm.

Ha Squalled Villain! Scourge me; hold, I'm still, I'm still; Dear Heart, I was too bold: Forbear, I'm quiet now: the God's can tell, My Amarantha does not take this well.

These Ginn's oppress. 'Tis Gold, pure Gold; the Stone, Dropt from the Ringlet of an Amazone.

Hyppolita, perhaps, a Pilgrim might
Do Adorations to't, it looks so bright.

VVho Hollows there, Rogue, Captive, Lunatique;
If Molops hear, he'll lash thee to the quick.

SINGS

京南南南南南南南南南南南南南南南南南

Her Hair upon Her Showlders spread;
Each curle, a Fringe for Beauties Bed:
Jun's-Roses in Her Checks are born:
From either Eye,
A Serene Skie,
Ope's like the Windows of the Morn.

Where is my Angel? Ah! to sleep shrunk in; To'th fragrant Bud of some choice Jessamin: Or rests in Flora's Lap.

Hark, silence there, does not you, doleful Bell, Sound hollow as it were a mourning knell; What sad departing Soul with lingring breath, Disturbs the drowlie Bed-maker of Death. For Amarantha, ha, and would she go, Not once farwel; unkind, not let me know. Dead, Amarantha dead, draw o're the Light, The fullen Curtains of the gloomy Night: Aurora's blushes, darkest Clouds Eclipse, Grow pale, as now my Amarantha's lips. My Glory dead? Her Tenement religne, Why would she not, an Inmate, dwell in mine. See where she hovers, like a Cherubim, Haft, haft, bright Soul, to thy Cælestial Inn. Stay not to Banquet, these insatiate Eyes, That must do service at thine Obsequies: Ye purer Spirits of the Aire attend, My wandring Angel to her journeys end: With Sable cloath, the spangled Canopie, That every Star may mourn as well as I: And as ye pass, her Legacies proclaim, To me her heart, to th' World her Vertuous, name. Come swift wing'd Mercury, 'tis thou must be The Messenger, betwixt my Love and me. Where have you hid her Reliques? Let me clime, And fix them 'bove the reach of wrinckled Time. Go, tell her Hermes, how my thoughts are bent, On Parian Clifts, to raise her Monument. Plutus, base Miser, it is thou detaines My Jewels Cabinet; thy hollow Verns, l'le rend in sunder; search the Infenced Deeps, Break-up the Cells, where all thy Treasures sleeps. Discover what thy Avaritious mind, Since the Proleptick Age, hath close confin'd; Black-warders, of your fordid Masters o're By Dis, and Hell, I conjure you to restore His Theft; How dare you keep what much be fet, With Columnes double Archt on Arraret? Ho, Light-heel'd Boy, What hast thou brought me there?
A Letter, ha, a Letter from my Dear Seal'd with a Kiss.

Who would not over Rapid Torrents wade,
To kiss the Lips, that this Impression made.
A curled Lock and Diamond too, by Stix,
The wanton Archers strange Hyrogliphicks.
My Amarantha deems me still as wise,
As when I guest her meaning by her Eyes;
To read these Characters, writ by her looks,
The gravest Cato, would have left his Books.

From the Region of the Moon.

Inhabits Amarantha there? A place,
Befeeming such a Beauty, such a Grace.
Tarquin with-draw thy lustful Fancy from her,
She's now Diana's chiefest Maid of Honor.
The sportful Goddess oftentakes delight,
To let her wear the Cressent of the Night;
And with her smiling Nymphs attending, stray
O're Latmos, Ephesius, and Cayria.
Ovid, thy Courtship She'l no more approve,
She must be courted with, Platanique Love,
Such as the holy Virgin Nun may pant,
When ended prayers to her Indulgent Saint.
Chast Votres, I will ofter at thy Shrine,
Flames, for their purity, shall equal thine.
Permit me though, when under Morpheus charms,
To dream I kiss, and keep Thee in mine Arms.
Soft Rest approach, polluted thoughts be gone,
Thou shalt be Cynthia, I, Endyminon.

With ALLOWANCE,

*

ያውሩ የውድድ የተውንቀው የውድድ የውድድ የተውንቀው የ

A POEM On the burning of LONDON.

Is a more grosse, then are Poëtick fires.

Who studies Elegance when he proclames
The near approaches of devouring Flames?

If then officious hast our Verses spoyle
This Subject, know, wants Water more then Oyle.

Is't still unknown from whence our ruine came, Whether from Hell, France, Rome, or Amsterdam? Must th'Salique Law in England too prevail? Must not Great Cities be Emperiall 'Cause Mothers call'd? Or doth this lightning from The Roman Altar, or darke Lantbornes come? Or from th'Infernall Netherlands is this? Or by reslected rayes from Brandaris?

Thus is our l'hanix in her spices burn'd, And Iroy-Novant is into Ashes turn'd. Must eminence of safety still despaire? Must Fire as well as Smoake pursue the faire? Honour's now ominous; and Purple dye Soonst catches Flames: Badges of Soveraignty Doe not protect us, but our fall conspire, Our very Faces first receive the fire. What once preserved the Israelisish band, Even Fiery Pillars now destroy our Land. Our London Frigatts burnt so oft of late, Doe seem to threaten Shipmrack to our State. Our Isle before obscure, now's famous grown By Flames, from Ashes now call'd Albion; soth Fire and Sword cause us still to remember, Th'one the Second, th' other th'Third day of September

This Protean Fire in power prevailing 10, Now in it's cruelty deth wanton grow. First seems Keligious, and doth put on The Face of Zeale, and bot Devotion, And Whips the Buyers and the Sellers out If the prophaned Temples, leeks about For hidden Wares; and then doth Sacrifice Their vainely Sanetnary'd Merchandife. And with such Swords at th' Churches dores doth stand, As once did th' Gate of Paradise command. Then, Zelot-like, destroys promiscuously What it pretended first to purifie : tlere Images of Saines, and Prophets Tombes In Flames doe suffer second Martyrdomes. The buried Bodies from their filent Urnes Begin to rife, thinking their wish'd returnes From th Grave are now at hand, whilst through the Such universall Flames as these are hurld. (world Saint Paul is now again alcended on The Wings of Fire, to th Heavens third Region;

Yet's Altar, and what thereto appertaines,
A sacred Portion to his Sonns remaines.
Thus at his Fiery Ascention is it said,
Elijah's Mantle on Elisha stayd:
Saint Peter's shade that once did Fewers Cure,
It selse's enough to cause a Calenture.
Th'Baptist againe into his desert's gonn,
What Waters then can we rely upon?
We onely now in too just seares doe stand,
Lest Floods of Barbarisme ore-slow our Land.
Since Pauls Church-yard had th'Vaticans sad doome,
Learning's now shrivell'd to a little roome;
Our Bays are wither'd, and now onely shall
Serve to attend upon this Funerall.

His Buildings fall, yet Gresbam stands entire, As once that facred Bush in midst of Fire: Those Regall Statues, struck with such a ray, Become like Memnons, vocall; feem to say Thus to the Fire, Let not your rage come nigh This Royall Place, affront not Majesty: But all in vaine, the Flames do still draw nigher, Kings may command the Earth, but Gods the Fire, Which now triumphantly as the Wind guides, In Fiery Chariots through the City rides; Breaks ope the Prison Dores, lets Captives free, In greater honour of it's Jubilee. Then to the Skyes it's Victory Proclames, In Monumentall Pyramids of Flames. The Cellars too are burnt, this Stygian Flame Goes downwards too, as thither whence it came.

Or Mansoleum, or an Epitaph, Since nothing but it's ruines can present, For so much greatnesse, a fit Monument.

Yet part remains, if therefore we inquire How Flames so strong, so strangely should expire, We may observe, their power did still decay, Since th'Temple they so rudely did assay. Thus Pompey lesse successfull still did grow, Since th'Inner Temple he prophaned so.

Let others feare bad Omens, yet we may
From this Red Evening hope thy clearer day;
Now may we hope th'appealed Deities,
Since Fire devours th'accepted Sacrifice.
Thus th'amorous God descended from above
In Golden Showres dissolv'd in Flames of Love:
Wee'le hope to see those days, when Peace againe
Shall Ride Triumphantly in CHARLES his Waine;
Then shall it's Harmony our Thebes advance,
And make rude Stones into a City Dance.

CITIZENS JOY

For the Rebuilding

OF

LONDON.

ONDON lies Grovelling on the Earth yet beggs
Her God again to raise her on her leggs.
She now confesseth (thereby warning all)
That Pride doth ever go before a fall.
Stript now of all her Ornaments the lies
In dust and ashes low; and ever cries,
Help, help, great King of Kings, Odon't deny;

Pour in my wounds thy Balfom, else I dye.

Her humble prayers were heard: Heaven did decrees

She should again injoy prosperity.

Physitians too were sent to tearch her grief;

Thus wants not mortal nor divine releife.

A God-confuming punisht Her with Fire,
And laid her ton to raise her up the higher.

He onely purg d Her from her dross that She
Resin'd might thine in greater purity.

Refin'd might thine in greater purity.

The Basis now is laid; and God commands,
That English men should lend their helping hands.
His Vice-roy, our dread Sov'raigns sirst obey'd,
And the first Stone of this great structure lay'd.
'Tis He that will this City now restore;
To greater glory than it had before.
For which brave deeds perpetually lets sing,
Glory to God and Honour to our King.
Neither pure gold, nor incense let us bring,
Yet sat as rich and sweet an offering.
And such as both those pretious things express,
Vhich is our hearts full fraught with thankfulness.
By which is sully paid the All we ovve
To God above or Mortal Men below.

The City-building Bill, is now an act,
Bleft be our Soveraigne for that gracious fact.
Nay more————now do I want an Epithite,
As bright as the Conveyor of our light.
An Att; O bleffed Att! yet that's too weak.
And not so splendid as my heart would speak.
An Att; of Att, which plainly doth impart
Conformity of Building, and of Heart.

Its influence hath quite dispell'd those clowds, Of Jealousies and Fears which throng'd in crowds, Anddid o'respread our Gloomy Hemispheare, Are dissipated, and no whereappear.

Our Winter's now e'ne gone, the Earth hath loft Her Snow-white Robes, and Mantles made of Frost. Now the warm Sun thaves the benummed Earth; And She now teeming well bring forth a birth The which all Nations shall with fear admire, Guarded by Angels from the rage of Fire. Now do a Quire of Chirping Minstrells bring In triumph to the World the Touthful Spring. The Spring comes on with more than usual speed, To see the sowing of immortal seed; Houses I mean, which shall supply the place Of such, which did before the place disgrace. Now shall each place prid in her structures, and Those structure's ne're contended for th' upperhand, The streets shall be dilated, and our wealth; More room to breath; better injoy our health. Old things shall be converted into new; Antiquity shall bid the World adieu. Nothing shall now obstruct the Cities weale; We must have fewer Churches, but more Zeal, Before we had so many, one in ten Could scarce on Sundays count so many men. From hence we see the Judgments just, which took Away the Churches basely we for fook.

Old drooping Paul ere long thall have a quire, Whose Heavenly Musick thall our souls inspire.
All things will so concur, in all agree,
No discords now, but all sweet harmony,

No discontent, but all replete with Joy; London's rebuilding now, Vive le Roy.

With Allowance.

CITIZENS JOY

For the Rebuilding

OF

LONDON

ONDON lies Grovelling on the Earthyet beggs
Her God again to raise her on her leggs.
She now consessed (thereby warning all)
That Pride doth ever go before a fall.
Stript now of all her Ornaments the lies
In dust and ashes low; and ever cries,
Help, help, great King of Kings, O don't deny;
Pour in my wounds thy Balsom, else I dye.
Her humble prayers were heard: Heaven did decree
She should again injoy prosperity.
Physitians too were sent to search her grief;
Thus wants not mortal nor divine releife.

A God-confuming punisht Her with Fire, And laid her too to raise her up the higher. He onely purg'd Her from her dross that She Resin'd might shine in greater purity.

The Basis now is laid; and God commands,
That English men should lend their helping hands.
His Vice-ros, our dread Sov'raigns first obey'd,
And the first Stone of this great structure lay'd.
'Tis He that will this City now restore;
To grearer glory than it had before.
For which brave deeds perpetually lets sing,
Glory to God and Honour to our King.
Neither pure gold, nor incense let us bring,
Yet sat as rich and sweet an offering.
And such as both those pretious things express,
Which is our hearts full fraught with thankfulness.
By which is fully paid the All we ovve
To God above or Mortal Men below.

The City-building Bill, is now an act, Blest be our Soveraigne for that gracious fact. Nay more————now do I want an Epithite, As bright as the Conveyor of our light.

An As; O blessed As! yet that's too weak. And not so splendid as my heart would speak. An As; of Ass, which plainly doth impart Conformity of Building, and of Heart.

Its influence hath quite dispell'd those clowds, Of Jealousies and Fears which throng'd in crowds, Anddid o'respread our Gloomy Hemispheare, Are dissipated, and no whereappear.

Our Winter's now e'ne gone, the Earth hath loft Her Snow-white Robes, and Mantles made of Frost. Now the warm Sun thavvs the benummed Earth; And She now teeming well bring forth a birth The which all Nations thall with tear admire, Guarded by Angels from the rage of Fire. Now do a Quire of Chirping Minstrells bring In triumph to the World the Touthful Spring. The Spring comes on with more than usual speed, To see the sowing of immortal seed; Houses I mean, which shall supply the place Of fuch, which did before the place difgrace. Now shall each place prid in her structures, and Those structure's ne're contended for th' upperhand. The fiseers shall be dilated, and our wealth; More room to breath; better injoy our health. Old things shall be converted into new; Antiquity (hall bid the World adieu. Nothing shall now obstruct the Cities weale; We must have fewer Churches, but more Zeal. Before we had to many, one in ten Could scarce on Sundays count so many men. From hence we see the Judgments just, which took Away the Churches basely we for look. Old drooping Paul ere long shall have a quire, Whose Heavenly Musick shall our souls inspire. All things will so concur, in all agree,

London's rebuilding now, Vive le Roy.

No discontent, but all replete with Joy;

With Allowance.

No discords now, but all sweet harmony,

ON THE

Death of Mr Calamy,

Not known to the Author of a long time after.

Nd must our Deaths be silenc'd too! I guess 'Tis some dumb Devil hath possest the Press; Calamy dead without a Publication!
'Tis great injustice to our English Nation:
For had this Prophet's Funeral been known,
It must have had an Universal Groan;
Afflicted London would then have been found
In the same year to be both burn'd and drown'd;
And those who found no Tears their slames to quench,
Would yet have wept a Showre, his Herse to drench.
Methinks the Man who stuffs the Weekly Sheet,

With fine New-Nothings, what hard Names did meet. The Emp'ress, how her Petticoat was lac'd, And how her Lacquyes Liveries were fac'd; What's her chief Woman's Name; what Dons do bring Almonds and Figs to Spain's great little King: Is much concern'd if the Pope's Toe but akes, When he breaks Wind, and when a Purge he takes; He who can gravely advertise, and tell Where Lockier and Rowland Pippin dwell; Where a Black-Box or Green-Bag was loft; And who was Knighted, though not what it cost: Methinks he might have thought it worth the while, Though not to tell us who the State beguile, Or what new Conquest England hath acquired; -Nor that poor Triffe who the City fired; Though not how Popery exalts its head, And Priests and Jesuits their poylon spread; Yet in swoln Characters he might let fly, The Presbyterians have lost an Eye. Had crack——'s Fiddle been in tune, (but he Is now a Silenc'd Man as well as We) He had struck up loud Musick, and had play'd A lig for joy that Calamy was laid; He would have told how many Coaches went; How many Lords and Ladies did lament; What Handkerchiefs were fent, and in them Gold To wipe the Widows eyes, he would have told; All had come out, and we beholden all

To him, for the o'reflowing of his gall.

But why do I thus Rant without a cause?

Is not Concealment Policy? whole Laws My filly peevifh Muse doth ill t'oppose For publickLofles no Man should disclose; And fuch was this, a greater loss by far, One Man of God then twenty Men of War; It was a King, who when a Prophet dy'd, Wept over him, and Father, Father cry'd. O if thy Life and Ministry be done My Chariots and Horsemen, strength is gone. I must speak sober words, for well I know If Saints in Heaven do hear us here below, A lye, though in his Praise, would make him frown, And chide me when with Jesus he comes down To judge the World. —— This little little He, This filly, fickly, filenc'd Calamy, Aldermanbury's Curate, and no more, Though he a mighty Miter might have wore, Could have vi'd Interest in God or Man, With the most pompous Metropolitan: How have we known him captivate a throng, And made a Sermon twenty thousand strong; And though black-mouths his Loyalty did charge, How Itrong his tug was at the Royal Barge, To hale it home, great GEORGE can well attest, Then when poor Prelacy lay dead in its nest; For if a Collect could not fetch him home, Charles must stay out, that Interest was mum.

Nor did Ambition of a Miter, make Him serve the Crown, it was for Conscience sake, Unbrib'd Loyalty! his highest reach Was to be Master Calamy, and preach. He bless'd the King, who Bishop him did name, And I bless him who did refuse the same. O! had our Reverend Clergy been as free To serve their Prince without Reward, as he, They might have had less Wealth with greater love: Envy, like Winds, endangers things above; Worth, not Advancement, doth beget esteem. The highest Weathercock the least doth seem. If you would know of what difease he dy'd, His grief was Chronical it is reply'd. For had he opened been by Surgeons art, They had found London burning in his heart; How many Messengers of death did he Receive with Christian Magnanimity! The Stone, Gout, Dropsie, Ills, which did arise From Griefs and Studies, not from Luxuries; The Megrim too which still strikes at the Head, These He stood under, and scarce staggered. Might he but work, though loaded with these Chains, He Pray'd and Preach'd, and fung away his pains; Then by a fatal Bill he was struck dead, And though that blow he ne're recovered, (For he remained speechless to his close) Yet did he breath, and breath out Prayers for those From whom he had that wound: he liv'd to hear An Hundred thousand buried in one year In his Dear City, over which he wept, And many Fasts to keep off Judgments, kept; Yet, yet he liv'd, stout heart he liv'd, to be Depriv'd, driven out, kept out, liv'd to see Wars, Blazing-Stars, Torches which Heaven ne're burns, But to light Kings or Kingdoms to their Urns. He lived to fee the Glory of our Ille, London confumed in its Funeral pile. He liv'd to see that lesser day of Doom, London, their Priests, burn sacrifice to Rome; That blow he could not stand, but with that fire As with a BurningFever did expire. Thus dy'd this Saint, of whom it must be said, He dy'd a Martyr, though he dy'd in's bed. So Father Ely in the Sacred page Sat quivering with fear as much as age, Longing to know, yet loth to ask the News How it far'd with the Army of the Jews. Israel flies, that struck his Palsie-head, The next blow stunned him, Your Sons are dead; But when the third stroke came, The Ark is lost, His heart was wounded, and his life it cost. Thus fell this Father, and we well do know He fear'd our Ark was going long ago.

The EPITAPH.

Here a poor Minister of Christ doth hie,
Who did INDEED a Bishoprick deny.
When his Lord comes, then, then, the World shall see
Such humble Ones, the rising-Men shall be:
How many Saints whom he had sent before,
Shouted to see him enter Heavens door:
There his blest soul beholds the face of God,
While we below groan out our Ichabod:
Under his burned-Church his Body lies,
But shall it self a glorious Temple rise;
May his kind slock when a new Church they make,
Call it St. Edmundsbury for his sake.

A Poor Scholar's Thred-bare Suit DESCRIBED

HIS

龙来来看来**是是是全年来来来来来是是我来来来来来来看我来坐在**我我我就在我来来来来来来我我

Onder not why these Lines come to your hand, The Naked truth you foon shall understand, I have a Suit to you, that you would be So kind as fend another Suit to me.

The Spring appears, and now Beafts, Birds, and Bees, The fruitful fields, gay Gardens, and tall Trees Are covered; All things that do ereep or fly, Have gotten their Apparell on, but I; Time hath impar'd my Breeches, they flew, Sir,

Or Adam's leaves when Mercers shops did grow, By Fig-tree court in Parer-noster-rows Round about Lundon all Hedges and Ditches,

My patches dangle on my tatter d Trowzes, Like Hen and Chickens, that hang up in houses; And having crack'd out the contracting flitches, They look rather like Petticoats then Breeches; So that my doublet pinn'd, makes me appear,

The V Vomen call'd me Woman, till the Fools Spy'd their mistake through my Pocket bole, My Wastband's wasted, and my Doublet looks

My Eyes are out, and all my Button-moulds,

I have scarce lett a Skirt to sit upon;

Two fly Slaves follo wed me, and one, or both,

My Belly-peeces though, are fat, and will,

Last Shroveiide my Fore-skirt (as i'm a Sinner) Fell in the Batter, and was fry'd for Dinner,

She would have made a Pancake of my Pocket:

That I and is full of ignorance and ills, Where Scholars Teeth, prove their own Papiermills, That which I name a Shirt, looks like a Clout,

Like the Scotch Flaggs that hung in VVeftminfter,

As they catch Wool, wear fragments of my Breeches,

Not like a Man, but a loofe Wastcoatiere.

Like him that wears it, quite off o'the books,

Drop, like ripe Hazle Nats, out of the bulls, The Suburbs of my Jacket being gone,

My Doublet canvasse worn out quite behind, I put a Poem there, to keep out wind;

(Like Boyes in Horn-books) Read it through the Cloth;

If toafted, ferve for Belly-peeces ftill.

But when the Wench faw how my Jaws did knock it,

Which some unhappy Gibbit had worn out,

渁콿綮**嵡嵡嵡**錼畭竤쌼**溛嵡繿溛騇嵡瘚**浵獥**鳌衤宩ջ**艛

But (as I am a true man and a Scholar) This very Spring hath purg'd away my Collar; My Weeds are Plough'd and Harrow'd, and I know, Unless I can get new, 'tis time to Sow.

About my neck, as you may understand, In litteral fense, is a right falling band. I wear a pair of Cuffs withall, and they, Look like those Cuffs which menget in a fray; I had a Girdle too, when I was dreft, But that is gone long fince; ungirt, unbleft; Instead of wearing Powdred-bair, my chief Invention is, how to get Powdred boof; My Hatt's fo full of holes, I can't devile A way how I should pluck it ore my Eyes, My Shoes and I in one condition roul, And both appear as if we had no Soul; My Stocking calves are best of all my stock, Sound as a Bell, but broken in the Clock. I am a Clock my felf, which if fierce weather, Should separate, no art could set together, My Books are run away off from my Shelf, I cannot quote my Amber nor my felf, And (like the old heroick Tale) they be; Jove knows, all in the Land of Lombardy.

When thorough Birchin Lane I make my track, No Sales-man cryes to me What do you lack, He fees it well enough, oh wicked age That fill'ft the Schools with Ruine, Rages and Rage, I am patch'd just like Cottages with Thatch, The first Material is the Smallest Patch;

Then pray Sir quickly fend me fome redrefs," E're my fuit falls as a Cloud vanishes, For now it is (by most mens approbation) The next degree unto Annihilation. To fumm up all, 'tis a confused rude Ragg, that admits of no similitude, So thin, Imagination cannot strike it, And fo like Nothing, that ther's nothing like it. FINIS.

London, Printed for William Whit wood at the Golden-Lyon in Duck-Lane.

UPONTHE

REBUILDING the CITY

The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor,

ANDTHE

Noble Company of Bachelors Dining with Him; May 5th 1669.

Or could Prometheus, when he would have stol From jealous Jupiter a living cole To animate his well dissembled clay, Either prevail, or go unplagu'd away, Nor when proud Nature to recruit the earth And brave Heaven, brought forth Giants at each birth, Those stalking Mountains, sons of slime and mud Reliques of the universal Floud)

Setting them all to work, as soon as born

Setting them all to work, as foon as born
Then when their Highnesses, did not think scorn
To tread the Mortar, and were Masons made,
And bricklayers---the only thriving Trade,
Though they design'd, with high and pointed Towers
To pierce and stab those clouds, whose mighty showers
Had drown'd their Fathers, and to climb so high,
Till they pickt Stars (like Cowslips) from the sky,
Could they prevent their soolish Babels fall,
But were turn'd canting, wandring Gypsies all.

Nor shalt thou better speed (proud Rome) not Thou Though thou hast carried Empire on thy brow, And with thy Canons made all Monarchs quake As thunder doth the trembling Mountains shake:
No, though thy head, thy forty nead thou raise
To try thy horned strength with Contheas.
No, though thy Father be the Prince of th' Air And with thee doth his vast Dominion share; No, though thy Eagles wings thou stretch as wide As Sol his beams, or Neptune doth his Tyde; No, though thy greedy cruel breed be nurft With the same milk thy Founder suckt at first; And though thy zeal (Ah, curfed zeal!) aspire To raise thy Pope, great Pyramids of fire, From burned Cities; yet thy felf (proud Dame) Who burnt with Sodoms luft, shalt with her slame. Where are thy Fauces in their dark difguife, Incendiary Priests, and subtile Spies, Who when our Londons fiery tryal came, Like Salamanders feasted in the flame, And curit the hands that fift thould lay a Brick Tow'rds the rebuilding that grand Heretick; Who when great Greshams spicy nest consum'd (Though the immortal founder flood perfum'd In the rich Incense) hug'd themselves to see Our Monarchs martyr'd in Effigie. Now let them stare and startle at the fight, And Bark as Curs do at the Moons fair light: Let them not boast their Charls la Grand, la Boon, Great Brittain can outshine them both in One, A Prince of far more gracious intents Then all thy Urbans, Clements, Innocents, Upon whose head shall stand a Tripple Crown, When thy grand Tyrants shall be tumbled down. Still on our Thames shall noble Barges ride, When Tyber to a Ditch shall shrink her pride. Our Lions still are Rampant, and our Rose Yields her friends sweetness, prickles to our foes: Our Citizens shall feast in their Guld-Hall, And eat Geese---Patrons of thy Capital. Justice and Mercy now shall guard her store, And her Mock-Giants she shall need no more. Th' Exchange that Royal Infant, shortly will Her own and forreign Language speak with skill;

Or could Prometheus, when he would have stole
From jealous Jupiter a living cole
To animate his well dissembled clay,
Either prevail, or go unplagu'd away,

And on that Acre the Noon Sun shall see
All his long Travels in Epitonie:
We have our Newgate and old Tyburn too,
Ready to serve their Turns who turn to you.

Kind Heaven and all the Elements confoire (And fuch conspiracy's we may defire) To make our City fairer, stronger, higher, The Sun gets up each morn at peep of day To overlee the Work, and late doth flay Before he lets the Labourers retreat, As if he undertook the work by th' Great. The Earth gives clay, the water moistens it; The gentle Air tempers, and makes it fit, And then the fire, as if it meant to make Full fatisfaction, and revenges take Upon it felf, (though in a smother'd way As modest Thieves their injuries repay) Works in the Brick-kilne, works till it grow fick, And fainting dyes, leaving on every Brick And every Tyle a lasting Blush--as who Would say, for former Mischiefs this I do.

Nor doth the Sun alone the Work o're fee, Rut there is One as viguant as he, A Pious, Loyal, Wife, Just May'r, a Lord Who like Zerubbabel with awful fword Defends the Trowel, whose sweet voice hath powers (As Orpheus had to raise his Theban Towers) To make the teeming bowels of the earth Shoot up new Buildings by an easie birth. He guards the Sabbaths with an holy care, And bleffeth all the Week by that Dayes prayer; His Magistracy lies not in his Train, His stately Steed, his Scarlet, or his Chain; He, and his Sword in Velvet fast asleep, But watchful, God's peace and the Kings to keep; With a strict hand the Ballance he doth hold, Trying the Cause how weighty, not the Gold: As he with Virtue meets, or with Offence, So do his looks or smiles, or frowns dispence; His smoother Chine carrying as grave a grace, As the Diocesans well bearded face.

Boast on (old Beldame Rone) and brag-Thou hast Thousands of Sons and Daughters pure and chast, Yet thou shalt find for all their single Lives, But little Virgin Honey in their Hives: Those thievish Drones thy Fryars without wings, Creep to thy Nuns, and leave behind their slings. Thou hast thy Foan's as well as Popes---Fame sayes,

Thy Innocents have their Olimpia's.

But London which the Nuptial Band allows,
And hates to lock her Virgins up in Vows,
Can glory in her Batchelor Lord May'r,
Chast as the Dove, thoughof the Ravens Hair:
The Widom City is his Spouse---and He
Cares for her Children and great Family;
Nor doth he stand (although he lies) alone
(He were a Phanix if he were but One)
But as the Moon, when she her progress goes,
The Court of Stars, as her Attendants shows:
So when Beloved Turner please to call,
Great Troops of Batchelors adorn his Hall;
None male content, and yet Male Virgins all)

On May's fifth day (Oh, 'twas a wondrous fight!) Three hundred Virgins, Virgins day and night; Virgins in Breeches, Virgins all as true, As the for whom Saint George the Dragon flew; Some hoary old, some young, but all were chast Either above, or underneath the wast; None of them had they been in Scottish School, Had grunted in the Penitential Stool; None, had they liv'd in times of Commutation, Had pay'd a stone to Pauls for Fornication. None from an Ordeal Tryal need to fly That Purgatory fire of Chastity; None free of Creswel Colledge, not a Man Need fear to meet a Nurse or some Trappan; None of them all, (for ought the Poet knows) Wears (though anothers Hair) anothers Nofe. My Lord himself, and all his Guests, I think In the same Cup, might without danger drink; Yet none, (if called lawfully) but can Beget a Son, may prove an Alderman.

These Sons of Peace, and Sons of Mars, if Charls Please to take notice of his Neighbours marks Came not to shew their Valour in his Hall, To combate Cuftard, batter Pasty Wall: To try the Issue of an equal Bet Whether their Teeth or Knives were sharpest set: To take the Red-coat-Lobsters by the back And with bold hands, their clattering Armour crack; But their chief errand was, to pray he would Command their Persons and accept their Gold. And if their Votes and mine were current, He Should their Perpetual Distator be. But if the scarlet Sphere must turn about (Though turning round makes giddy heads I doubt) Yet his Exemplar Government shall stand, And teach Successors how they should command.

A Virgin Queen, and Batchelor Lord Mayor,
To England are as prosperous as rare,
She made the City love the Court, and He
The Court the City by his Loyalty.
He a wise Imitator of his King,
Finds Moderation is a Healing thing.

Oh, if our Churches Overseers would yeild And let poor Labourers come forth and build, Such as Untempred Mortar dare not use, Nor for Foundations, siran and stubble chuse; Though every stone across they do not lay, But some work one, and some another way, Our New Jerusalem should soon behold Sion in glory, though it wanted Gold. Hard upon Hard, no lafting work will make, Nor can one Flint another kindly break: But Moderation is a Cement fure, Tis that which makes the universe endure: That makes our Climate prove a temperate Zone Betwixt the Torrid, and the Frigid One. If we all build up Pater-Noster-Row, We may let Ave-Mary-Corner go; Black and White Friars did together stand, And may again, if Wisdom might command, If not, I'le fay no more, but this will fwear, Bedlam and Bishopsgate near Neighbours are.

A WIPE for

ITER-BOREALE WI

An Infallible Cure for the Gout.

OUT! I conjure thee by the pow'rful names Of Monk and Brown, and their victorious fames, To tell me (speak no doubt thou canst: speak, come, A Presbyterian Bishop can't be dumb) * Gout so called in his letter to Why didft thou shackle the Poetick feet

Calamy.

Of thy lov'd Maiter, when it was most meet They should be jogging. Can Monk and Brown die, And wild be tame? not write an Elegie?

Gout! thou'rt ingrateful: Hast so soon forgot Who made thee Bishop, did he make thee sot? See Presbyterian Humility;

Ev'n their Distempers Governors must be, A Gout install'd a Bishop! hence we know Who you had rather should be at your toe. If thou art Bishop, Gout, speak, what dost ail? Bifhops the Churches lofs ufe to bewail, Gout! keek place; if thou canst live at ease: Pity a Bishop should leave's Diocess.

Monk, Brown die unlamented ! sad disasters! See, see how Presbyterians love their Masters : You that at Publick Triumphs sowrely look, That in your faces ev'n without a book, A Let'ny may be read; dare you not cry Good Lord deliver's when such men dody? That Conventicles must go down 'tis signe, When Conventiclers have forgot to whine, Shall Englands Trusty, Loyal General dye? And go to's grave without a fingle figh? When Calamy, Rebellious Trump'ter shall Whole volleys have discharg'd at's Funeral: This feems not fair play, wild, ev'n to us boyes, But you like us love them that make most noise. Hold! Hold! this is not all: this proud withstander Can't chuse but hate Monk 'cause he was Commander Stay surious Muse: Let's breath a little; come,

We'll in again by th' help of Ham or Ham. Hum, Haw, nay stay, what shall we hold forth next? We'll keep t'our business, though we leave our Text. But to the matter : Wild 'tis wifely done, No people yet ador'd the setting Sun. To Heath'nish customs Saints cannot conform, When we are calmest, then's their Cue to storm. We applaud men when they go off the stage;
* They when they enter, slighly to engage Them to their party: Such perverse Comedians Are all these Crab-like, cross-grain'd Presbyterians.

Monk! that one Monosyttable out shines Plantagenets bright name, and Constantines. They have the art to time things: this was wrote When George came newly out of th' arms o'th' Scot. Oh then wild thought for Kirk he would declare, And thought he should b' a niggard did he spare : But mark the end, George proves an honest man, And's hated by this Presbyterian,

For did he love him, now's a time to show it, Monk's death's a subject that can make a Poet: wild 1 of that Syllable why now ne're a word; The reason's plain; Division it abhorr'd. If a recanting Penitent but part With's errors, saying, Mines a broken beart, Gainft him wild writes : Why? Lee doth hardnef want;

He car., be precious if no Adamant. If George deserv'd no Elegie from thee, Yet shall the Dutchess thus rewarded be? She that from top to toe thee cloath'd; is't meet Thou shouldst not give her one poor winding-sheet? Canst not be wild, but thou's be also rude?

See (people) Presbyterian Gratitude.

But flay, the Conscious Sister-bood conscious horas Perhaps do say, Sweet Doctor's cann's be good, For to revive a dead Monks memory, We think it savours much of Popery. Most Silter-like advice! Are these your fears? Yet sure Brown's name sounds sweet i'th' Sectaries ears. This Brown's fure should in thine his Chaplain Wild: Hast thou thy Patron of his dues beguir'd? A Presbyterian is the greatest cheat, He'll not say Grace where he expects no meat. Perhaps these petty things wild hath forgot: He's thinking what Noncon. dare swear, what not. I dare not swear they're truly Loyal, but When we their Swords have, I'll swear they's not cut. I dare not swear they love to keep the Laws, But I dare swear they'd run to start the cause: Had they but opportunity to do'c, And wild would follow, though with limping foot? For all his Crack-f --- brag : Oar King mifled, We'll bite our nails rather then scratch our head : Or his We'll prove more Loyal, and more true, And give to Cafar and to God his due. wild, hath thy Muse no subject? doth she want one?

Let her next prophecy on Doctor Manton.

And if he stay, Wild, come and keep his door,

Hang Conventicles, then you'll ne're be poor.

Your City-Brethren sure will give you bub, And there with one another you may club For whining tones, 'gainst Bishops how to rant, Rich Wine will make you Doctors loudly cant : And when guilt robs you of your sweet repose, O'ch' Solemn League and Cov'nant take a dose. No doubt your hearts with joy it needs must fill To think you fuffer: Why? to please your will. There read your Iter Boreale o're, And spell that Backward which you wrote before.

Your filence now fays you diffembled then, Yet these are the plain dealing honest men.

wild vow you'll ne're praise man more, till you know, Whether he'll live and dye your Friend or Foe.

1. M.

* mitnefs Iter Borgale.

Iter Boreale.

Dr. Wild's Poem.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS, &c,

NEWSONG

OLD FRIEND from an OLD POET,

Upon the Hopeful

New Parliament.

E are All tainted with the Athenian-Itch, News, and new Things do the whole World bewitch. Who would be Old, or in Old fashions Trade? Even an Old Whore would fain go for a Maid: The Modest of both Sexes, buy new Graces, Of Perriwigs for Pates, and Paint for Faces. Some wear new Teeth in an old Mouth; and some Carve a new Nose out of an aged Bum. Old Hesiad's gods Immortal Youth enjoy: Curid, though Blind, yet still goes for a Boy; Under one Hood Hypocrite Janus too, Carries two faces, one Old, th'other New. Apollo wears no Beard, but still looks young; Diana, Pallas, Venus, all the throng Of Mules Graces, Nymphs, look Brisk and Gay, Priding themselves in a perpetual May. Whiles doting Saturn, Pluto, Proferpin, At their own ugly Wrinkles Rage and Grin; The very Furies in their looks do twine; Snakes, whole embroydered skyns nenew their shine; And nothing makes Great Juno chase and scold, But Joves new Misses slighting her as Old. Poets, who others can Immortal make, When they grow Gray, their Lawrels them forfake; And feek young Temples, where they may grow Green; No Pallie-hands may wash in Hypocrene; Twas not Terfe Clarret, Eggs, and Muskadine, Nor Goblets Crown'd with Greek or Spanish Wine, Could make new Flames in Old Ben Johnsons Veins, But his Attempts prov'd lank and languid strains: His New Inn (fo he nam'd his youngest Play) Prov'd a blind Ale-house, cry'd down the first Day: His own dull Epitaph-Here lies Ben Johnson, (Half drunken too) He Hickcupt---- who was once one. An ! this fad once one ! once we Trojans were; Oh, better never, if not fill we are. Rhymes, of Old Men, Iliack passions be, When that should downward go, comes up we see, And are like Jews-Ears in an Elder-Tree; When Spectacles do once bestride the Nose, The Poet's Gallop turns to stumbling-Profe. Sir, I am Old, Cold, Mould; and you might hope To see an Alderman dance on a Rope, A Judg to act a Gallant in a Play, Or an Old Pluralist Preach twice a day; Of a Thin Taylor make a Valiant Knight, Or a good Subject of a Jesuite; As an old Bald-pate (fuch as mine-you know) Should make his Hair, or Wit and Fancy grow Nor is there need that fuch a Block as Should now be hew'd into a Mercury. When Winter's gone, the Owl his foot may spare, And to the Nightingales relign the Air. Such is the beautiful new face of things: By Heavens kind Influences, and the Kings, Toy should inspire; and all in measures move, And every Citizen a Virgil prove. Each Protestant turn Poet; and who not Should be suspected guilty of the Plot; If, now the day doth dawn, our Cocks forbear To clap their Wings and Crow, you well may swear,

It is their want of Loyalty, not Wit,
That makes them fullen, and so filent fit.

Galli of Gallick kind—Ple say no more,
But that their Combs are Cut, and they are fore;
Yet to provoke them, my old Cock shall Crow,
That so his Eccho round the Town may go.

Upon the New PARLIAMENT.

MY Landlord underprop't his House some years, Was often warn'd--'Twould fall about his Ears; For the main Timber, That above, and under, By every Blast was apt to rend asunder. This year He gently took all down, and then What of the Old prov'd found, did serve agen. May all the New be Heart of English Oak, And the whole House stand firm from fatal strok, And nothing in't, the Founder e're provoke. My Grandam, when her Bees were old and done, Burnt the old Stock, and a new Hive begun; And in one year she found a greater store Of Wax and Honey then in all before. Variety and Novelty delights;
Old Shooes and Mouldy Bread are Gibeonites. When Cloaths grow thread-bare, and breeds Vermin too, To Long Lane with them, and put on some new: When VVine turns Vinegar-All Art is vain, The VVorld can never make it Wine again. 'Tis time to wean that Child, who bites the Breaft; And Chase those sowls that do befowl their Nest When Nolls Nose found the Rump began to smell; He dock't it, and the Nation lik't it well-Caft the old-mark't and greazy Cards away, And give's a new Pack, else we will not play; Nothing but Pork, and Pork, and Pork, to eat! Good Lanlord give's fresh COMMANS for our Meat-Trent Council Thirty years lay sows'd in pickle, Until it prov'd a Rinking Conventicle. And now Old Rome plays over her old Tricks, This Seventy-nine, shall pay for Sixty-six: Out of the Fire, like new refined Gold, How bright new London looks above the Old, All Creatures under Old Corruptions groan, And for a New Creation make their moan: The Phanix (of her self grown weary) dyes Unto fuccession a burnt-sacrifice. Old Eagles breed bad Hawks, and they worse Kites, And they blind Buzzas (as Old Pliny Writes), Deans, Prebends, Chaplains think themselves have wrong, When Bishops live unmer long; And poor Differers beg they may alcend Into a Pulpit from the Tables end. And who hath not by good experience found Best Crops are gained by new-broken ground, And the first seed--OATS sisted clean and sound? But yet Old Friends, Old Gold, Old King, I praise Old Tyburn take them who do otherwise: Heaven Chase the Vultur from our Eagles Nest, And let no Ravens this March-Brood moleft? So Sings poor Robin Redbreft.

FINIS.

K 76-76

H: 231

H: 231

M: 231

R: 231

A

VPON THE

Imprisonment of Mr. Calamy in Newgate.

By Robert Wild D. D. Author of the late Iter Boreale.

His Page I send you Sir, your Newgate Fate
Not to condole, but to congratulate.
I envy not our Mitred men, their Places,
Their rich Preferments, nor their richer Faces:
To see them Steeple upon Steeple set,
As if they meant that way to Heaven to get.
I can behold them take into their Gills
A dose of Churches, as men swallow Pills,
And never grieve at it: Let them swim in Wine
Whilst others drown in tears, I'le not repine,
But my heart truly grudges (I consess)
That you thus loaded are with happiness;

For so it is: And you more blessed are
In Peter's Chain, than if you set in's Chair.
One Sermon hath preferr'd you so much Honor
A man could scarce have had from Bishop Bonner;
Whilst We (your Brethren) poor Erraticks be,
You are a glorious fixed Star we see.
Hundreds of us turn out of House and Home;

To a safe Habitation you are come.
What though it be a Gaol? Shame and Disgrace
Rise only from the Crime, not from the place.
Who thinks reproach or injury is done
By an Estimetro the unsported Sun?

Who thinks reproach or injury is done
By an Eclipse to the unspotted Sun?
He only by that black upon his brow
Allures spectators more; and so do you.
Let me find Honey, though upon a Rod;
And prize the Prison, where my Keeper's God:
Newgate or Hell were Heaven if Christ were there;
He made the Stable so, and Sepulchre.
Indeed the place did for your presence call;

Prisons do want perfuming most of all.
Thanks to the Bishop and his good Lord Mayor,
Who turn'd the Den of Thieves into a House of Prayer:
And may some Thief by you converted be,

Like him who suffer'd in Christ's company.
Now would I had sight of your Mittimus;
Fain would I know why you are dealt with thus,
Jaylor set forth your Prisoner at the Bar;

Sir, you shall hear what your offences are.

First, It is prov'd that you being dead in Law,
(As if you car'd not for that death a straw)

Did walk and haunt your Church, as if youl'd scare
Away the Reader and his Common Prayer.

Nay 'twill be prov'd you did not only walk,
But like a Puritan your Ghost did talk.

Dead, and yet preach! these Prestriction slaves

Will not give over preaching in Exercises.

Item, You play'd the Thief; and it be fo,
Good reason (Sir) to Newgate yet haved go:
And now you're there, some dare to twent you are
The greatest Fickpecket that e're came there:
Your Wife too, little better than your self you make;
She is the Receiver of each Purse you take.
But your great Thest, you act it in your Church,
(I do not mean you did your Sermon lurch,
That's crime Camerical) but you did pray
and preach, so that you stole mens hearts away;

So that good man to whom your place doth fall ! Will find they have no heart for him at all : This Felony deferred Imprisonment; What can't you Nonconformist be content Sermons to make, except you preach them too? They that your places have, this Work can't do. Thirdly, 'Tis prov'd, when you pray most devout For all good men, you leave the Bishops out: This makes Seer Sheldon by his powerful spell Conjure and lay you fafe in Newgate-hell: Would I were there too, I should like it well. I would you durst fwaft punishment with me ; ! Pain makes me ficter for the company Of roaring boys; and you may lie a bed, Now your Name's up; pray do it in my flead : And if it be deny'd us to change places, Let us for sympathy compare our cases; For if in suffering we both agree, Sir, I may challenge you to pity me ! I am the older Gaol-bird; my hard fate Hath kept me twenty years in Cripple-Gate; Old Bishop Gout, that Lordly proud difease, Took my fat body for his Diocels, Where he keeps Court, there visits every Limb, And makes them (Levite-like) conform to him; Severely he doth Article each joint, And makes enquiry into every point: A bitter Enemy to preaching; he Hath half a year sometimes suspended me ; And if he find me painful in my station, Down Iam sure to go next Visitation: He binds up, looseth; sets up and pulls down; Prezends he draws ill humors from the Crown But I am fure he maketh fuch ado, His humors trouble Head and Members too: He hath me now in hand, and ere he goes, I fear for Hereticks he'le burn my toes. O! I would give all I am worth, a fee, That from his jurisdiction I were free,

Now Sir, you find our sufferings do agree, One Bishop clapt up you, another me : But oh! the difference too is very great You are allow'd to walk, and drink, and eat: I want them all, and never a penny gett And though you be debarr'd your liberty, Yet all your Vifitors Ihope are free, Good men, good women, and good Angels come? And make your Prison better than your home. Now may it be so till your foes repent They gave you such a rich imprisonment. May for the greater comfort of your lives, Your lying in be better than your Wives. May you a thousand friendly papers see, And none prove empty except this from me. And if you flay, may I come keep your door; Then farwel Parsonage, I shall ne're be poors

D' WILD'S Humble Thanks

For His MAJESTIES Gracious DECLARATION for

C20/2

Liberty of Conscience, March 15. 1672.

O, not one word, can I of this Great Deed, In Merlin or old Mother Shipton read! Old Tyburn take those Tychobrahe Imps, As silger, who would be accounted Pimps To the Amorous Planets, they the minute know When Jove did Cuckold old Amphitryo. Ken Mars, and made Venus wink and glances, Their close Conjunctions, and mid-night Dances; When collive Saturn goes to stool, and vile Thief Mercury doth pick his Fob the while; When Lady Luna leaks, and makes her man Throw't out of Window into th' Ocean. More subtle than the Excise-men here below, What's spent in every Sign in Heaven they know. Cunning Intelligencers! they'l not miss To tell us next year the success of this; They correspond with Dutch and English Star, As one once did with CHARLES and Oliver. The Bankers also might have, had they gone, What Planet governed the Exchequer, known. Old Lilly though he did not love to make Any words on't, faw the English take Five of the Smyrna Fleet, and if the Sign Had been Aquarius, they'd made them Nine. When Sagitarius took his aim to shoot At Bishop cosin, he spyed him no doubt; And with such force the winged-Arrow flew, Instead of one Church Stag he killed two; Clocester and Durham when he espy'd, Let Lean and Fat go together he cry'd. Well Wille Lille, thou know'st all this as well As I, and yet wouldst not their Lordships tell. I know thy Plea too, and must it allow, PRELATES should know as much of Heaven as thou: But now Friend William, fince its done and past, Pray thee, give us Phanaticks but oue Cast, What thou foresaw'st of March the Fifteenth Last; When swift and sudden as the Angels flye, Th' Declaration for Conscience-Liberty; When things of Heaven burst from the Royal Breast, More fragrant than the Spices of the East. I know in next years Almanack thou'lt write, Thou faw'st the King and Council over-night, Before that morn, all lit in Heaven as plain To be discern'd, as if 'twere Charles's Waine, Great B, great L, and two great AA's were chief, Under Great CHARLES to give poor Fan's relief; Thou fawest Lord Arlington ordain the man To be the first Lay-Metropolitan. Thou faw'st him give induction to a Spittle, And constitute our Brother TOM-DOE-LITTLE. In the Bears Paw, and Bulls right Eye, Some Detriment to Priests thou did espye; And though by sol in Libra thou didst know Which way the Scale of Policy would go; Yet Mercury in Aries did decree, That Wool and Lamb should still Conformists be. But hark-you Will, Steer-poching is not fair ; Had you amongst the Steers found this March-Hare, Bred of that lufty Puss the Good Old Cause, Religion rescued from Informing Laws; You should have yelpt aloud, hanging's the end, By Huntsmens Rule, of Hounds that will not spend. Be gone thou and thy canting-Tribe, be gone; Go tell thy destiny to followers none: Kings Hearts and Councils are too deep for thee, And for thy Stars and Damons Scrutinue, King CHARLES Return was much above thy skill To fumble out, as twas against thy will. From him who can the Hearts of Kings inspire, Not from the Planets, came that Sacred Fire Of Soveraign Love, which broke into a Flame;

From God and from his King alone it came,

To the KING.

SO great, so universal, and so free!
This was too much great CHARLES, except for Thee, For any King to give a Subject hope; To do thus like Thee, would undo the Pope; Yea, tho 'his Vassals should their wealth combine To buy Indulgence half so large as thine: No, if they should not only kis his Toe, But Clement's Podex, he'd not let them goe. Whil'st Thou to 's shame, Thy immortal glory Hast freed All-souls from real Purgatory, And given All-Saints in Heav'n new Joys, to see Their friends in England keep a Jubilee. Suspect them not, Great Sir, nor think the worse; For fudden Joys like grief confound at first. The splendour of your favour was so bright, That yet it dazles and o'rewhelms our light. Drunk with her cups, my Muse did nothing mind, And until now her feet she could not find. Greediness makes Prosa ness in th' first place, Hungry men fill their bellies, then lay grace. We wou'd make Bonfires, but that we do fear The name of Incend'ary we may hear: We wou'd have Musick too, but 'twill not doo, For all the Fidlers are Conformists too. Nor can we ring, the angry Churchman Iwears, By the King's leave the Bells and Ropes are theirs: And let'em take'em, for our Tongues shall sing Your Honour louder than their Clappers ring. Nay, if they will not at this Grace repine, We'l dress the Vineyard, they shall drink the Wine. Their Church shall be the Mother, ours the Nurse. Peter shall preach, Judas shall bear the Purse. No Bishops, Parsons, Vicars, Curates, We But only Ministers desire to be. We'l preach in Sackcloth, they shall read in Silk. We'l feed the Flock, and let them take the Milk. Let but the Black birds fing in bushes cold, And may the Jack-dames still the Steeples hold. We'l be the Feet, the Back, and Hands, and they Shall be the Belly, and devour the Prey, The Tythe-pigg shall be theirs, we'l turn the spit, We'l bear the Crofs, they only fign with it. But if the Patriarchs shall envy show, To see their younger-Brother Joseph go In Coat of divers colours, and shall fall To rend it, 'cause it's not Canonical: Then may they find him turn a Dreamer too, And live themselves to see his Dream come true. May rather they and we together joyn In all what each can; But they have the Coyn, With Prayers and Tears such service much avail: With Tears to swell your Seas, with Prayers your Sails; And with Men too from both our parties; such I'm sure we have, can cheat, or beat, the Dutch. A Thousand Quakers, Sir, our fide can spare; Nay, two or three, for they great Breeders are. The Church can match us to with Jovial Sirs, Informers, Singing-men and Paraters. Let the King try, fet these upon the Decks Together, they will Dutch or Devil vex. Their Breath will mischief further than a Gun. And if you lose them, you'l not be undone. Pardon, dread Sir, nay pardon this course Paper, Your License 'twas made this poor Poet caper.

ITER BOREALE.

Poor Robbin's Parley with D' WILDE,

Reflections on The HUMBLE THANKS for His Majesties Declaration

Liberty of CONSCIENCE.

which by your Capering you lately made.
When several Poetasters of the times,
Run out ha-loo to Bull-bait your bold rimes,
Chatt'ring at you as Troops of smaller Fowl,
Are wont against (Minerwa's bird) the Owl;
And your late Tipsi'd muse ('tishop'd again,
Has after this large cast settled her Brain.
Vouchsafe t'admit your Brother to your sight,
Who yet comes more to parley then to fight.

When first the Hawkers Baul'di'th streets Wild's name, A lickorifb longing to my pallate came; A Feast of wit I look'd for, but, alas! The meat smelt strong, and too much sauce there was, The Northern March, who would not grieve to fee't, Forc'd to claim kindred with a Ballad sheet? Methoughts it could not be, Wild's noble vain, Should dwindle thus into a Dogg'rel strain, Whose Muse of yore did on a Loyal String, Triumphant Georgicks, and brave Carols fing, His Language flowing, and his fancies fine, Rich as his face, and sparkling as his wine That he should now in hobbling Meetre creep, That (like his Sermons) only invites to fleep. But I'le not rob you of the glory due Unto this Doughty Feat, on second view I find there's cause to guess (Sir!) 't may be you. Who but a Dostor skill'd in all the Arts, To mince a Text in four and Twenty parts, So apily could Commence his humble Thanks, With Threescore Lines about Star-Readers pranks, With Tales of pimping Cuckolds, picking Fobs, Going to Stool, and such grave witty Bobs, Upon your Priestbood tell us Sir; of late Have you not Exercised nigh Billingigate? We hereby find without a figure cast, I hat still your Wild Phanatick Freaks do last, The Dragons Tail to the Horoscope doth cling, And in your mouth lies its Invenous'd fting, Which makes you Hifs at Reverend Prelates thus, And feek once more to start, the old lusty Puss. Caule you have got your rambling Libertye, So great, So universal and so free Must facred Functions tastyour Railleree. Must you go dream, and wish the Rotchet may, To the Lay-Elders Motley Coat give way? The lofty Miter to the Blew-bonnet vail, And grave Caffock to curtail'd fump strike lail;

Shall Wild-boars that not long fince trampled down Our thriving Vines, and crusht them on the ground? Now drefs our Vineyards, or they feed our Flock Who brought our Royal Shepherd to the Block? No, let such Unitares Lurk in Busbes Cold, Whilst still our Loyal Swans their Steeples hold; But tell me Wild! Is't not a Bull, or worle, We shall hatch milk, yet you would sain be Nurse? 'Tis plain you mean to starve the little brood, Or (what some fear) would bring them up with blood; You'd have all Joyn, even the Quakers too, (Insects that first crawl dout upon's from you) And yet each Line betrays your curs'd intent, is only old Divisions to foment, To scoff at Clergy-Men of all degrees, And Saucily to Stile them Judases Is sure t' Abuse this Act of Grace, the King Indulg'd your Preaching not your Libelling; To try your Tempers was his Royal will, And you'r but on your good Behaviou's still; Since your long Silene'd Tongues again set free, And gowty Toes to have their libertye, Methinks henceforth they should in Pu'pits prance, And not thus wantonly in Sonnets Dance; Fie! Fie! A Minister and Lampoon! give ore 7 Here's other fish to fry, play the fool no more In Rhime, but now begin on the other Score. Hark how the Thick scull d Rams of your Fold bleat, Away then with your Pipe, and give them meat; The kinder Sisters too, come thronging round, From Theewing-Lane, White-Chappel, Horsly-down; Whose free Benevo'ence more Treasure brings Then all our Tythes and Easter- offerings; Besides their Loving zeal's so great some say, They know how to ob'ige another way; Up, precious Man! then with a melting Tone, A pious Goggle, and Counterfeit grone, With tedious prayers, holy layings abus'd, Good words forty times to no purpose us'd; Strange Raptures, and Face wrinckled as it there The Gospel were Transcrib'd in Character; Hold forth, till not one Handkerchief's left dry, But all do weep, though not one Soul knows why; By fuch your we'l known Arts, thou'lt get o'th sudden, Good Wine, good Candles, good refreshing Pudden 3 And for Tyth-piggs the Curate may'st Defie, Since all the Sows belong unto thy Stye. POOR ROBIN.

Doctor WILD's Squibs Return'd; Or,

Observations on his Counterfeit Thanks.

Hath Liberty thy Reason Planet-strook? Good Manners, that grown scarse too? has thy Devour'd all Civility at a Meal? (Zeal Doth none remain? is Wild turn'd Heltor too? Making the Stars of Heav'n and Earth to bow Under thy Whipcord? or, hast thou Beadle hight? To lash Star-students coming in thy sight, Because they are but Men, and do not know, Kings Hearts as well as God that made them so? Old Merlin's Genius haunts thee, or thy Crown Could never be so grossly over-grown With dull Stupidity. Is there no mean Between the Doubtful, and the Epicæne? Must men be Fools or Witches? can't Medics know Approaching Ills, but just the bour too? How Stars incline, for Mortals is enough; What Fates compell, none but the Gods above Can well declare; we'll not presumptuous be: To know in part, is Man's Felicity.

Yet, should Astrologers write all they know, They would be then reputed Wild, as thou; 'Tis Treason, Wild, to touch Great things too near But Madmen of such Crimes stand not in fear: Thy croaking humor is return'd I see, Behold Phanatick Thanks for Liberty! Sure Mercury at thy Birth was in the Ram, In hostile ray of Mars, and thence it came, That thou didst thus disgorge thy troubled breast Which all the friendly Stars would have at rest.

Some Opiate I advise thee for thy Health; Thy feav'rish Brain consumes thy spirits wealth. Bless thee from Madness, Wild! thy heat appears So frong 'gainst Bishops,' thathincreast my fears.

A Theologue, or Spawn of Poetry? If a Divine, such Gravity should appear, Such Olive Branches from thy Pen thould spring You'd be thought Loyal, and yet Prelates sting; As should beget a Love from every thing; Such bleffed breathings from the facred Quire, As kindle in all bearers Holy fire; Good Order then in Churches thou'dst approve, Not gibe at Bishops, but invoke their Love.

But ah! my Wild, no such persuading Theme Art thou possest of, (scarsely in a dream)

Thou'rt the Phanaticks Poet, and dost rant As high among them, as the best can cant; Singing of Thousand Quakers, that will fight, As loyally as angry Wild doth write. Thus uttring Squibs and Crackers, to provoke Some trifling Sheet to match thy (moak with smoak-

No son of Saturn is my Wild I see, For then in private shades he'd quiet be; Nor fruit of fove, for fove is fuvans Pater, And helps, by's nourishing rays, our Alma Mater; Protects the Rev'rend Clergie, and maintains Religions rights against Phanatick Brains: Bright Phabus knows him not, for Princes thine From his fair Beams; Wild's spots endarken him. The beauteous Cynthia in him claims no part, She's a mere stranger to the Poets Art: Besides, she's apt to change; wou'd Wild were so! That he from - might good Church-man grow. To call him Son of Venus I not dare: And Hermes, nobly placed, will not care To own a Riming railer; 'tis hot Mars, Ill dignifi'd, begets Wild's Metre-wars:

He should be placed too with Dragons tail, By th' poyl nous raptures that so fills his fail. Then Son of Thunder, Religious Boanerges, (Great Second unto Pious Doctor Burges) Not Priest, but Minister, or Pcetaster! Whose halting doggrelrimes come from him faster Than Holy Sermons; ceale thy Canting strain, Give ease a little to thy tired Brain; No more abuse Grave Prelates, least the curse Of Schisme, Heresie, or some what worse, So closely cling unto thee, that thy Prayers Miffing Heavins Blessing, stand in need of theirs. But hark thee Wild! what shall I fancie thee? They are the Moysesses which daily do Sit in the gap to fave fuch Souls as you. Is't Crime in them that you the Laws oppose, As should be charming to each Heart, Eye, Ear; And must your obstinate stomach haulk at those? None hate the Clergie that ere lov'd the King. But durst Wild be as bold with Majesty, As with the Bishops Holy Hierarchy; He would as briskly vomit forth his Gall,

> (As now gainst Bishops) gainst ye Monarchs all. So Wild farewell, thy person, parts I love;

But mourn thy Principles no better prove.

HUDIBRASK

On Calamy's Imprisonment, and Wild's Poetry.

To the Bishops.

Of Reverend Lords, the Churches Joy and Wonder, Whose Lives are Light ning, and whose Doffrine (Thunder, The rare Effects of both in this are found,

Ye break Mens Hearts, yet leave their Bodies found;

And from the Court, (as David did, they fay)

Do with your Organs fright the Dev'l away:

Awake: (for though you think the Day's your own)

The Cage is open, and the Bird is flown :

That Bird (whom though your Lordships do despise)

May Shite in Paul's, and Pick out Sheldon's Eyes:

Is He who taught the Pulpit and the Press

To mask Rebellion in a Gofpel-drefs:

He who blew up the Coals of Englands Wrath,

And Pick'd Mens Pockets by the Publick Faith:

He who the Melting Sifter's Bounty try'd,

And Premh'd their Bodkins into Cafar's side:

That Crocodile of State, who wept a Flood,

VVhen he was Maudlin-drunk with CHARLES his Blood;

Is by the Sisters Gold, and Brethrens Prayer,

Become a Tenant to the open Air:

For some were griev'd to see that Light expire,

That lately help'd to fet the Church on fire;

And when their Ghostly Father was perplex't,

Could wrest an A&, as he had done a Text.

Now enter wild, who merrily lets fly

The Fragments of his Pulpit-Drollery:

Though his Seditions Ballad pleas'd the Row,

The Verses (like the Author) had the Gout:

Yet he proclaims the Show, invites the Crew;

(The Presbyters have their Jack-Puddings too)

He tells you of a Beast (had lately been

VVithin the VValls of Newgate to be feen)

That with a Throat (wide as the VVay to Hell?

Could swallow Oaths would choak the Idol Bel,

And burst the Dragon: yet he could not swear

Obedience to the King, and House of Pray'r.

Ingenious wild, 'cis thy unhappy Fate

That Iter Boreale's out of date;

Love's Tragedy's forgot: for (Oh Difgrace!)

Peters succeeds him in his Martyrs place:

Publish the Legend of that Reverend Brother,

And all the one, as thou halt writ the other.

For when St. Hugh did mount the Fatal Tree,

He left his Coat a Legacy to thee.

O may the Gout no more disturb thy ease,

But Bishop Halter take his Diocese;

And now the art dead in Law, (though Zealots laugh)

Impartial Truth shall write this Epitaph:

This Presbyterian Brat was born and cry'd,

Spit in his Mothers' face, and so he dy'd.

He dy'd, yet lives; and the unhappy Elf;

Divides Beelzebub against himself;

Abuses Calamy, that Tayl of Smec,

And shoots the Prelates through his Brothers Neck,

Bishops awake! and see a Holy Cheat;

The Enemy fows Tares among your wheat:

Do ye not hear the Sons of Edom cry,

Down with the Ast of Uniformity?

VVe will compound, and wor bip God by th' halves:

Take you the Temples, and give us the Calves.

Thus you behold the Schismaticks Bravado's;

wild speaks in Squibs, but Calamy Granade's,

Kirk, Still thefe Bearns, lest under Tyburn-hedge,

The Squire of Newgate rock them on a Sledge;

FINIS.

EXCLAMATION

AGAINST

POPERY: H 294 C 20/2

O R

A Broad - Side against ROME.

Occasioned by his MAJESTIE'S Last Gracious Speech, when he was further pleas'd to Express His Zeal to Maintain the Truly Actient Protestant Religion.

By 18. 10. D. D.

LICENSED, November the 14th. 1678.



Lot on, Proud Rome! and lay thy damn'd Design As low as Hell, well find a Countermine: Wrack thy curst Parts! and when thy utmost Has prov'd unable to effect thy Will; (Skill Call thy Black Emissaries, let 'em go To summon Traytors from the Shades below, Where Insant Treason dates its Monstrous Birth; Is nurst with Care, and after sent on Earth: To some curst Monks, or wand'ring Jesuites Cell;

Where it thrives faster, than it did in Hell!

Call Bloody Brutus up, Lean Cassius too;

Let Farx, and Catesby both, be of the Crew!—

Nay, rather than want Help, let your BULLS run;

And Damu the Devil, if he do not come!

Yet after all your Plots, and Hatchings, we,

(So long as CHARLES, and's Senators agree)

Will warm our Hands at Bone-fires, Bells shall Ring;

And Traytor's Knells no longer Toll, but Sing.

We doubt not Rome, but Maugre all thy Skill, The Glorious GOD of our Religion will, In spite of all thy Art, preserve It still! And his peculiar Care of It to shew, Defend in Health, Its Great DEFENDER too!

I'th' Interim, Do thou new Crimes invent, And well contrive as Subtle Punishment. 'Tis Autumn now with us; and every Tree, Instead of Fruit, may bend with Popery. 'Twould be a Novel, tho no hated Sight, If every Bough should bear a Jesuite!

We'll meet your Plots with Pikes, Daggers with Swords; And flead of long Cravats, we'll lend you Cords. Each Stab in Private, we'll with Use return: And whilst one Hangs, the other he shall Burn; Till Tybourn's long impoverish't Squire appear Gay as the Idol, fills the Porph'ry Chair.

Yes, Mighty CHARLES! at thy Command we'll run Through Seas of Rebels Blood, to fave thy Crown. Our Wives, Estates, and Children too, shall be But Whet-stones to our Swords, when drawn for Thee. We'll Hack and Slash, and Shoot, till Rome Condoles; And Hell it self, is cloy'd with Traytors Souls: 'Till Godfrey's wronged Ghost (which still does call For Shoals of Rebels to attend his Fall) Cryes out, Dear Protestants, no more pursue Their Guilty Blood, my Manes have their Due!

This, Mighty Monarch! at thy Beck or Nod, Shall be effected, as Thou wer't a God; With so much Readiness, thy Royal Tongue Shall hardly Speak, e're we Revenge the Wrong On thy curst Enemies; who whilst they state Thy Death, shall feel themselves th' intended Fate; And by a quick Reverse, be forc't to try The Dire Effects of their own Treachery.

Poor Scarlet Harlot, could'st Thou stand in want Of a Genteel, and Generous Gallant, Whose Noble Soul to Baseness could not yield; But wou'd have try'd thy Int'rest in the Pield, We had not thus thy Policies condemn'd; But thought thee worthy of a Foe, or Friend: Both which, with equal Estimate thou'lt find, VVere alwayes valu'd by an English Mind. But Thou of late, so Treacherous do'st grow, That we should blush, to own thee either now. Base, and Persidious too, thou dost appear; Sland'rest a Pope, and spoyl'st an Emperor.

VVhat! is the Eagle from the Mitre flown? Is there of Cafar nothing left in Rome? Must that Renowned City, here-to-fore Fam'd for her Vertues, well as for her Pow'r; Instead of Confuls, Vagabonds imploy? And suborn Felons MONARCHS to Destroy? Bribe Men (thro VVant made boldly desperate) To Fire-ball Cities, to their Grov'ling Fate; VVhil'st Hellish Jesu's Porters Garbs profane; Assist the Fire, and Bless the growing Flame!

Must Romes Great Pope, whose Piety should run As an Example, thro all Christendome; VVhose Signal Vertues, Arguments should be Of his Admir'd Infallability?

Does he hire Russains, Justices to Kill; And send the Murd'rers Pardons at his VVill?

Bids them in Hereticks Blood their Hands embrue; Tells them withal, 'Tis Meritorious too! ——

If this thy Practice be, false Rome Fare-wel!—
Go, Teach thy Doctrine to the Damn'd in Hell!
Where, by Black Lucifer's Destructive Pride,
Thou may'st in part thy Future Fate decide:
Whil'st from our City we thy Imps remove,
To shake their Heels in some cold Field or Grove.
Since both by Ours, and all Mens just Esteem,
They're fitter to Converse with Beasts, than Men.

FINIS.

A # 231

DIALOGUE

Between

DEATH

AND

Doctor ROBERT WYLD,

Who Dyed lately of an APOPLEXY.

TO Roring Christmas shalt Thou keep, now Rore Bold Wit! W. Oh! oh! Hhohh! Well! I'le cry no more, Alas, it is for Thee, not Me, to Rore. A Deadly Blow! But where's thy Sting? There lies The King of Terrors com'd out! In Sacrifice (An Eucharist) Lord, take this Soul to Thee, By Death Thou hast flain Death, Redeemed Me. Grave, take the Carcass, at the reckning Day With Interest the Principal repay, Take Worms meat (they'l scarce lick the puncked Face,) Bring't up in Glory, though fown in Difgrace, In never-fading Beauty it shall rife, And be transplanted int' you Paradise.) They'l Digg the Kernels out (the Eyes) Digg on! One Breakfast makes the Head a Skeleton. They'l teafe the Hands, and Toes, and Paunch (their Fence) Intolerable Pains, have numb'd all Sense. Twas not Seer Sheldon, when he turn'd Me out, Did Me perplex; no, it was Bishop Gout. Death did me vex and terrifie much less, I'le now be gone out of his Diocess. I con you Thanks. Bish. Gout proceeded on, You granted me a Probibition. Adieu, my Lord. D. I'm but a Pursivant, To th' Court you to conduct, by Heaven fent.

W. I liv'd a Martyr all my Dayes, now I, In flaming Spices, like a Phanix, Dy. My Heart bleeds for the Church and State, I faint, Take of my Cordial, Surviving Saint. Proud Babel Reels, it Totters, it will Fall, As fure as Lambeth stands against White-Hall. Come Seraphims, and bear this Soul above, Impatient to see her Vines, her Love. One Stroke, with all the Clusters, Lop'd the Vine, One chop'd off Love. Ha, ha! their Lot is Mine. They were so quick at Work, their Master's Voice Soon call'd them off; Into your Master's Joyes. More Bleffed Sight I'le see, ('Twill satisfie) The Glorious, Ever-bleffed Trinity. Whom I Ador'd and Lov'd sometimes, Him I For ev'r will Love, Admire, and Glorifie; So, fo, I'll spend a Blest Eternity, In everlasting Love, Delights and Joy. Hal--Le--Lu--Jah.

Alas! Poor Scholar, hast thou felt the Stroke
Of matchless Death? Are all thine Heart-strings broke?
Who'l sing thine Iter Empyraum? I
After thy Blood-suck send this Hue and Cry.

Great Wyld is slain! Slain! Let this Shreek fly round Till Hills, and Dales, and Rocks, and Shores rebound, Unto Pale Pyrene, and from thence go on Over Parnassus unto Helicon.

Raise up the sluggish Sisters, Three times Three, In Lamentations Drop one Elegie.

Streams Ever-flowing from each Muses Eye May Spring a Fountain, now their Well is Dry.

Tagus and Ganges will astonish'd be, And all th' Antipodes as well as We.

Who slew the Muses Darling, of Mankind
The Choice Delights? Search out until you find.

Who was't kill'd the Divine? Who slew the Poet?

Eccho. Eat! What Nimble Chaps, what Cormorant was he Could eat up Wyld? Might not he posson'd be? Who posson'd Wild? Wakeman with all his Main Could not get Sacred Charles out of his Wain. He pawn'd his Skill, though Justice might not spy, A Plaister to the Fist affects the Eye.

'Twas Death (that Jesnit) so greedy grown

It chapt up Robert, and let George alone.
Rome's Emissary Leeches, so fine bred,
Won't touch Posteriors, they chap at th' Head.

AN EPITAPH.

HEre lies Poer Robin, most enriched one With Nature's Dowre, Graces large Portion. Nature brought Reason, Prudence, Eloquence, And Magnanimity, Munisicence, Courage and Constancy, and Matchless Wit.

Grace Him adorn'd with Faith, and Hope, and Love,
That Saints below be might excell, above
With Patience, in none admired more;
Nature and Grace on him laid out their Store.
Rome's Plot to strangle Justice in Godfrey,
Hell's was; in Wild, to choak Divinity.
Here lies the Poet, here lies Poetry,
Here's the Divine, here lies Divinity.

Ab Fools! an inexhausted Spring doth Lye, Justice in Charles, in God, Theology. Sol radiis orbem illuminat, REX URBEM.



Y Muse, whose Modesty still dis-allow'd
To shew her bashful Face in publick Crowd,
But like a Vailled Vestal, since the Fire,
Had laid aside her melancholly Lyre;
This day of fubilee Once more commands
To take, and tune with her unskilful hands.
Last night, fair Cynthia did to Thetis ride
To bid the Nymph bring in an Early Tyde,

Whose swelling Surface might next Morning bear, And wait upon New-Londons New Lord-Mayor; While the bright Barges on the River Glide, And the Glad Fishes Frisk on every fide, Hearing the Cornet, Flute, Waites, Trumpets play, Dancing in spite of Net, or Line that Day, While the Flages Autter, and the Streamers Ay, The glorious Badges of each Company: And each big Barge by in proud Pomp doth Ride, Seeming to shoulder out the narrow Tyde: And all the while, the bank-bred Nymphs fair eye, With stately Grace veiwing this shew swim by; And having bid them Welcome back to Shore With usual Eccoh of the Cannon roar, From the fair Thames she turns her comely Face, Next to behold, with a yet greater Grace, The Reverend Train, while a long stately row Kings Of Reauteous + Buildings, grace them as they go; Which leads them in a streight, and even Line, To the Great Hall, where this Great Train must Dine.

But stay; If it be true which I did hear,
The MASTER of this Mistress will be there:
Nor does he private come, or come alone,
But like a Glorious Constellation
Brings with him here, as brave and bright a Train,
As ere was seen to wait on CHARLES his Wain.

Will the KING Come! (Dear Prince!) Will Great CHARLS Come! Methinks the Close-joyn'd Buildings Croud for Room; And the Ambitious Streets, with graceful stride, Do seem to street to make themselves more wide; While all the way along, you'd think each head

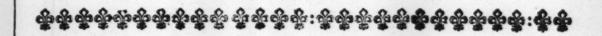
By people pav'd for common stones instead. Methinks I hear the Crowd inquisitous Which are the Pageants, taking every house That sumptuous high and stately seem to be For their expected gaz'd at Fageantry, With fair and beauteous Nymphs, richly bedeck'd, Who from Belconies, Windows, down reflect Their Beams of Beauty, while from Ladyes Eyes, Cupid fling: Wild-Fire, fast at Serpent flyes: Which wonder in a Lady's not fo rare, As for to see a Lord-May'rs-Day prove Fair. Could Clouds more kind unto a Tryumph be, Than to hold up at this Solemnity? Which makes the Forrest-Beasts abroad to creep, Who durit not else, but in their dark Dens sleep: And if you'd take the Poets apt Comment, That moving Wilderness did represent The Emblem of Poor London, when of late, A fatal Fire made her all Desolate:

A Place for Satyrs onely fit to Dance;
(Which Heaven, beyond our Hopes, doth now Advance)
Of late for Leopards, Tygers, Wolves, to dwell,
And every Vault for lurking Theeves, a Cell.
Many there be, that doe its Burning Rue;
Thousands be bound to bless its Building New:
To after-times, the Wonder will be one,
Its Burning Down, and Building up so Soone.

Rouse Glorious Phanix, shake thy dusty Wing,
And then like Casars Eagle, meet thy KING:
Thy KING, whose Grief, Foy, Care, and Love thou art,
For as thou art his Kingdom's, thou'rt his Heart.
When Thou didst Suffer, did thy Dear KING Mourn,
More than did he that saw his own House Burn;
Whose Teares, Heaven in a Sacred Chalice Kept,
Which Waiting Angels caught fast as he Wept:
Which when Heaven found enough to slake his Ire,
He Sprinkled on the Ashes of the Fire.

As in thy Griefs, So in thy for, he Shares, And with his Royal Beames, his People Cheares, While the Glad, Grateful City back Express, Their raptur'd Sense of this High Happiness, By Feasting, Masking, Musick, publick Sights, That either Palat, Ear, or Eye Delights.

Ah PRINCE! Accept her Love, although Express Like a Surprized Lady, half Undress d, While she Poor Lady (do not think it Pride) Would her Red Cheekes behind the Tap'stry Hide. This is her first Up-sitting, from a Fall, Like to have Prov'd her Utter Funeral; Had not Your Sacred Succour help'd to Reer Her to this Strength and Health wherein You See'r. And could She then, do less unto her KING, Than to Invite Him to her Gossipping?



The Conclusion to the Right Honourable the

Lord Mayor.

Long time laid by, again Conferr'd upon Her:
This Lady City (Europes Chiefest Pride)
Which to Atchieve, you Her S. GEORGE did Ride;
That after Ages, when they find that Name
'Mong the Restorers of Lost Londons Flame,
St. George, his Dragon, and his Bloody Cross,
Men shall disown, and say, That You it was,
That were the Champion; and unto your Glory,
You have TWO Draggons to Support the Story.

S. Wiseman. K

Upon the happy conjunction of the high deserts of

MR. ROBERT BUCKLE,

With the Unparallell'd Vertues of

MRS DEBORAH PRINCE.

The 26th day of May. 1671.



Nter not here vain thoughts or eyes, or hands; Vertues & high-born Graces give commands To silence all that rude & lawless noise, Which purer mirth & chaster minds annoys. The splendor of this day admits not here The least offence: Be gon & disappear Ye cloudy thoughts that fill the lower sphæt: Sublimed minds & innocence most clear

With heav'nly grace are here advanc'd on high: Pure vertue with a PRINCELY Majesty Holds forth the scepter to each noble soul That BUCKLE can, comply, & so controll Their foolish passions: So these Nuptialls shall Exceed all others: and to ages all A standing pattern be of Prudence, and Of rare deportment in Batavian land. Yet, Reader, dream not of a Stoicks feast; Nor a Saturnin Aspect in the least. There is a noble thing raigns here call'd Love, Of purest extract darting from above: Bastard is all Religion, & wry-fac'd Are vertues, if not with its beauty grac'd. Love that Prometheus-like the soul inspires; And fils the lower region with it's fires: Love that makes dull & breathless souls revive, And 'bove the lower race of mortalls live: Love that cures horrid evills, dreadfull jarrs, O'recom's & sweetens all perplexing cares. Love that's the Quintessence of this days glory: Of which be pleafd to take this pleafing story; Descended from fair Albions stock and race The matchless DEBORAH with PRINCELY grace Resembling much her name and worthy Sire Is now become the object of desire To every Son of art whose skill can find

> Rude though I be, yet have I got the art Of such a Rhet'rick as can pierce the heart, Break through & ope that cabinet where lyes E dens fair fruit, the earthly Paradise: Rest can I now in her embraces sweet That is become for me a help so meet. Born in an happy hour preserved sound Unto this day wherein my joys abound; Crown'd with enjoyment of a Bride, in whom Kindness & goodness rule & overcome, Lodg'd in that purer mind & body, which

Ever esteemed are a prize most rich.

A hidden treasure in a sacred mind. But she whose judgement farr exceeds her years To vainer youths enticements stops her ears: She se'es through foggy mists of watry lands, And vouchsafes not to yield her conquer'd hands To any, till there comes from English soyl A foul Heroick who will take no foil: 'Tis Mr. BUCKLE who her heart hath won, And gott the Rhetorick to make two one-Her rare endowments, her composure sweet, Her humble Lamb-like frame, behaviour meet, Her winning carriage that would melt a stone, Transporting and enamouring ev'ry one, Prevail with his discreetest thoughts, that he Engaged is both night and day to be An earnest Suppliant; till at length She Spies so much goodness, meekness, modesty, Such Prudence, such Religious Sympathy, Firm faith, true love, and reall constancy Within his faithfull breast, as there rests now Nought but a strife each other to outdo In strains of Love: come you my PRINCE bear sway, Bear sway, quoth he, my dearest DEBORAH, My heart yields up to you it's strongest forts: Command, my hearts Commandress, thus he courts: Well-spoken DEBORAH eftsoon retorts, With Eloquence, (for so her name imports) My ROBERT whose grave Name is thus exprest, Famous for counsel & advice to rest, My highest strain of Wisdom's to obey The dictates of your counsells ev'ry day: My BUCKLE bind me but with your commands: My greatest freedom lyes within those bands. Thus names conspire in this sweet sympathy, Yeaev'ry letter in this harmony:

Do not, my dear, do not once doubt to find Endeavours of a full complying mind: Bent to your love, I ventur'd, to please you, Out of that Virgin-state, where I till now Refreshed was with my retired state, And there in silence deep did contemplate: Hoping to find without distraction In you more satisfaction.

Pierc'd is my heart, but you do make it whole, Restore what comforts I have lost, my soul Is quieted in you; for there is none None whom I fancy could but you alone: Chosen I have, & am contented well; Endless contentments in our hearts shall dwell, Beyond what any tongue can tell.

And now you lovely pair, no longer fmother Your faithfull loves: Be happy in each other. And may all joys continually betide The modest Bridegroom & the lovely Bride.

The Authors Apology.

The Proverb now is true as heretofore, I find it so, The Poet's always poor: Poor is my verse, so is my Genius low; Yet great's my love, Affections overflow.

At AMSTERDAM, Printed by STEVEN SWART, Bookseller. 1671.

Great BRITTAINS Beauty;

LONDONS Delight.

Being a POEM, in the Commendation of the Famous Incomparable CITY of LONDON, and the Royal Exchange, as they now stand Rebuilt, in most Magnificent Splendor and Beauty, to our Nations Honour, and to the exceeding Joy and Comfort of King, Kingdom and City.

Written by GEORGE ELIOTT, Gent.

Great Brittain smiles, to see Fair London Rise, With Famous Buildings mounted to the Skies.

O View Earth's Globe, take Eagles wings and fly, Search every Kingdom underneath the Sky; The great Imperial Seats of this vast round, Whether above or underneath the ground; Survey each City on Earths mighty Ball, Her Metropolitans, yea, view them all. Ascend the Clouds, ride on the wings o'th Wind; Search every Corner of the World to find A City standing on the Ground, which can Compare with Brittains Metropolitan. All Christen- Europe's amaz'd, the Whole World doth admire, That LONDON which fo late was burnt with Fire, In fo short space, should with such splendor rife, As all the Cities underneath the Skies Are quite eclips'd; Their Glory and Renown, Now London's rifen, quite doth tumble down. Go view each Street, and stand amaz'd to see, With what fair Fabricks they adorned bee; Each House a Palace, and may entertain A KING in State, with all bis Noble Train. Her starely Structures causeth admiration To every Empire, Kingdom, Ile, and Nation Under the Cope of Heaven; Every Land Rings forth thy praise, and doth amazed stand, To fee that LONDON, which so late was hurl'd Into a Chaos of the Western World, Should be Metropolis: Great Brittains Ile Standeth on Tiproes with a pleasant smile, To see fair London (Phænix like) to rise Out of her Ashes, up into the Skies. The stateliest Structure, and the goodliest round That e're was built, or flood upon the ground, Within the Bowels of fair London stands; A Mighty KING did with his Sacred Hands Lay the Chief Corner-Stone; His Royall Brother With his Own Hands did also lay another. French, Spanish, Dutch, the Noble Tuscanite, The Portugall, the Mighty Muscovite, The Swede, the Dane, and from all Christendome Which from beyond Sea to our CITY come, Stands gazing on it with delighted Eyes, Sayes, 'Tis the stateliest Structure under Skies ; Takes Pen in hand, writes in the Commendation Of Englands KING, the CITY, and the NATION. So sweet a Soyl, and pleasant Plot of ground, In all this Mighty Ile cannot be found, To build fo great a City on; The Nile, If that it ran through Brittains famous Ile, Twould not be valu'd. Such a Stream doth run By Lovely London, as under the Sun There's not the like: For on that River floats, Upon account, at least Seven Thousand Boats. Gold, Silver, Pearl, Wine, Oyl, and what we lack,

Comes to our CITY swimming on its Back.

The Royal

Exchange.

The King

Corner-

Stone.

Londons

Pleafant?

Scituation.

Thames a

W.

Famins

River.

But that which makes her Name through Earth to Ring, London ete Kings Cham-She is the Chamter to our Soveraign KING: ber, fo called The Place in which the Parliament doth fit, by Ontlan-For to determine things most requisite; dish Writers. In it all Causes at the Law are tride, In it the Nobles of the Land abide. The Terms. The Worlds Chief Mart, Rich Christendoms Rare Inn, Which from all Cities doth the Garland win ; She now hath stood almost Three Thousand Years, London an ancient City. As by the best Chronologers appears. But now, Good Reader, I will give account, See Howell To what vast Number all those Souls amount, in bis De-That breath therein, Mr. James Howell sayes, scription of Thirty years fince, in good King Charles his dayes, London. The King commands a Scrutiny to make, They took And that the Mayor a strict account should take Of all the Catholiques: that he might know an occasion thereby to How to suppress them, fore they headstrong grow; count all And thereupon they took a just account under the Of all in general, there did furmount, Mayors Seven hundred Thousand, But what are those, Command. To that vast Number now the doth enclose 700000 ##-In her wide Womb? For she doth comprehend der the Full Fifteen bundred Thousand, which do spend Mayors Their dayes therein. But for her Scituation, Command. Her wholsome Ayr, her fast and firm foundation, London doth Her Temples, Schools, her Colledges and Halls, contain in ber Her Inns of Courts, and her Hospitals, 1500000. Her Lawes, her Manners, and her Fabricks Fair, Her Sober Senators, and prudent Major : Her wife Inhabitants, her Grave Divines; There's not a City on which Sun now shines; No not in Europe, one that I can tell, May with our City stand in parallel. Nor on Earths Globe, is there a City can Compare to Brittains Metropolitan. And now, O London, I have let thee fee, There's not a City can compare to thee On Earths Circumference: Give God the praife, And to his Glory ever spend thy daies; A Caution Honour thy KING, and humbly him obey, tothe City. And to the GOD of Heaven ever pray, That on his Head the Royall Crown may Rand, And the Great Scepter of this Famous Land May still be fwaid by Him that now doth Raign, And by his Seed, till Shilo come again. For fake all Sin, and to Gods Glory spend Thy precious Time; That Heaven may not fend Such Dreadful Judgments, but Thee ever bleffe Above all Cities on Earths Universe. Then let thy Foes fay what they will or can, Thoul't be the Worlds Chief Metropolitan.

With Allowance.

THE QUAKERS WE DING,

90

October, 24. 1671.



Times! O Manners! Whither's Levy fled,
That Law and Gospel seem Abolished?

The Red Nos'd Dragon with his Complices,

To Fundamental Truths Antipodes,

That Coccatrice this cursed Egg has hatch'd

And táught us worse than ever to be Matcht.

They publish (then) at whipping-posts the Banes,

And well I think deserv'd'um for their pains.

But we can Marry now, hand over-head,

And not have so much as a Form to plead.

We are not now unto the Justice packt,

(Though then there was small Justice in the AET).

But we can Marry of our own accord,

Like Fack and Gill, but leaping cross a Sword.

But against parties coupled on this wise,

Westminster-Weddings will in judgment Rise,

That they should stumble, and pretend such Light,

They Marry wrong, and call't a Marriage-Rite.

The Libertine comes in the Levits room,

And is at once the Parson and the Groom.

He babbles like a Brute, and by and by,

He takes the Bride, and goes to Multiply.

The Bride? Ido recall what I have faid,

*Tis not a Bridal, but a Brothel bed;

They for Conjunction Copulative would pass,

When the Conjunction a Disjunctive was.

For having Lain together all their Life,

They are, but as they met, not Man and Wife.

And for a mitigation of their Cares,

They may have many Children, but no Heirs.

And, what a Marryed-Man could never yet,

He may a Bastard of his Wife beget.

For wanting Licence, and Certificate,

He leaves his Issue illegitimate.

The Sons and Daughters of the Common Earth,

An Off-spring out-Law'd in their very Birth.

What made them Jews and Gentiles to Invite?

Sure they could never hope a Proselyte.

How Heaven approv'd the Juggle? you may tell,

When Thunder, Lightning, and a Tempest fell.

Confusion waited on both Men and Meat,

Their Marriage, and their Feast, were both a Cheat.

A Wedding, and no Wedding brought before yee.

The Devil doubtless was the Directory.

Some Hellebor restore um, to recant,

This fordid League, and senceless Covenant.

O that such Vileness should affront the Sun,

Would make a Corner blush to see it done!

Whilft, almost mad as they, the People ran,
To see a Sinner take a Publican.

Stevenson

Upon Sight of LONDON

Anno Domini, M.

The FIRST PART,

Admiring it as a WONDER.

- Or who can think thou ever so shalt be, (undon! Since Fire, which All Consumes, Increaseth Thee.
- 2. Inferiour unto None, before thou wert, But now the Glory of the World thou art:

 Thou far transcends that Phanix which of old In Antient Stories to us have been told.
- 3. Who when the Revolution of her time Is come, She Burns to Ashes: But in Prime Again to Admiration she Revives, And in her wonted State again she Lives.
- 4. Which seems a Miracle unto the Eyes
 Of all the Studious, Learned, and the Wise:
 And unto those who oft have heard its so,
 Yet know not whether it be True or No.
- So But this strange wonder which thou shew'st is such As cannot well be wondred at too much:

 I for my part, so often as I view

 Thy vast incomparable Buildings New,
- 6. Do stand agast to think thereon, and say, To work thy Ruin, sure Fire's not the way: Fire only as with Gold it works with Thee, In purging forth thy Dross doth Clarifie.

An Advertisement to or rather Sin

Humour is chiefly a aralliz'd First Staff of the i and; yet is the Formality, that it may tolle the whole: However, it begunderstanding Performer to helplaces; viz the First Note of the times be made a Quever as in the

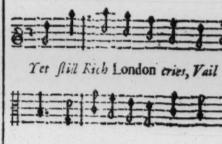
Second Staff,

Thus,

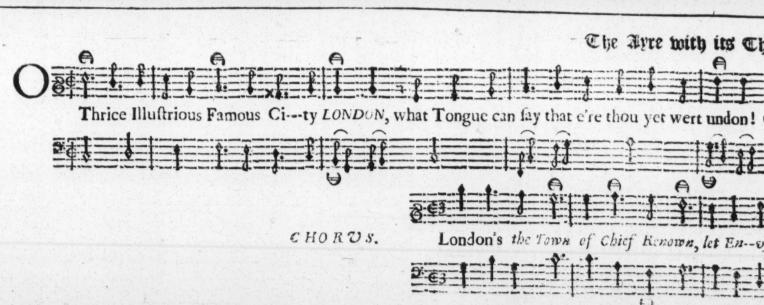
Likewise the Last Note and Wo would be made a Qua er, and to to the Sixth Staff with a Qua First Staff of the Second Par

thus with an odd Note,

As by good confideration will to ceffary: For 'tis impossible that fo contriv'd, as to agreexact! Humeur to every word of so mas here are. Let this little hint pray Sing the whole Song over make your Pauses properly in because there are added two Fof the Ballad, alter the conclusion.



LONDON, Printed by William Goods



IS Stately New Buildings,

A DC LXXII

to the Reader, Singer.

take notice, That the e (for Quantities and z'd to Accord with the et so consider'd upon in tollerably well suit with begs the favour of the help it a little in certain of the Treble would somein the beginning of the



Word of the Fifth Staff and so suddainly proceed Quaver again: Also the Part would be altered

Be-bold ye im-pious, &c.

that an Ayre should be that an Ayre should be gastly in proper Life and so many several Staves hint suffice for all, only, over very slowly, and thy in all places; And wo Feet to the Last Line onclusion, Thus,



The SECOND PART,

Supposing it might be Fir'd by TREACHERY.

Ehold ye impious Fiery Brands of Hell, Who with your Grand-sire Lucifer do dwell, And put in practice his Foul Hellish Trade By Fier-Plots! With Fire you'll All be paid.

Though little you do dream of such a thing, Your Sin's a Crying Sin, and will it bring, In th' end assuredly, to your Dire Cost:

Behold, I say, how all your Labour's lost!

What you intended for our woe to be, Is turned otherwise, (our Joy) you see: Our Glory, and our great Renown is seen, Which otherwise perhaps had not yet been.

Go, go ye Envious Dolts; go learn more Wit, Improve your Folly; make some use of it:
(VVho of necessity a Virtue makes,
Deserves due Praise, for that good course he takes.)

I'le put you in a way what you shall do,

Go set a Fire on Rome and Paris too;

And all your old Built Towns; go Burn them down,

That they may be Rebuilt like LONDON Town.

If all your Wit, and Skill, and Art can do it,
(And I believe you'l stretch your Brains unto 't:)
O then brave Boyes, perchance you'll seem to be!
Yet still

Rich LONDON cryes, Vail Bonnet unto Me.

Gooded, for the Aurar. 1672.

C 20/2

3.

6.

HOLLAND NIGHTINGALE

OR

H: 23K

20/2

The Sweet Singers of Amsterdam;

BEING

A Paraphrase upon the Fable of the Frogs searing that the Sun would Marry.

By 7. O.

Ow-Countrey Provinces, United Bogs, Once Distres'd States, now Hogen Mogen Frogs, (Royal and Noble Interest gone) Command, Grown formidable both at Sea and Land : Who but a Century of Years before Dabled in Fishing, despicably Poor, In feamless Vessels, Troughs cut out of Logs, Catch'd Whiting Mops; now Gogs and Gogmagogs! in stately Pines new Constellations raise, Ploughing up Billows two and thirty ways; Through boyling Brine, and Cakes of crusted Ice, For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice; What Straights, Gulphs, trending Bays, spare they to By Water to take in the Universe? (pierce, Are they with Force not able to Invade? No matter; They'l undo the World by Trade: Four Frogs, two Tod-poles, and one greafie Toad, Deep freighted Vessels bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a consternating Panick Fear
Dejected much: The Sun will Wed they hear:
The News from India, worse than Plague or War,
Brought and attested by a Blazing Star.
To Pigmy Inches these Gygantick Frogs,
Pale Terror shrunk: Summon'd from all the Bogs,
Hopping or crawling they in Clusters came
Up to their prime Morras, their greatest Damm.

There the new Stat-house stands, built fair and large For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge; Where they on all Emergencies of State, Or private Business, in Convention sate.

No Portico this Modern Building fac'd,
Within no ancient Princes Figures grac'd;
Nor Grandsires with their Nets, such were too Poor
To stand with Besoms there behind the Door;
Who for their own Good-Old-Cause Martyrs dy'd
By Hemp, or by more zealous Faggots try'd:
But Gods and Goddesses in Marble Carv'd,
Or finely Painted, which the Heathen serv'd,
In all the Nieches, each convenient place,
In Stone or Tables the fair Structure grace.
But yet for all their Skill, these Belgick Toads
Made Upsie-Dutch Heroes and Grecian Gods,

Early this day assembled Old and Young, The Damm they cover, and the Stat-house throng: Silence comanded, not one whispering Croak, An old Sag-bellied Toad rising, thus spoke:

Grave Hogen Mogen, High and Mighty Frogs! Whose Care and Prudence fertiliz'd these Bogs, And so improv'd these your United States, Princes to Beard, and be with Kings Cope-Mates; Though we from Mushroms sprung, and Spawn of Toads, Seven petty Provinces our small Aboads, Yet the whole World are Tributaries made To us, by Traffick and the Power of Trade. Hereafter we by Conquest may prevail; Our Title Treasure, and ten thousand Sail. Your High and Mighty Toadships understand, We fear no mortal Power by Sea or Land; Such are our Forts, such Frontiers we maintain; And such our Castles floating on the Main. But from above the dreadfit News we hear, The Sun will Marry, a just cause of Fear; And the first Year please his fair Spouse at home? What in his absence will of us become, That live in Water, and grow fat in Bogs? We shall be stil'd once more, Distressed Frogs. His Absence will our Marshes in a trice To Crystal turn, a never-thawing Ice. Or should we scape such a continued Frost As girdles up nine Months the Arctick Coast, His teeming Spoule may yet produce a Son, Shall quite out of the beaten Zodiack run; So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair, That soon to Fire hee'l rarifie the Air; Water and Earth to Dust and Ashes turn, And all in one new Conflagration burn.

They tell how Phaeton our ample Bogs
To Jelly boil'd; stew'd Tod-poles, Toads, and Frogs
In one Pottage, and Pluto gave, who swore
He never tasted Broth so Rich before.
Many such Yonkers may spring from his Loyns,
And share his Houses, twelve Celestial Signs;
And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too:
What in this Imminent Danger shall we do!
To what Protector shall we make address?
All know that Neptune this concerns no less;

Such Drinking Suns would at one Meeting quaff (were there so many) twenty Oceans off.

Him to implore lay by next Sabbath-day,

We're no such Jews, nor Christians, but we may:

He heard us lately, when a swelling Tide

Imbodied, threatned o'r our Tow'rs to Ride;

And, soon as mov'd, with his great Trident came,

Beat off those Waves that Storm'd our yielding Damm;

Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,

We had not liv'd, Ruin to sear by Fire.

This said, Oh wondrous! the Foundations quake, And the stiff Idols, fix'd in Marble, shake; When Neptune, where he did in Triumph ride, On a rich Shell, his Cheeks fresh Sanguine dy'd; His Trident waving then with Arms displai'd, Thus, to the People much admiring, said:

Batavian Frogs, Advanc'd by my sole Power, Whom Jove first Planted from a Thunder-shower, Fear not the Sun, nor at his Offspring shake: To the last Drop I'll Drain my ample Lake, My Watry Kingdoms Laver into Suds, To quench their Torches: To the Stygian Floods I'll Titan send, and all his fiery Tits, To Light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits. Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed, Nor Plant a Female in a Flaming Bed. Suspect no Conflagrations from the East, But a new Sun that riseth in the West; His Flames beware; His kindled Vengeance shall, Unless you straight submit, consume you all; Whose Predecessors rais'd you to this height, From Him, Ungrateful Toads! expect your Fate: His Royal Brother Leads, upon the Main, A hundred floating Cities in a Train, With Fire and forty thousand Heltors big. In vain so many Vessels out you Rig: In vain your Forts and your Land Force you brag; Stoop, or be ruin'd, to the British Flag, That must, and ever shall, give Laws to you; The World, at Sea, they 're able to subdue.

This said, their God grows Pale, and with a Groan
The Statue leaves, once more, a sencles Stone.

MORAL.

Princes beware to Aid a Growing State, Lest they be first that give you the Check-Mate. Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride: Beggars on Horseback to the Devil ride.

ROYALL RENDEZVOUS

Or, The Magnificence of

Majesties Fleet.

Less me! Where am I? To what Ruine A Floating-Island, a Realm did surpass shou'd be by this Moving Wood, in

Methought I saw a City on the Seas, And by the Steeples, told the Parishes; There might be (as I guess) twice Seventy Seven, Whose Babel-Towers were climbing up to Heaven: Their Language was Confusion; And, their Breath Darken'd the Aire with Sentences of Death. They seem'd to me a stand of Pikes, or Trees That over the humble Copices. With ther high Towering Mastes, our Muse begins; And, say, Seven Provinces United be; And where such Sign-posts are, What are the Innes? Those Trojan Horses, form'd by Palla's Charmes, Not stuft with Garbidge, but with Men and Armes. Those Wooden Mountains on the Wavie Maine, As if the Gyants wou'd Fight Jove again. If Philip King of Spain did once call His Invincible: What wou'd he think of This? Away with Xerxes Chaines, fond Foolery; Tis such a Fleet as this Fetters the Sea: You wou'd have thought that the Tumultuous Flood But, Blest be Heaven, we have a Royall Fleet, Was not so much an Ocean, as a Wood: And that vast Womb of Ships, Forest of Dean, Stub'd by the Rebells, was grown up agen.

Denmark and Dantzick for your Choice of Masts. I'm confident next Moneth we shall Advance May-Poles enough to make the Dutchmen Dance: Did you but see our Frigats, you wou'd swear, Norway had left scarce either Pitch, or Tarr. For Lead, you wou'd suppose here Darby was; For Iron, Bilboa; and Corinth for Brass. And for Provision, you wou'd think you were In Egypt, to behold the Corne that's here. Brandy, although sufficient, we Decline; Spirits of Men are here, give Cowards Wine. Each Ship of ours is a Whole Colonie. And Lofty Waves, that as Spectators, crowd; Honour'd with such a Fleet, may well be proud. Whilst, both the VVaters, and the VVinds, agree, To fwell our Sailes into a Tympanie, What shall we not be able then to do, That have GREAT CESAR, and His Fortunes too! And, Superadd to this, a CAUSE fo Just; We might to Providence and Cockbotes trust: Will make those pitture spongers Crouch to feet. Talk not of Tempus eft, Bacon's an Ass; Our VVooden VValls are stronger than his Brass.

DEFIANCE

TO THE

C20f2

D U T C H.

Wee'l doff their Heads, if they won't doff their Hats.

Affront too Hogan-Mogan to endure!

Tis time to BOX these Butterboxes sure.

If they the Flagg's, undoubted Right, deny us;

Who won't Strike to us, must be stricken by us.

A Crew of Bores and Sooterkins, that know

Themselves, they to Our Blood and Valour owe!

Did We for this knock off their Spanish-Fetters,

To make 'um able to abuse their Betters?

If at this rate they Rave, I think 'tis good

Not to omit the Spring, but Let 'um Blood.

Rouse then Heroick Britains; 'tis not Words, But Wounds, must Work with Leather-Apron-Lords. They'r Deaf, and must be Talkt withall; alass! With Words of Iron spoke by Mouths of Brass. I hope we shall to purpose the next Bout Cure um, as we did Opdam, of the Gont. And, when i'th' bottome of the Sea they come, They'l have enough of Mare Liberum. Our Brandisht steel, though now they seem so Tall, Shall make 'um Lower than Lom-Countries Fall. But they'l ere long come to themselves you'l see, When we in earnest are at Snick a Snee: When once the Bores perceive our Swords are drawn. And we Converting are those Bores to Brawn.

Methinks the Ruine of their Belgick-Banners
(Last Fight, almost as Ragged as their Manners)
Might have Perswaded 'um to better things,
Than be so Sawcy with the best of Kings.

Is it of Wealth they are so Proud become?

CHARLES has a Waine I hope to setch it home;

And with it Pay Himself His Just Arrears

Of Fishing-Tribute for this Hundred years.

That we may say, as all the Store comes in,

The Dutch, alass, have but our Factors been:

They Fathom Sea and Land; We, when we please,

Have both the Indies brought to our Own Seas.

For Rich and Proud they bring in Ships by Shoules;

And then we Humble them to save their Souls.

'Pox of their Pictures; if we had 'um here Wee'd find 'um Frames at Tyburne, or elsewhere. The next they DRAW, be it their Admiralls Transpeciated, into Fyunes, and Scales: Or, which should do as well, DRAW, if they please, Opdam, with the Seven Sinking Provinces; Or DRAW their Captains from the Conqu'ring Maine, First Beaten Home, then beaten Back again.

Lastly, Remember, to prevent all Laughter, Drawing goes First, but Hanging Follows after: And after this so JUST, though FATAL Strife, Draw their dead Bores again unto the LIFE. If then, Lampooning thus be their Undoing, Who pities them that Purchase their own Ruine?

Who will hereafter trust their Treacheries,
Unless they leave their Heads for Hostages?
For, as before of Women has been said,
Believe 'um not, nay, though ye think 'um dead.
The Dutch are Stubborn, and will yield no FRUIT,
Till, like the Wallnut-Tree, ye Beat 'um to't.

L. Orat. Injurias & non redditas Gansam bujusce Esse belli andisse videor.

With Allowance.

London, Printed for T. W. 1672.

ANSWER

To the AUTHOR of

Humble Thanks for His Majesties Gracious Declaration

LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Wixt Heaven and thee, how sprung these fatal jars, That thou (Poor Robin) rail'st against the Stars? To thee what have their influences done, With so much zeal to bark against the Moon? On Heavens Tables if thou knew'st what's writ As well as on the Earthly what is fet, We would allow thou might'st the feud maintain, Enabled by the belly not thy brain: These things, alas, transcend thy scrutiny, Their Language is but Arabick to thee; Thou that could'it never yet higher advance, Then Dod, and Cleaver, and the Concordance. Thou know'st not that the Square of Mercury To Mars afflicts a Punner's brain, yet we Find it alas, to be too true in thee. We know what Saturn did at Bartholmer, And some are of opinion so do you: In those Dog-days had been the fittest time To curse thy Stars (Poor Robin) in lewd rime; Mount Ano for Parnassus then had gone, Thou might'st have made with tears an Helicon, And fetch'd a Pegasus from Abingdon. But Now to rave, when a propitious ray Has shin'd on thee, and turn'd thy night to day; Now that the Claret-dispensation's come, And thou may'st vie for Toe with Him at Rome; Assum'd the pristine Rubies of thy beauty, And art made capable of being goury:

What is it less then when no foe was near us,
With so much heat to cry out, Curse ye Meroz

What have those Reverend Prelates done to thee
Thus to blaspheme their pious memory?
Gloc'ster, and learned Darbam's name shall live,
When thine in Grabstrees hardly shall survive.
Unmanner'd man! in Stars, and Men, ill read,
To trample on the Ashes of the Dead!

Well! fince the Royal Clemency has given!

Each man his leave to choose his way to Heaven,
Clean, and unclean Beasts into one Ark driven:

Since pressing i'ch' Church-Militant disappears,
And all men now are Gospel Volunteers;

Since we are all united, let's agree,
Think you no worse of us, then of you, we;

For by your soul reflections we'r asraid,
You write the Good Old Cause in Masquerade.

Instead of bonds and persecution,
Wherewith you us'd to make the Pulpit groan,
Thank our kind Prince who with compassionate eyes
Look'ddown and pittied your infirmities.

This may be done without or Rope, or Bell, And thus Dear Dogg'rel, heartily farewel.

From the Star in Colemanstreet,

LONDON.

SIR

Yours, 2. Z.

With Milowante, May 6. 1672.

832 49 Hill William

C 20/2

LONDONS-Triumph,

OR,

His Majesties Welcom.

REAT CHARLES! Thou Earthly God, and Man Divine; Ficegerent unco Him thats Une and Trine ; EARTH is Refulgent with thy Star-like Train, MEAVEN with thy leven Trions, CHARLES bis Wain. Welcome, Dread Sir: if Cicizens dare Call Great Britain's Monarch to a FESTIVAL. lafs, what signifies our sumptuous Fare, Were the Grand Steward of the Feast not there; But since our Prince doth condescend to come, Let's off rup a Joyful Hecatomba An lundred Beafts this day shall shed their Bloud, Oh how our Citizens will chew the Cud; Let Two of every thing for Food Appointed, Le Sacrific'd unto the LORD's Anointed: Our Noble PLAYER with his Artillery, Presents himself to A& a Comed y

But when BELLONA's Drums to Warr shall call, He for his Prince shall soon turn Tragical No Painted Plumes you on our Heads shall fee : None Peacocks, then all Fighting Cocks will be: We, Offritch-like, of Plumes though dispossest, The Daggers of our Prince his Foes digeft: Nay, if our Sovereign Commands, 'tis done, We Naked, as our Swords, to Warr will run; But may our Scene not Change, that every Year, Your MAJESTY may Grace our New Lord Mayor :: Oh may your Years increase, Great SIR; that so Your Princely Hair may turn as white as Snow: And may the King of Kings with his right hand Preserve your Royal Stemme to Rule the Land : To Run like Sols unalterabl Race, God bless your CROWN. My Lord Mayor's Cloves and Mase.

By G. H. of the Artillery

On His Majesties most Gracious and Prudent Delivery of the Great Seal of England to the Right Honourable Sir HENEAGE FINCH Knight and Baronet His late Attorny General.

Ease, Cease, (fond Age) give over to complain:
Leave off your murmurings, and griefs disdain.
Papists, Fanaticks, all ill Sects must down,

None but the pure must now approch the Crown. Our King like a wise Builder Now hath shown What Stones' was fit to use, and what to own. Alas! Great Kings and States must often do Things which necessities do urge them to; But when those great necessities are past, The Sun shews forth its own true Beams at last. What Loyal Heart will not rejoyce to hear, That Loyalty runs once more regular? (Our Liberties are kept by Cavaleir. The Church secure, then who can fear a State, That hith a Supporter lo fortunate? Wife, Just and Eloquent, but to express His many Virtues wou'd but make them less. He's known so well, 'twere needless to fee forth, Or more to fay, then that he's ris'n by's worth. His Praile most due, tis folly to proclaim, All know his Praise who have but heard of 's Name, He wants no Character who'th so much fame. Oh happy Seal, with such a trusty Friend! May there be no divorse till life doth end; May the Seal ne'r be superseeded here, Till Heaven c mmands the Keeper to come there: And may Heavens Messenger prove very slow In pity to us, who are left below. The Church, the State, all must confess 'twas fit To have the Sealfor Finch, and him for it. No halting lines, none but true Floquence Must be spoke here, or sent abroad from hence. No swelling State, must now o'relook our Head, The Keepers looks can strike a Province dead. Long may he live to give our King content, And be endeared to his Parliament. May wen'er want to rule the Common-Weal A Stewart, or a Finch to keep the Seal.

By a well wisher to King and Countrey.

831-1-5

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

XCELLENT VERTUES

OF THAT

Sober and wholesome Drink,

CALLED

COFFEE,



E BEE CTS

PREVENTING or CURING

DISEASES

HUMANE BODIES.

-Florescat Arabica Planta.

Hen the sweet Poison of the Treacherous Grape,
Had Acted on the world a General Rape;
Drowning our very Reason and our Souls
In such deep Seas of large o'reflowing Bowls,
That New Philosophers Swore they could feel
The Earth to Stagger, as her Sons did Reel:
When Foggy Ale, leavying up mighty Trains
Of muddy Vapours, had belieg'd our Brains;
And Drink, Rebellion, and Religion too,
Made Men so Mad, they knew not what to do;
Then Heaven in lay, to Effect our Cure,
And stop the Ragin to of that Calenture,
First sent amongst up this All-healing-Berry,
At once to make us both Sober and Merry.

Arabian Costee, a Rich Cordial
To Durse and Person Beneficial

To Purse and Person Beneficial,
Which of so many Vertues dorn partake,
Ics Country's called Felix for its sake.
From the Rich Chambers of the Rising Sun,
Where Arts, and all good Fashions first begun,
Where Earth with choicest Rarities is blest,
And dying Phænix builds Her wondrous Nest:
COFFEE arrives, that Grave and wholesome Liquor,
That heals the Stomack, makes the Genius quicker,
Relieves the Memory, Revives the Sad,
And chears the Spirits, without making Mad;
For being of a Cleansing Q U A LITY,
By NAT URE warm, Attenuating and Dry,
Its constant Use the sullenest Griefs will Root,

toves the Dropsie, gives ease to the Gout, And foon an . . wherefoever it finds Scorbutick Humours, Hypochondriack winds, Rheums, Prisicks, Palsies, Jaundise, Coughs, Catarrhs, And whatfoe're with Nature leavyeth Warrs; It helps Digeltion, want of Appetite, And quickly fets Consumptive Bodies Right; A Friendly Entercourse it doth Maintain, Between the Heart, the Liver, and the Brain, Natures three chiefelt VVheels, whole Jars we know, Threaten the whole Microcosme with overthrow; In Spring, when Peccant Humours Encrease most, And Summer, when the Appetite is loft, In Autumn, when Raw Fruits Dileales Breed, And VVinter time too cold to Purge or B Do but this Rare ARABIAN Cordial Use. And thou may it all the Doctors Slops Refuse. Hush then, dull QUACKS, your Mountebanking cease, COFFEE's a speedier Cure for each Disease; How great its Vertues are, we hence may think The V Vorlds third Part makes it their common Drink The Amourous Gallant, whose hot Reins do fail, Sturg by Conjunction with the Dragons Tail Lee him but Tipple here, shall find his C Discharg d, without the Sweeting Tubs Re Nor have the LADIES Reales to Con As fumbling Doe-littles are and COFFEE Mo Por to the

By in Men rather are

Tis stronger Drink, and base adulterate VVIne, Enfeebles Vigour, and makes Nature Pine; Loaden with which, th' Impotent Sott is Led Like a Sowe'd Hogshead to a Misses Bed; But this Rare Settle-Brain prevents those Harms, Conquers Old Sherry, and brisk Claret Charms. Sack, I defie thee with an open Throat, Whilst Trusty COFFEE is my Antedote; Methinks I hear Poets Repent th'have been, So long Idolaters to that sparkling Queen; For well they may perceive 'tis on Her score APOLLO keeps them all fo Curfed Poor; Let them avoid Her tempting Charms, and then VVe hope to fee the VVits grow Aldermen In Breif, all you who Healths Rich Treasures Prize, And Court not Ruby Noles, or bleard Eyes, But own Sobriety to be your Drift,

And Love at once good Company and Thrift;
To VV inc no more make VV it and Coyn a Trophy.
But come each Night and Frollique here in Coffee.

The RULES and ORDERS of the

COFFEE-HOUSE.

Enter Sirs freely, But fift if you please, Peruse our Civil-On hero, which are these.

FIG. Co. e welcome fire down rugether And may without Afro. Pre-eminence of Place, none nere should Mind But take the next fit Seat that he can find: Nor need any, if Finer Persons come, Rife up for to affigne to them his Room; To limit Mens Expence, we think not fair, But let him forfeit Twelve-pence that shall Swear: He that shall any Quarrel here begin, Shall give each Man a Dish t' Atone the Sin; And so shall He, whose Complements extend So far to drink in COFFEE to his Friend; Ler Noile of loud Disputes be quite forborn, No Maudin Lovers here in Corners Mourn, But all be Brisk, and Talk, but not too much On Sacred chings, Let none prefirme to touch; Nor Profane Scripence, or fawally wrong Affairs of Scate with an Irreverent Tongue: Let Mirch be Innocent, and each Man fee, That all his John without Resection be; To kee the E

Congratulatory Occasionally Written, upon the Happy Successes of Capt. Thomas Harman, Commander Of his MAJESTIE'S Friggate, the With an Exact Relation of His late Signal Victory Off Cadis. I shall, no Heathen Deity Implore: Be those Idollarers who need it more. The Subject will my Pen with Wit Infuse; And of a Barren, --- make a fruitfull Muse. RAVE SIR John Harman, his great Name will be, De Wit resolv'd the next days Tryal, shou'd Decide the Quarrel, though through streams of Blood. A facred Relique to Posterity : Harman obleidged new by Honors Laws, Which as a Favor each large Soul shall bind Cou'd do no less then Fight his Countrys cause; Upon his Arm, and so fresh Courage find. And now both fides in hast preparing be, His Actions with thy Actions, thine fo clear, Although the Dutch not question'd, Victory, Though but one Living, plainly both appear. Depending on his numbers, swoln with Pride, Go on boid Youth inspir'd with his great Soul, Since Evertson has him so well supply'd, Who cou'd his Paltions, as his Men, Controul; With sevenscore Men, above his complement, Thou wantest northing to attain that height

Which he injoy'd --- But to be made a ---- Knight. Shou'd we look back, and trace him from his Youth, Our highest Praises wou'd fall short of Truth. His early Rays like a red Sun did break, Man-hood shone through him, e're he well cou'd speak. If in his East he promised so much, Why shou'd we wonder that his Acts are such. The rest--- and this his Southern !--- scarce make good His promifes, though with expence of Blood. Hefor his King and Country Nobly Fought, And gain'd that Honor which the Other fought.

But stay quick Muje, You in a little Room Wou'd crow'd up all --- You quite forget the Boom.*

After so many Men in Beats destroy'd,

At Bogee As Death with conquering, seem'd almost cloy'd: where the When Deaths more swift then Lightning flew ith' Air, And turn'd all hopes of Conquests, to dispair! Snysif A -When the Proud Turks defied us from their VVall, gier me e Then Honor did, to Noble Harman, call: defiroy'd. Valour, now come forth,

And with thy Native Coa age, Thew thy VVorth; Give methy Hand---when this great work is done, l'e bring thee off -- as now I lead thee or. Sc, bravely Fought, fear not the thundring Showers, Know I Protect thy Life from all their Powers. 'Tis done! --- The Turks are thaken with the English -- thout An universal Joy flyes round about. V Vhich gave a Shock to the poor trembling Town,

Now, now begins the dreadful Scene of Fate, Tryumphing Death, fet open wile Hell-gate; And drove the Tawny-fouls by hundreds in A just Reward for all their horrid Sin. Their best of Ships in sultry Flames appear, O, cou'd we make fuch Bon-fires all the year? How many Christian Captives, now set Free, So many Christian Captives, may thank Thee; Thou, thou the only Instrumental Cause Of giving Captives Freedom; Pagans, Laws.

As if the Fabrick had been tumblingdown,

When he was Convoy to a Mighty Fleet, And many Capers at one time did meet. His discreet Conduct to secure his own, Appear'd, when of so many, Lost not one. When through all Dangers he had them Convay'd, (And not as some, their Countrymen Betray d.) A greater Action call's him now away,

To give out Precepts how they thou'd Obey. He a new Method took, and taught 'em how To Sally. They must, and theirs; to Brittains Monarch bow. And though they'r always exercis'd in War, He made them know we can Surpass 'um far?

Five Salli men of war burnt and taken with thirty Slives.

Witness, those Ships He took, and forc'd a Shoar, And thirty Slaves by him condemn'd to th' Oar. In Barbary, what part so e're he came, They fright their Children with his very Name. From thence my Muse, shall Tack about, and Rand

For Cai'z, the Magazine of every Land. Vice-Admiral de Wit, Cruceing about, But all in Vain, could find no Purchase out; In three days space, for Cal'z agen did Steer, But after him the Tiger came too near, For fuddenly a strange Report was spread, That he for Safety into Harbor fled. Bold Evertson carreening in the Bay, Hearing in what a Case their Honor lay. Advis'd de Wit immediately to send A Challenge, and so the Difference end: Hoping to gain Opinion from the Town, And by this Act, their former Actions Crown.

Whose courages all Resolutely bent, And if in Looks, some certainty might be, Their manly-faces promis'd Victory. Coud Strength have carried it, th' Ingagement had Gone, on the Weaker-fide but very bad. Fromfuch an Act, what Honor cou'd he gain, Though he had Sunk Her, and the Captain Slain: Unequal Numbers make a Conquest, none, For what's a Conquest when the (lory's gone. But now for Both, the Time to Action cails, While Multitudes are placed on the Walis, And on the Sandy Beach appear fuch Crowds, Their very shadows seem to darken Clouds! All gazing at the Champions going out, And of a suddain gave a losty Shout; Although they had but little Wind before, Their Acclamations blow 'um from the Shoar. A pleasant Gale: and now two Leagues at Sea: (Both in their swelling Pride and Gallantry.)
Both made a stand: when from the Shoar they cry'd;
Some for the English; most oth Flemmings side.
The Weather-gage, the Tiger having got, And both so near, within a Piftolls thot, Did ring such peals of Thunder in his ear, As made him Curfe he ever came fo near, This first Broad-fide, his Men and Ship fo Toar: She like a Rack, They, weltring in their Gore. Those bravely Fought, which did a Live remain, As if they had the spirits of the Slaia Fighting in them the Battail o're agen, For more like Devils they appear'd, then Men: Iorag'd, as Furies, in Confulion Fought; Grown Desprate, rather Death, then Conquest, sought. But He, (as other good Commanders shou'd) Esteem'd One sav'd, more then a stream of Blood Drawn from the Foe: Such was his Noble care, Though he Destroy'd --- Yet he had rather spare.

But to be short; he laid her foon Aboard Upon the Bough; and then the Tiger Roard: The fierceness of her Nature, now is shown; They, Enter shouting: But the other groan; Which from the shoar the found Reverberates; And so they Ecco back their adverse Fates. Here give Me Leave, a little to Digress, And briefly show our Nations Happiness: In having fuch Commanders in the Fleet, Whose equal Judgements, with their Valours meet. At last She's forc'd to yield unto his Power: (The miserable Effects of one short Hour!) For in less time, the Battails wone and lost, Which fo much Honor gain'd, with little Coft; Recal that word; the Coft was very great, Er'e we injoy'd the Victory Compleat. But if he well recovers of the Wound; Active, with passive Valour, shall be Crown'd, And so erect his Fame, on such a Base, As neither Time, nor Envy, shall deface. And if one Unexperienc'd can Devine, His Glories ne'r shall Set, but always Shine In Honors Orb, there fixt, our Friends to chear: But Meteer-like; possess our Foes with fear. Such powerfull Influence upon thy Foes. Secures thy Friends, a joyful, fweet, Repose.

In freta dum fluvij current, dum montibus Ombra-Luftrabunt, connexa Poliu dum Sydera posest : Semper honos, nomenque suum, landesque Manebunt Vergil lib : I, Eneid

T. G.

ANANSWER

TO THE

C20/2.

GENEVA BALLAD



Fall the Drolfters in the Town,
Of Popish, or of Hobbian Race,
None draggs Religion up and down,
Or doth the Gospel such disgrace

As Spruce with Coat Canonical
Whose Conscience eccho's have at all,
Would a fat Benefice but fall.

He whom the Ruder VVitts adore,
And count his vile Lampoons Divine;
Who Pimps in Rhime for the Old VV. ore.
And fain would patch up Dagon's shrine,
A sacred Proteus one that can,
Blend Gospel with the Alchoran,
And takes Texts from Leviathan.

Yer if he list, this Motley Clark,

Himself as loud as Smee can bray,

The Church he flunders in the dark,

But Hestors for her in the day:

Of Late he scott at Miter'd Peers, I

Pul'd the old Gray-beards by the ears,

And call'd them Heavens Overseers.

Yet now he fawas on them again,
And grins in rage his foaming chaps,
withes poot Presbyter in Spain,
And tears his Edifying capps,
So Comards kill where Hero's spare,
And Renogades always are
More fierce then native Tarks by far.

Thus with each Heifer he can plow
A Papist or an Independent,
What point the Gales of profit blow,
He always fleers, and there's an end on't,
Was ever fike a Priest among
All Gloster Coblers fulsome Throng,
To pawn his Conscience for a Song?

Whilst Presbyter with active fift,

Makes it his work to preach and pray;

This mode si'd Episcopist,

Shews 'tis to Heaven a Follier way:

With Organs and with Violin,

And Ballad new on merry pin,

He means to VV heedle souls from sin.

Geneva in a huff he kicks,

And swears by's reverend Cassac-Coat.

The Leaman-Lakes a second styx,

Where none but damned souls do float,

Though wise men think its waters be,

From all such secret venome free,

Nor half so blackish as Romes Sec.

Perhaps the man has cause to stickle,
Since Interest leads him to complain,
Fearing some Neighbouring Conventicle,
His Incomes to Low Ebb should Drain;
But be not, friend! at that dismaid,
Should preaching prove a forry Trade,
Ballading is not quite decay'd.

He varnishes his envious hate
With a pretended logal zeal,
But would in truth subvert the state;
And all embroil the common-weel;
His business is but to divide,
wound Protestants through Calvins side.
That Popelings once more might us ride.

See how he flyly acas his part,

Commends Queen a raries bloody days:

And doubtless thou id we found his heart,

Such Bonefires here as the would raise,

But Heav'n de fend those fad extreams,

We hope to keep unfilled Thames,

Free both from Tweds & Tiburs streams

Cease then impertinently to Rant,

VVe understand the Stale Intrigue:

Remember the Scotch Covenant,

VVas copied from your gall:

Against blew bonnet swagger not,

VVe know who hatcht the powder-plot,

Nor yet is Irelands blood forgot.

Our Soveraigns pleasure we'l obey,
But scorn to Fruckle unto thine;
Since Charles does liberty display,
How dare such Phamieseers repine?
Peace, Becket Junior, know your place,
Let no oblivion reach your case,
VVho Cyphers make of alls of Grace.

The constant Rules of Meaven we know.

VVhose Starrs in Parkers Orbs do move,

VVhich we may Comphere below,

VVhilst several parties live in Love.

VVithout Toak of Conformity,

VVe can keep Christian Unity,

As different Notes make Harmony.

Yet well may each good shepherd cry,
Unto his flocks beware of Rome,
VVhen forraign wolves so oft we spy,
Making Domestick trait at home;
And in each conter of the Land,
Perceive those sly sheep-steelers stand,
To give them the Rod Letters brand.

VVith Holy Beads they teach to chaunt,
Their Ave's and their unknown prayers,
And all the while to Heav'n they mount,
Take special care to tell the stairs:
The Kitchin-wench comes into Matin,
And loyns her soul with shreds of Latine,
Likegreazy Fustion fac'd with Sattin.

Their whole Religion is so Odd,
It seems a Dark Mysterious Trade,
To Disturb Kings, and Worship God,
Only in shew and Masquerade:
A Chaos of Deformity,
Made up of blood, hypocrisie,
fraud, treason, and idolary.

Yet you as foon to Mass would Gad,

Alas! it is all one to thee;
He that Religion never had,

Where purchas'd pardons set him free
Beyond a Raners Libertee,
To wallow in Debaucheree.

Though he contrive to hide his Plot,
We yet can apprehend the snare,
Through the sheeps-cloathing he has got,
His foxes Ears do plain appear:

Protestant Drones, look to your lives,
He'd sain be burning of your hives,
And counts the Scriptures dangerous
(Knives)

VVe'l not Recriminate the case,
Nor make boast of our Loyalty,
But still with thankful hearts embrace,
Our Gracious princes clemency:
Yet hope to prove our innocence,
And actions void of just offence,
Against this flanderous Pretence.

VVhen furplice was an ufeless thing,
And Miter a poor Relique lay,
The preaching Cloak brought back the King,
And turn dour Dismal Night to Day:

Mun Calamy, and a few more,
Did then more on their Soveraigns score
Then troops of Railerists before.

FINIS.

Printed in the Year. 1674.

To my Lord Arch-Bishop of CANTERBUR' Upon His Famous Erection, 4 194

The THEATER in OXFORD

MY LORD,

UR English Stories blush not to present A generous Wast, a Brave Demolishment, And Fame her self commends it to our hands, Twenty fix Towns stood, where New Forrest But this Renown You ever will enjoy, You Build more, than the Conquerour did Destroy.

While the wide World endures, We must confess Sinai, a Venerable Wilderness. Let then no vile Detraction dare to 'bate, Where Kings Magnificently Depopulate. Whether those Towns were large, or th' Tenements poor, With their Walls Loam, Tile, Thatch, & Earth the Floor, What Orchards, Gardens, Pasture-grounds lay to't, What Arable, let Chronologers compute; Expired Ages their own Downfals grieve, You build the Envie of the Age You live. Egypt, in elder times the World did fill, With Trophies of her Structures, and her Skill; But most admired Prelate! You impart Piles 'bove her Pyramides, Scienc's 'bove her Art.

Though thy deep-Learned self, deery the powers Of meaner Foiles, and Set-offs from thy Towers, Yet do thy Fabricks so exceed belief, (chief. Thou art Great, though those mean-Glories were thy

What bold Erection starts not to appear, In competition with Thy Theater?

Pompey's great Structures much admired stood, Yet mingled was 'twixt Excellent, and Good; Though its perfection some in vain Protect, Compar'd with Thine, 'twas Ruins when Erect.

This Model would renew fierce Nero's frown, That Murderer of his Mother, and his Town: Striving to sample this, he soon would find His artless Platform, fall so far behind, The Furies would award Him equal Doom, For building up, as for his burning ROME.

The Adverte French and Spaniards here accord, Agreeing Praises, to this Work afford, And pity those, whose commendations fall Or on their LOOVRE, or ESCURIAL. But waving Them, fend Artists here to see Not what those Great Courts are, but ought to be. (Gay pompous Cottages! and fit alone To flumber out a Life in, and be gone.)

Near Earth's deep Centre the Foundation lies, While the Roofe bids Good Morning to the Skies. Whose unsupported Arch floats in the Air, As if no Buildings but a Bird hung there. As Makomets Tombe contends the ground to press, But feems restrain'd below, by emptiness: Bid no attractive Agent buoy up all, Without His Epileplie He must fall, And his blind Votaries who under kneel, The Fatal pressure of their Prophet feel; The Tomb had chrusht, and cover'd 'em ere this, And been Their Monument, as well as His. These Arches swim aloft, secure from harm, Without the fraud of his Magnetick charm, Where once arriv'd, themselves themselves Protect, Instructed by mysterious Architect: Angles to Angles, Squares to Squares apply, Each stone is Loadstone to his next Allie. As in the Orbs no groaning Pillar bears The pressure of the telf-susteined Sphears, But all the Axis (Grave Astronomers Theam) Is firm Imagination, but not Beam; Whole each extream fixt to some phansy'd Pole, Means but due Contiguation of the Whole. So here, while parts to equal parts refort, They their own Beauty are and own Support. Yet as by chance contriv'd and not by wit, They feem, but dropt down aptly, and fall'n fit.

Here no created weight or more or less Can the strong sinews of the Arch depress, But fearless, all attempts the disappoints, By the secure contexture of her Joints. Her Burdens numberless, breed no mishaps, But close the spaces, and endear the Gaps.

Huge rockey-Mountaine un small Pullies call, And strongly rivet by their Gradual fall:

Vast Trunks of Oak they and by the proof Of slender Cords entice them to the Roof. So the ponderous Eagle rifes by degrees, When with undaunted eyes the Sun she sees, And by like Stratagems the does advance, Him, and his Rayes stares out of countenance. Against the Clouds her mounting Crests she slings, Born by the frail Foundation of her wings.

Unless screw'd up, wedg'd in, and mortis'd thus; The flightest Lark, would die a Dedalus, Dasht 'gainst rude Rocks, would tumbling fall down Bemoaning the Ambition of her flight. But Air crowds close to Air, to skreen off Fate From her aspiring and Harmonious weight. This Managery doth not on Toyl relie, But Dissonant materials Harmony: Mens Brawney Arms, and Shoulders suffer less; On Mathematicks Confort lies the stress. Amphion when to raise His Thebes He falls, His Lute feels all the labour of the Walls.

Dress'd in their Leaves, and bark they once did bow, Trees follow'd Orpheus then, but Timber now, Squar'd, and cut out, proportion'd, smooth'd, and fil'd, This Art the Wood obeys, His, but the wild.

Bold Archimedes, if these Artshe knew, He might displace the World, and place it new: Fixing his powerful Engine, fure to bear, Upon some solid Nothing, in no where. No cunning is so nice, no Art so Rare, Except those Arts alone that are taught there.

To some less wary in Distinguishing, The bare Name Theater depraves the Thing; Thither they come entangled in their fears, Of meeting Savage Objects! Panthers, Bears, Wolves, Lions, Tygers! These thus prepossest Expect some Splendid Desert at the best, Africk immur'd! for such they have been told, Were all the Ancient Theatres, of Old. But all the fights in this Majestick Frame Are like the Spectators, Tractable and Tame. No mangled Gladiators here intrude; No Tragick, nor no Mimicke interlude: But all the hours they folemnly beguile, And ne'r excite our forrow, nor our smile. The Doctors of all Faculties, and Arts, Out-shine their Scarlet with their Radiant Parts. Few hours in gravest State of questions spent, Opponents brandish Dist of Argument: Till in subjection to Victorious brains, The captive Adversary sighs in chains. The Divi-

Of all the Statelies in this Orbs dispose, The choicest Canton is reserved, for those, Who prove all Praise ev'n to this Theatre lent, Most due to that above the Firmament. And such the sacred Sons of Aaron be, Who would fain confute us into Eternity.

nity Act.

If some in heat of Disputation stray, From Saint Ignatius to Loyala, Then the profound Professor soon recalls, By Fathers, Schools, Councils, Originals. Such was the Grave, the Primitive Decree; But some Divines are now o'th Livery; Religion's Artifice; and Shop-men ply't, Not to gain Profelites, but Custom by't; Their Sermons sell their Wares: who can invade With stoutest Lungs, O! He's the Man of Trade. Yet, mongst the Wise, or worthy, these Tricks fall, Produce three Gentry-Juglers and take All.

The Phy-Next these, the Learned Asculapian Train Seek to retrieve their loft Rights, (Oh! in vain) fick Act Gainst Bills, and posting Empricks they inveigh, And prove, no Pestilence devours like they In pension with the Graves; their surest Trust (The Serpents curse) is, Thou shalt eat the Dust.

Next, civil Sanctions guarding Man from Man, The Civil Law Rich Treasures? left us by Justinian, Act. Codes, Pandects, Digests, set a shore to Pride, Act. And wrong through all the World. Who can decide Which of the Two have more Extensive Claws, The Roman Eagles, or the Roman Laws?

Throngs of Learn'd Youthfill up the lower space, Hoods, whose Reverse are Silks their shoulders Grace, Shoulders, which three Years fince did only claim Less-graduate Furrs, the Ermins of the Lamb. These seven long Years the Liberal Arts obey, At seven Years end, as Liberal as they. And (what's in other Lands a wondrous thing,). Subjects without the Non-age of their KING. Created Regents all: and fuch They be, Want but a Scepter for Prince-Regency. For when their Great, or lesser Meetings call, (Like General Councils, or Provincial) They ratifie all Rejections, and all Choice, By the uncontrolled Empire of their Voice.

But, least Learn'd Intricates too long perplex, The Attention of the Lady-gentle Sex. Some select Orators brisk, and witty fire With their ingenious Reach bends to conspire; And Native-Languag'd gains this Preference, Musick, less Musick is than Eloquence. While Rowling Organs, Viol, warbling Lute So swift, so sweet through th' ravisht Audience shoot. Intelligences lend aftonisht Ears,

And shame their Musick-more-pretending Sphears. What Structure else but Prides it to reveal Treasures? which Bashful this would fain conceal: As Pearls were modest grown, Coy to be found, Shading their choicest Glories under ground. Thus Indian KINGS Exchequers heap up Store: But in their Mines lies Infinitely more. The Sacred Oracles inspired Lungs Above, all Truths; Below they speak all Tongues. Spain, Gascoin, Florence, Smyrna, and the Rhine May taste their Language there, though not the Wine. The Jew, Mede, Elomite, Arabian, Crest, In these deep Vault their wandring Ideoms meet,

And to compute, are in Amazement hurl'd How long fince OXFORD has been all the World! Tis Generous to Assist; They merit Praise, Who contribute such Mighty works to raise. All that confer, to fet Lost Pauls to Right,

Heaven that Rewadrs their Pounds, regards their Mite. Now Natures self seems stinted, now when stuff To cut out Souls is scarce allowed enough, To Your free Make are such Ingredients gone, As may suffice to Insoul the Nation. This numberless Expence You disimburse, Without Affociate, or Confederate Purfe. So, have I feen one spacious Beech contain A vast Dimension o're a Verdant Plain. She warn'd the Trees, their vain approach forbear, My self am streightned, (Trees than Vocal were) My Root, and Trunk is large, Head broad, and High; Seven hundred Ewes to my Ptotection flie: And when beneath my leaves those flocks retire, A more commodious Lare none can desire; I lend them Lodging, Grazing, and Defence, To all their wants a full Convenience. If part of these under your branches browze, VVho shall address to my Remaining Boughs: This Plain is my Demesnes, while I survive, In yonder Vacant Copfe, ye all may Thrive. VVhere grateful Lambs, who your fair shades repleat. VVill Dance, and Sing their Tributary Bleat. Some Frames are Fairly rais'd but to Abuse; As Popes Themselves establish decent stews. O, then what Verse ought to Eternize You, VVho build to Beauty, and to Vertue too?

May thrice three hundred Prosperous years be spread, And thrice three Hundred Bliffes on Thy head, Thy Head! who with Thy Bounty dost surprize, Greater than most have Bonney to Advise.

May Thy Stiles swell, Thy numerous Sees disperse, Be sole Diocesan o'th' Universe! Till Thou hast space obtain'd, and Treasure won, To do, all Thou wouldst do, and see it don. Then having finishe Deeds to Good to high, Thy next Arch-Bifboprick must be the Skie.

FINIS.

The Regent Ma-Sters Act.

The Mufick Act.

The Printing Office under the Theater.

To my Lord Arch-Bishop of CANTERBUR? Upon His Famous Erection, 4 194

The THEATER in OXFORD.

MY LORD,

UR English Stories blush not to present A generous Wast, a Brave Demolishment, And Fame her self commends it to our hands, Twenty fix Towns stood, where New Forrest But this Renown You ever will enjoy, (Itands, You Build more, than the Conquerour did Destroy.

While the wide World endures, We must confess Sinai, a Venerable Wilderness.

Let then no vile Detraction dare to 'bate, Where Kings Magnificently Depopulate. Whether those Towns were large, or th'Tenements poor, With their Walls Loam, Tile, Thatch, & Earth the Floor, What Orchards, Gardens, Pasture-grounds lay to't, What Arable, let Chronologers compute; Expired Ages their own Downfals grieve, You build the Envie of the Age You live. Egypt, in elder times the World did fill, With Trophies of her Structures, and her Skill; But most admired Prelate! You impart Piles 'bove her Pyramides, Sciene's 'bove her Art.

Though thy deep-Learned felf, decry the powers Of meaner Foiles, and Set-offs from thy Towers, (chief. Yet do thy Fabricks so exceed belief, Thou art Great, though those mean-Glories were thy

What bold Erection starts not to appear, In competition with Thy Theater?

Pompey's great Structures much admired stood, Yet mingled was 'twixt Excellent, and Good; Though its perfection some in vain Protect, Compar'd with Thine, 'twas Ruins when Erect.

This Model would renew fierce Nero's frown, That Murderer of his Mother, and his Town: Striving to sample this, he soon would find His artless Platform, fall so far behind, The Furies would award Him equal Doom, For building up, as for his burning ROME.

The Adverse French and Spaniards here accord, Agreeing Praises, to this Work afford, And pity those, whose commendations fall Or on their LOOVRE, or ESCURIAL. But waving Them, fend Artists here to see Not what those Great Courts are, but ought to be. (Gay pompous Cottages! and fit alone To flumber out a Life in, and be gone.)

Near Earth's deep Centre the Foundation lies,

While the Roofe bids Good Morning to the Skies. Whose unsupported Arch floats in the Air, As if no Building, but a Bird hung there. As Makomets Tombe contends the ground to prefs, But seems restrain'd below, by emptiness: Bid no attractive Agent buoy up all, Without His Epileplie He must fall, And his blind Votaries who under kneel, The Fatal pressure of their Prophet feel; The Tomb had chrusht, and cover'd 'em ere this, And been Their Monument, as well as His. These Arches swim aloft, secure from harm, Without the fraud of his Magnetick charm, Where once arriv'd, themselves themselves Protect, Instructed by mysterious Architect: Angles to Angles, Squares to Squares apply, Each stone is Loadstone to his next Allie. As in the Oibs no groaning Pillar bears The pressure of the telf-susteined Sphears, But all the Axis (Grave Astronomers Theam) Is firm Imagination, but not Beam; Whose each extream fixt to some phansy'd Pole, Means but due Contiguation of the Whole. So here, while parts to equal parts refort, They their own Beauty are and own Support. Yet as by chance contriv'd and not by wit, They feem, but dropt down aptly, and fall'n fit.

Here no created weight or more or less Can the strong sinews of the Arch depress, But fearless, all attempts the disappoints, By the secure contexture of her Joints. Her Burdens numberless, breed no mishaps, But close the spaces, and endear the Gaps.

Huge rockey-Mountaine up fmall Pullies call, And strongly rivet by their Gradual fall:

Vast Trunks of Oak they and by the proof Of slender Cords entice them to the Roof. So the ponderous Eagle rises by degrees, When with undaunted eyes the Sun she sees, And by like Stratagems she does advance, Him, and his Rayes stares out of countenance. Against the Clouds her mounting Crests she flings, Born by the frail Foundation of her wings.

Unless screw'd up, wedg'd in, and mortis'd thus; The slightest Lark, would die a Dedalus, Dasht 'gainst rude Rocks, would tumbling fall down Bemoaning the Ambition of her flight. But Air crowds close to Air, to skreen off Fate From her aspiring and Harmonious weight. This Magery doth not on Toyl relie, But Di: onant materials Harmony: Mens Brawney Arms, and Shoulders suffer less; On Mathematicks Confort lies the stress. Amphion when to raise His Thebes He falls, His Lute feels all the labour of the Walls.

Dress'd in their Leaves, and bark they once did bow, Trees follow'd Orpheus then, but Timber now, Squar'd, and cut out, proportion'd, smooth'd, and fil'd, This Art the Wood obeys, His, but the wild.

Bold Archimedes, if these Artshe knew, He might displace the World, and place it new: Fixing his powerful Engine, fure to bear, Upon some solid Nothing, in no where. No cunning is so nice, no Art so Rare, Except those Arts alone that are taught there.

To some less wary in Distinguishing, The bare Name Theater depraves the Thing; Thither they come entangled in their fears, Of meeting Savage Objects! Panthers, Bears, Wolves, Lions, Tygers! These thus prepossest Expect some Splendid Desert at the best, Africk immur'd! for such they have been told, Were all the Ancient Theatres, of Old. But all the fights in this Majestick Frame Are like the Spectators, Tractable and Tame. No mangled Gladiators here intrude; No Fragick, nor no Mimick interlude: But all the hours they folemnly beguile, And ne'r excite our forrow, nor our smile. The Doctors of all Faculties, and Arts, Out-shine their Scarlet with their Radiant Parts. Few hours in gravest State of questions spent, Opponents brandish Dint of Argument: Till in Subjection to Victorious brains, The captive Adversary sighs in chains. The Divi-

Of all the Statelies in this Orbs dispose, The choicest Canton is reserv'd, for those, Who prove all Praise ev'n to this Theatre lent, Most due to that above the Firmament. And such the facred Sons of Aaron be, Who would fain confute us into Eternity.

nity Act.

If some in heat of Disputation stray, From Saint Ignatius to Loyala, Then the profound Professor soon recalls, By Fathers, Schools, Councils, Originals. Such was the Grave, the Primitive Decree; But some Divines are now o'th Livery; Religion's Artifice; and Shop-men ply't, Not to gain Profelites, but Custom by't; Their Sermons sell their Wares: who can invade With stoutest Lungs, O! He's the Man of Trade. Yet, 'mongst the Wise, or worthy, these Tricks fall, Produce three Gentry-Juglers and take All.

The Phy-Next these, the Learned Æsculapian Train Seek to retrieve their loft Rights, (Oh! in vain) fick Act Gainst Bills, and posting Empricks they inveigh, And prove, no Pestilence devours like they In pension with the Graves; their surest Trust (The Serpents curse) is, Thou shalt eat the Dust.

Next, civil Santions guarding Man from Man, The Civil Law Rich Treasures? left us by Justinian, Codes, Pandects, Digefts, let a shore to Pride, And wrong through all the World. Who can decide Which of the Two have more Extensive Claws, The Roman Eagles, or the Roman Laws?

Throngs of Learn'd Youthfill up the lower space. Hoods, whose Reverse are Silks their shoulders Grace, Shoulders, which three Years fince did only claim Less-graduate Furrs, the Ermins of the Lamb. These seven long Years the Liberal Arts obey, At seven Years end, as Liberal as they. And (what's in other Lands a wondrous thing,) Subjects without the Non-age of their KING. Created Regents all: and such They be, Want but a Scepter for Prince-Regency. For when their Great, or leffer Meetings call, (Like General Councils, or Provincial) They ratifie all Rejections, and all Choice, By the uncontrolled Empire of their Voice.

But, least Learn'd Intricates too long perplex, The Attention of the Lady-gentle Sex. Some select Orators brisk, and witty fire With their ingenious Reach bends to conspire; And Native-Languag'd gains this Preference, Musick, less Musick is than Eloquence. While Rowling Organs, Viol, warbling Lute So swift, so sweet through th' ravisht Audience shoot, Intelligences lend aftonisht Ears,

And shame their Musick-more-pretending Sphears. What Structure else but Prides it to reveal Treasures? which Bashful this would fain conceal: As Pearls were modest grown, Coy to be found, Shading their choicest Glories under ground. Thus Indian KINGS Exchequers heap up Store: But in their Mines lies Infinitely more. The Sacred Oracles inspired Lungs Above, all Truths; Below they speak all Tongues. Spain, Gascoin, Florence, Smyrna, and the Rhine May taste their Language there, though not the Wine. The Jew, Mede, Elomite, Arabian, Crest, In these deep Vault their wandring Ideams meet, And to compute, are in Amazement hurl'd How long fince OXFORD has been all the World! 'Tis Generous to Assist; They merit Praise,

Who contribute fuch Mighty works to raife. All that confer, to fet Lost Pauls to Right, Heaven that Rewadrs their Pounds, regards their Mite. Now Natures self seems stinted, now when stuff

To cut out Souls is scarce allowed enough, To Your free Make are such Ingredients gone, As may suffice to Insoul the Nation. This numberless Expence You disimburse, Without Affociate, or Confederate Purse. So, have I feen one spacious Beech contain A vast Dimension o're a Verdant Plain. She warn'd the Trees, their vain approach forbear, My self am streightned, (Trees than Vocal were) My Root, and Trunk is large, Head broad, and High; Seven hundred Ewes to my Protection flie: And when beneath my leaves hole flocks retire, A more commodious Lare none can desire; I lend them Lodging; Grazing, and Defence, To all their wants a full Convenience. If part of these under your branches browze, VVho shall address to my Remaining Boughs: This Plain is my Demesses, while I survive, In yonder Vacant Copfe, ye all may Thrive. VVhere grateful Lambs, who your fair shades repleat. VVill Dance, and Sing their Tributary Bleat. Some Frames are Fairly rais'd but to Abuse; As Popes Themselves establish decent stews. O, then what Verse ought to Eternize You, VVho build to Beauty, and to Vertue too?

May thrice three hundred Prosperous years be spread, And thrice three Hundred Bliffes on Thy head, Thy Head! who with Thy Bounty dost surprize, Greater than most have Bounty to Advise.

May Thy Stiles swell, Thy numerous Sees disperse, Be sole Diocesan o'th' Universe! Till Thou hast space obtain'd, and Treasure won, To do, all Thou wouldst do, and see it don. Then having finish Deeds to Good so high, Thy next Arch-Bishoprick must be the Skie

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for C. S.

The Re. gent Ma-Jters Act.

The Mufick Act.

The Printing Office under the Theater.

Northampton in Flames:

POEM on the Dreadful F

That Happened there on Monday the 20th. Septemb. 1675. C26



Onfused Cryes fill all the Peoples Ears, And difagreeing Bells bespeak their Fears; Faint glimmering lights on every wall appear, And Fire is all they now can fee or hear. Some from their Shops, more from their Tables

To meet the Flames, that came themselves too fast : (haste, A joynt-concern engaged all the Town, Tis Fire alone makes every house our own. Where-ere they go, they new Surprises meet, And Grief alone's the same in every Street. To loud complaints th'amazed people fall, And Ruin'd! Ruin'd! Still did close them all.

A thousand hands Strait fight th'inraged foe, Who thus oppos'd do's but the fiercer grow; As when strong Winds th'approaching Seas invade A mighty Billow of a Wave is made; So all the force they us'd to ftop the Fire, Did not Repell, but onely raise it Higher. Some from the Walls the heated Rasters tore, With the same Hands that fet them Up before; And at the Conquerours feet their houses lay, The haughty Flames scorn the ignoble prey And Lyon-like the proftrate Spoils, they mift, To conquer faster those that did resist: The infant-Flames each minute stronger grew, Whil'it on the wings of a firong Wind they Flew; Nere did Bistonian Courser swiftlier bear, Pamper'd in Peace the mighty God of War, Whil'st over the Strymonian banks he scuds, And his Strong wind drives on the loytering Floods. But Zephyr could not long sustain the freight, But breathless lies under th'unequal weight; The Flames no more now need the nourishing wind, But feem to leave those flower Blasts behind: And thus to their full strength and vigour grown, Singly defy all the Remaining Town. The full-fletcht Flames as fwift as Joves fires Fly

Houses of Entertainment and of Trade,
Are all together in one Ruine Isid;
Shops, Stables, Barnes, all buildings for to fair
You could not say, which was devoured last:

Not Pelyphemus favour's shewn.
The Silver fwan more sweetly fung of late, Too fad presage of her approaching fate; In deeper streams she wish't to hide her head, And curs't the time She left her Watry bed: For now amidft the thickest Flames she fries, And there for want of her own Element dies. The *Lyon next, when nothing elfe could fright, Prepares himself for the unequal fight; Unknowing how to yield, he fcorns the Fires, And in a generous Sullen rage expires. The *Hind, the heard, and knew her danger near, Which came so fast, she had no time to fear. The *Dog was nere afraid of her till now, Nor all fo weak an Enemy could do, But now he finds her breath is hotter far, Then all th'inveterate o'th' fiery Star.

And here, my Muse, the spacious * Hill survay, Where scarcely now th' Affrighted People stay. Some on their backs their aged Parents bear, And shew their piety's greater than their fear: In the same hast Anas snatch't his Sire And scarcely sav'd him from th' pursuing fire. With wearied Steps a fearfull Mother strays, She trembles as she goes, looks backs, and Stays; Within her armes her youngest pledge she bore, And fear'd much for her felf, for that much more ? The Child looks on her with his watry Eyes, And all those frights he could not speak he Cryes. My Child (fay'd the) my only child I fear, For none of all thy brethren else appear; Thy Father too ____ But here she Silent grew, And durst not speak, but fear'd the Worst was true.

They Stayd, and faw, the tottering Chimnies fall, And heard the Rents of each divided Wall: The great Beames burst and throw the sparks on high, And Fire rains down from the discoloured Sky; It fell so thick, not faster Hailestones pour, Which fall with violent force from an impetious Shower: These Cinders how they scap'd, you could not tell,

Unless their tears did quench them, as they fell. The Richest Goods now Flame o're all the Hill, With Aromaticks which dried Channels fill: Th' Arabian * Bird the scattered Spices takes, *Phenix Inn And of them all a Funeral Pile she makes; May the rife new from this her Flaming Neft, And th' happy Emblem prove of all the rest.

What ails my Muse to look so pale, All on a fuddain how her spirits faile; With an uncertain step she now does go, And loose Pindariques only flow. See! fee the Sacred * Fires rife, * All Saints Church See how they mount and shew Brighter far than those below. See how they mount an unmixt Sacrifice! The Heavens afunder fall, They open, and receive it all. The Saints from whom it took its Name, Run and catch the Hallowed Flame, Which in fafe Treasuries they lay, For they in Heaven's Records did find a day; When it again should fill another Quire, And not confuming prove, but Purifying Fire.

My Muse the fainted, and intranc'd the lay, Around her Head the sporting Visions play: When loc a Book a mighty Book she saw, It was the Volume of unerring Fate, The leaves of hardest Minerals were made; So hard, that God alone the Lines could draw, None else could write, and none obliterate: The Book lay open, and all times appear, And things not done, as plain as if they were; In dreadful Characters which fears create, And letters of a vast and fearful Size; She reads Narshampson too unhappy State, She reads the Legends of the difmal place, Of Fires, and their violent Rage, When suddain smiles adorn'd her alter'd face, To find fuch happy Annalls for another Age.

She reads, but as she read, excess of Jay, Her wandring Spirits did recall; Her hopes and fears by turns themselves destroy, She hopes all True, yet fears the Truth of all. And is it True faid she, The Fates fo foon shall raise that happy day, When all these Sister-Streets allied shall be, In stately order Uniformly gay.

And shall the Sacred Roof so glorious grow, And there those polisht Columns stand, In which each golden Cherub fees his face, Doubly adorning all the Sacred place; And shall all this Treasure flow From Gracious Canterburie's Pious hand! Ingrateful Muse said I, dost thou despair? Thou least of all should'st doubt his Pious care: Did he not make that little that thou art? Yet that far more than thy defert: Did he not take thee from an homely Cell, To place thee where the Muses dwell? First Taught thee how, then gave thee where to Live, 'Tis not His fault but Thine, thy Lawrells do not Thrive,

The careful *Genius of the place arose, * Earl of Northampion Great in his Courage, great in Grief he shews; His mighty Courage dar'd the Rebel-fire, Though Grief did make him figh, and blow it higher. Th' unbounded Flames contract a feeming awe, And their unlimited Rage submits to Law; For generous heat did his Warm breast inspire, And his hot Zeal burnt out that colder fire. Obedient flames now creep along the street, An easy Conquest unto all they meet; To Cellars their last refuge now they fly, And there neglected of themselves they dy. But though the Town be Dust, its living Fame Shall never Dy in Loyal Comptons Name.

Swan-Inn.

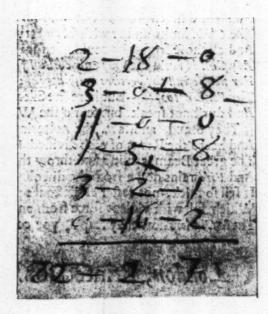
Lyon-Inn

Flind-Inn.

albot Inn.

Market place,

Aunding to you I fine I have in svery thing & shall way to or Alm polars are on the land afformation. Lashbard



A Congratulatory POEM Presented To the Right Honourable of the Sight Honourable of the Sight Honourable of London Carres To the Right Honourable of London Carres L O R D M A I O R Of the City of London Carres

Composed by the Author of the Geneva ballad.

Rave Walworth's Dagger, Worthy Lord,
Rebuds and blossoms in your Sword:
Lop the first Letter in his Name,
Your self and he will be the same:
Nature and Grace to You impart,
An Aspect grave, a Loyal Heart;
A Spring-tide-Purse, an Ebbing passion;
Rigour allay'd with Moderation;
A Still Voyse in a Thunder-clap,
Where Mercy sits in Justice Lap:
With all ingredients that compleat
A Persect Christian Magistrate.

The more's the Pity! some have made
Their Pow'r a Pander to their Trade:
And when the people would be heard,
Have measur'd causes by the Tard:
For Equity but blundr'ing at it,
More by the Shop-book then the Statute:
These Animals if you would know,
They now and then i'th Country grow:
And may be Pickt up here and there,
In half the Towns of every Shire.

But never did so Vile Disgrace
Bespot Fitz-Allens Nobler Race;
Whose Antient Honours here we View,
By Providence, transfer'd to Tou,
Whose Port, and presence well may show,
Whom You do Represent below:
That Auful Mildness Writ upon it,
Might make the Queker Vail his Bonnet;
And him that hopeth a Reprieve,
Not onely Tremble but Believe;
Considering how youre mile or Fram
Can raise him up, or cast him down.

Here we may see (to Loudons pride) Lambeth and Pauls afresh ally'd; The Church and City joyntly share A Metropolitan, and Mayor Of the same stock; whose Name shall last Till deep-lung'd fame hath fpent her blaft, Great Foseph! with thy Brethrens leaves Accept due homage from their Sheaves; And be to us as much or more Then that blest Patriarch was before Amongst the old Egyptians, who Endear'd the Prince and people too: So our wife FOR D, with Pradence sweet, Made both ends of the Town to meet: So noble VINER hath likewife Caus'd Conduits run, and Churches rife; And in his Soveraigns statue shown A lasting Monument of his own. Oh pious pomp! of all the reft, These Following pageants are the best, Which Triumph over Death, and save Th' Embalmed memory from the grave. Whole Aquedust's, when e're he dye, Will weep forth his best Elegy. Pardon, my Lord, although to you Our pray'rs, not our Alvice is Due; Let your Heav'n-granted power pursue, The Hellring, and the Damning crew, Blasphemous Tongue, and Bloudy Hand Cuts out new mourning for the Land: Superfluous Trees, by pruning, thrive, And Laws by Execution live : We'r subject unto your commanding, Like Phinebas do Justice Standing: For if this be your Honours Way, Fadions will of themselves Decay.

My Lord,

Your Honours Most Humble Servant

LONDONS INDEX

OR

Some Reflexions

ONTHE

New built MONUMENT.

Spongia Comitetar Punica Chartam Mart.

Hat strange Idaa can present!
How Mysterious Providence
To Mortals doth its gift dispence!
When it seems t' have sent

Plagues, and Disorders, to unite
The World, and force us to delight;
How else could such a glorious Structure rise,
Wearying its Beholders eyes?
Which scarce

See it surveys the City as its charge,
And seems to scorn
Flames, which lye buried in this flaming urn;

The City's Liberty it doth enlarge,

The Boys could never go
So high Processioning in th' Air till now.

This is the Planer, which will always tell

The City's well;

For its Ascendant, it doth London own, Scarce one degree below the Moon.

Th'amazed Phænix thinks 'tis built her nest,
And from the Desert straight doth come,
Bath'd in Arabian Gum,

Within these flames to take Eternal rest.

Hence forth Rome's Amphitheatre must bow;

This is Carpophorus his Spear,

And seems to threaten the Calestial Bear.

The Dog flar now

Hastens to th' south all cold with fear.

This is a Rival to the Gnossian Crown,

Which pale Cynthia longs to own.
When this the Persian did see,
He thought the Sun was risen in the west,
Some bow the knee:

Whilst each long-bearded reverend Priest Consult the Sibyl Oracles, to find

What Heaven had delign'd:
But when they see him in the East appear,
They change their wonder into sear;
Till by its borrowed light, they see
Ours is as much below the Sun, as he
To CÆS AR's Deity.

Now th' East-Indians come from far, Without a Compass, guided by this Star.

Th' Agyptian Pyramids shrink in their heads,
And wish themselves laid in their Founders Beds;
Such Buildings more become a Child,
Nought but a heap of stones compil'd:
There's far more bravery

In the labourious House of an Industrious Bee;

The years in which they builded were,
Require more wonder then their art or care.

But why such richness spent
About the fire's Monument?

Could it be thought in after years,
That BRUTE could ere erect
Such Buildings, as themselves protect,
And fill the Neighbouring World with fears?
No, the future Age must say,
'Twas CASAR's influence that rul'd the day.'
Nor could the World int's Infancy
Produce such Art as here we see:
Such Streets, in former, Ages, must undo
The Populus, and the Senatus too;
I'd aimoit said Rome's FA TER DATRIM.

Say then, whence all this cost

Do we in judgments boast?

Or is't Heavens second Covenant here below,

An Arrow to the watry Bow?

See how bright Iris hovers ore the top,

And promises whilst this remains,

(On which we ground our hope)

London shall never feel such slames again.

No wind so high can ever blow,

Nor do we fear the Winters Hail, or Snow,

'Tis water when't comes here,

And doth commence its keness from a lower Sphære.

From this we may the City see

At large, and in Epitome.

When Airy Gods in stent nights shall rove,

This they will chuse

A Colony of power and love.

The Rhodian Coloss scorns to be outsied,

Complaining to its Deity,

Would fain resolved be,

And gladly int' is first disorder slide.

And gladly int' is first disorder slide.

All that it now can boast of, is

That it sees this.

England's great Theatre beholds the frame
Their Founders being almost the same,
Both owe their height to SHELDON's name.
Here's Pelion and Offs too:
Typhon had laid a Siege, with less ado,
To Heaven and fall'd the Sky,
Durst he have ventur'd half so high.

Durst he have ventur'd half so high.

The Thames which underneath it trembling glides,
Fearing the River Alphen fate,
Ebbing, and flowing in a doubtful state,
The waves for dread do one anaber hide.

Forrain Invalions, to molest us here:

This when our Enemies shall see,
They'l yield, it doth portend a destiny,

A Comet ominous,

Ruin t' our Foes, but healt
In this bright Star Astrologers may find,

Being at the top,

Without a Telescope,

How all the City is inclined.

'Tis London' Standard, and proclaims Victory ore the fier-oft flames.

Too a.caurtir -

The dangers which they once did

Which being o'recome

They proudly Rear their Banners in the En mies room.

We need no Pageantry,

We need no Pageantry,
Such shadows as surprise;
The Peoples eyes
In this we see.
A Lord Major's Show appear

Stately and rich enough for all the year.

Our Brighenels doth Persour-brave;

And the Atlantick Sea,

Whilft this reflects,

Seems all her Jewels to neglect:

When the their emulation feeks to fave,

From the curft fate of Niebe;

Which Fate long fince had they not undergone;

This, like Medufa's head, had turn'd them into ftone.

The widdow'd Greenland curses this our pride;

For now we hide

Her half years Sun and shroud,

Her coldness in the Mantle of a shady Cloud.

Why should I ban Prexiteles?

And might become a greater Princes Grave:

But yet all this

Seems like its under Rivules to Nile:

The place a greater difference dorn show.

The place a greater difference dorn flow.

And what can be too great

For fuch a room of State?

Since we may justly fing:

London, built fornigh Heaven, is Chamber of the King.

London, Printed in the Year 1676.

ANELEGY

On the Death of that most Laborious and Painful Minister of the Gospel

20/2

Mr. JOHN NORCOT,

Who fell afleop in the Lord the th of this instant March 167

Ow doeh my troubled Soul amused stand, On thoughts of God's most fore Chastifing hand, Let Heaven affist my Pen, and help indite This Mournful Elegy I'm mov'd towrite, My grieved heart knows not what way to take, Its love to shew and lamentation make, David for Jonathan was fore diffrest, And in like fort has forrow feiz'd my Breft. Beloved Fohn is gone, dear Norcot's dead ; That Man of God, who hath so often fed Our precious Souls with Manna from above: Whole powerful pleaching did ingage our love To Fefus Christ. O! he had care and skill To feed poor fou's and do his Mafter's will. But is he from us also took away, What, breach still upon breach! Lord Fefus stay Thy hand, fuch strokes are hardly born, Here's cause for hundreds to lament and mourn. The loss is great the Churches do suffain, Poor finners too like cause have to complain. There's few like him furviving to arouse Their fluggish sout of their finful drouse. They now may less acree and not awake, Untilahen will found ab more, To warm them of the anger sat their door, To win finners to chaff he did not spare His strength nor time, thought nothing was too dear To part with all, if any ways he might, Their Souls turn from falle ways unto the right: Like as a Candle which much light doth give, Doth waste it felf, whilst from it we receive Much benefit; fo dishe clearly burn, To the wasting of himself unto the urn. This godly Preacher in alittle space, Much work aid do, he fwiftly run his race ; With's might perform'd what e'r he found to do. God graciously did bless his work a so, Yea tew (I'think') have had the like fuccels, In turning finners unto righteousness. O were the worth of this good man but known, It might produce an universal groan, Let Brethren dear of different minds lament, For he for you in prayers much time has spent; He lov'd you all, though I have cause to fear, The like affection some did scarcely bear. Twould pierce ones heart to think in fuch a time. Obedience unto Chrift should be a crime. Or that offence should in the least be took; 'Cause from Gods word he durst not turn nor look. He would own naught but what thus faith the Lord, Add would not he nor minish from Gods Word. Come let us live in love, we the When at his Port we all arived B Let finners mourn, who shall their tols repair. Who for their Sou's fo naturally did care, Well may ye fear God will proclaim new wars. When he calls home his choice Embaffadors. What may a Sodome look for from above,

O tremble City, what is God about,

Look for new dames, thy Lors are calling out.

And now chiffized tack a worl or two.

I've double forrow when I think of you. When that the Hawest dorn for Reapers call,
To lose your Labourer, this wand's not small.
O who shall bear the burthene the day,
If God doth take the Labourer has away.
When Pylots die, how shall a Seaman stear,
'Mong'st Rocks and Sands, who stormes also appear.
Have we not cause to think the crafty Lox,
Will our abroad and many months. Will out abroad and prey apon the flocks. And Ravening Wolves also will grow more bold, And scare some filly Lambs on of the fold, If God proceed to call the Shepherds tione, O what will of fo many focks become, Ich' midft of all , in this doth comfort lie, The chiefest Shepherd lives when others die. And he be fure who for the Sheep did bleed, Will flick to them in times of greatest need. Come cease your grief, don't you know very well, The care God has of his own I fracil. And its no more which now is come to pass,
Then what by you some in the same to pass,
And what is done is but our remains I heretore be filent, every one bestill: For should we yield to passion I have fears, We should grieve Christ and wound our Souls zith tears. The narrow Sluces too of dribling eyes, Would be too streight for those great Springs that rise. But fince our Veffels fills up to the top, Lets empty them, for every fina drop. For it lets with we were compos'd of Snow, Instead of Flesh, yearmade of Ice, that so We might in sense of fin and it loathing, Melt with hot love to Christ, yea thaw to nothing. And should our fins deprive our Souls of him, Let tears run from our Eyes till Couches fwim. Yet let's not grudge him that most happy blifs, Who now in glory with Christ Jesus is. He did his work apace, his Race is run, He'as touch'd the Gole yea and the prife hath won.

电影科TAP 目

A Sweet and codly Preaches doth his bere,
Who did his Mafter Fafus love fo dear,
And finance Souts, that he his frength did forms
And did thereby (the thought haften his end,
He brought himfolf by preaching to the Grove,
I he precious fouts of finances forte form
He lies his hope after, have an dead;
To Codde lives in Chaff his foot is deal.
And overmeet well their to the reason.

By your

Louding Princed for Ben. Harriset the States

When fuch who flood ith gap . God doth remove.

BETHLEHEMS BEAUTY. LONDONS CHARITY, Bettelshim Kospital, Morrhille 109

AND THE

CITIES GLORY.

A Panegyrical Poem on that Magnificent Structure, lately Erected in Moorfields, vulgarly called New Bedlam.

Humbly Addrest to the Honourable Master, Governours, and other Noble Benefactors of that Splendid and most useful Hospital.

Licensed September 16. 1676. Roger L'Strange.

Tory no more shall Autient Fabricks boast, The mould'ring Pyramids on Egypts coast; Sol's valt Coloffus, or those mighty Things Which with Mortality upbraided King: All these could but vain Oftentation yield, While we for Use and Charity do Build.
When LONDON did in Funeral Ashes lie But Ten years fince, The Grief of every Eye, Where Defolation Triumph'd in each Street, Trampling our Stately'A Structures under Feet. VVho durst Predict, or hope so soon to see Her thus Rebuilt, with greater Majestie? Houses! whose height and strength seem to Conspire, To o'retop Thunder, and defiance Fire; The Sun beholds not a more Brave Exchange, Nor spacious Streets that in like order Range; VVhole losty Fronts harmoniously Advance, As if (like Thebs) their Building were a Dance: Her Publick Halls as Pallaces appear, And out-vie Princes Courts somtimes for Chear : Her Sacred Temples in a Decent State, Teach us with Ane and Reverence to wait There on our Glorious Maker, at orce free From profane Filth, and gawdy Pageantree; Nor doubt I, Aged Pauls! Thy Reverend Pile To see Reftor'd, The Glory of our Isle, And for Rare Works, as well as Faith, become Superior far to Peters Fane at Rome. But to speak these Glories, needs an abler Muse, Ours only darcs a Suburb Wonder chuse: BEDLAM! That shall a lasting Witness be Of this great Cities generous Piety: Magnificent Foundation! Such as shows The greatness of their Souls by whomeit Rose; So Brave, so Neat, so Sweet it does appear, Makes one Half-Madd to be a Lodger there; And those poor Souls, whose Crazed Brains advance Their Roving Fancies to the Extravagance Of being Princes, needs must think it True, When they shall such a Towering Pallace View. Since, Strangers that Survey the Galleries, Find the Vast Length wearies their Travelling eyes; And some cry out, "If such a Place besits Madmen, Henceforth who'le Study to be Wits ? A hundred Rooms in curious order stand Each with its Bed and Furniture at hand. Th' Approaching Air, in every gentle Breeze, Is Fan'd and Winnew'd through the neighbouring Trees,

And comes so Pure, the Spirits to Refine, As if th' wife Governours had a Designe That should alone, without Physick Restore
Those whom Gress Vapours discompos'd before But this Conceit is stiffed by their Care, The best of Arts Apifiance to prepare, What e're Galenick or Hermetick Skill Offers in Natures Aid, is ready Itill. Convenient Dier's liberally bestow'd, And all meet H-lps from time to time Allow'd: Though many here their Reason do Regain, Yet none has ever Reason to Complain.
Here that mischeivous Hagg, black Melancholly,
Mother of Discontent, and Nurse of Folly Circe's Transforming Magick strangely Apcs, And changes Men into a Thousand shipes, Some Raving Wild, and some like Statues fixt, Democritus with Heraclitus mixt. One Fancies still his Cruel Mistress by; To'ther upbraids her Friends Inconstancy, He, Weaves Straw-Bracelets, which he calls her Hair, And She, o'th' Wall writes Letters to her Dear, Th'only True Lovers now adays are here. One still makes Almanacks, and those as True, I dare engage, as most that Print them, do. Another Rails at Rome, with as much Sense As some abroad for Conventicle Pence. Thus do fond Love, wild Zeal, fierce jealousie,) Immod'rate Studies, pinching Poverty, All Clubb to People this fad Colong. VVhat Objects then more claim our Charity, Than these that know not their own M fery; And where such poor Distracted Souls are sed; How fitly is it call'd, The House of Bread. Thrice Noble Patriots, you have made it fo, Immortal Thanks we to your Bounty owe, VVhose Liberal Hands and Contributions rance This Mighty Work, which the next Age must praise, Ours only can Admire; may Heaven blels Your Brave Designs with suitable Success. May every Wretch comes here his Sense obtain, To pay your Costs with Grateful Pray'rs again, That when full Ripe with Honour, and with Years, Your happy Dissolution day appears. Perfuming Earth with your Exemplar Fames, Th' Eternal Book may Register your Names, Free Citizens o'th' New Jerusalem, To Raign with Him was Born in Bethlehem.

The Beggars Wedding: Or The Jovial Crew.

Printed with Allowance, Octob. 19. 1676.



Hilome there Liv'd an aged Beggar old,
That in his Life full fourfcore years had told;
His head all frozen, beard long, white as Snow,
With a Staffs prop, on nought elfe might he go;
With bleared Ey'n, all parched, dry and cold,
Shaking with Palsie, little could he hold;
His cloaths so tatter'd, for they were so worn,

Older than he, in many pieces Torn:
The prying'st Eye, and subtil'st brain, though seen,
Could never guess what stuff they e're had been:
On's Cloak more several patches there did stick,
Then labouring Algebra's Arithmerick
Could once tell how to number; and was suller,
Then is the Rain-bow of each various colour,
But not so fresh; so saded they were seen,
None could guess which was Blue, or Red, or Green.

His Turf house lean'd on an old stump of Oak, A hole a Top, there to avoid the Smoak Of sticks and scatter'd bones. He still was fed By daily begging of his daily bread. There on a little Bench I'le leave him then, Within a while I'le speak of him agen.

A wither'd Begger-woman, little sundred
From him, whom all the Town said was a hundred;
Toothless she was, nay, had worn out her gums,
And all her Fingers now were worn to Thumbs:
Rinckles like Graves, to bury all delight,
Eyes once, now holes, little she had of sight;
Little could speak, as little could she smell,
She seldom heard, sometimes the great Town bell.
A long forgetfulness her leggs had seiz'd,
For many years her Crutches them had eas'd;
Cloaths, thousand Raggs, torn with the wind and weather,
Her houswifty long since had tackt together.
No livelihood, but Charity grown cold
As she was, more by cares than years made old.

In a not Summers day they out did creep, Enliven'd just like Flies, for else they sleep. Creeping along at last, each other met, And loufing near each other, closely get. Apollo's Malterpiece thining, did aim To light dead Ashes, sparks to make a flame, Musters up Nature, in them now so cold, Tries whether Cupid dwells with those are Old. His heat and kindness made him try to kis her, Her Palsied head so shook, he still did miss her. He thought it modesty, she gainst her will (Striving to please him) could not hold it still. She mumbled, but he could not understand her, And cry'd, Sweet Hero I'le be thy Leander, And said, Before we met, as cold as Stone is I was, But now am Venus, thou Adonis. Such heights of passionate Love utter'd these two. As youngest Lovers when they 'gin to Woe. For Cupid power o're Mankind still will have, He governs from the Cradle to the Grave: There Love is such, they can no longer tarry, They Vow a Contract, and Resolve to Marry.

This Marriage was divulged every where Among the beggars, beggars far and near; The day appointed, and the Marriage set, The lame, the blind, the deaf, they all were met, Such throngs of beggars, Women, Children, seen Muster'd upon the Towns fair Grassie Green. The Bridegroom led between two Lame men so, Because our Bridegroom single could not go: The Bride was led by blind Men, him behind, Because you know that Love was always blind. The Hedg-Priest then was call'd, Fame did him bring, Married they were with an old Curtain Ring; No Father there was sound, nor could be ever, She was so old, no man was fit to give her; With Acclamations now of louder joy, They pray Priapus to send um a Boy, And shew a Miracle. In vows most deep, The Parish swore their Children all to keep.

Then Tom a Bedlam winds his Horn at belt, Their Trumpet 'twas to bring away their Feast; Pickt Marybones they had, found in the Street, Carrots kickt out of Kennels with their Feet; Crusts gathered up for bisker, twice so dry'd, Alms-Tubs and Olla Podrida's, befide Many such Dishes more; but it would cumber Any to Name them, more then I can number. Then comes the Banquet, which must never fail, That the Town gave, of whitebread and strong Ale. All were so Tipsie, that they could not go, And yet would Dance, and cry'd for Musick Hoe: With Tonges and Gridirons they were play'd unto, And blind Men Sung, as they are us'd to do. Some whistled, and some hollow sticks did sound, And so melodiously they play around: Lame men, lame women, manfully cry Advance, And so all limping, Jovially did Dance; Nay, and the Deaf-men too, could not forbear At what they saw, although they did not hear, VVhich was their happiness. Then to the house The bridegroom brought the bride, all drink a bowfe.

No Room for any but them two they saw, So laid them both to bed, on freshest Straw, Then took their leaves, put out the Rushen light, But they themselves did Revel all the Night.

The bridegroom rustels now, kist, and said friend,
But when he kist, he thought 'twas t'other end,
And cry'd her Mercy, said, he could not look,
It was so dark he thought he bad mistook.
No, said the Bride most sweetly, You are right,
As if your Taper now was burning bright.
He now at Loves Hesperides does aim,
That Place, O Place, which Place no Tongue should name.
She gentle Dame, did strive to help his need,
But there was nothing but a broken Reed.
Their brains being soakt in Ale, having drank deep,
Our Lovers Arm in Arm sell sast asseep.

Thus for the Will, though nothing for the deed, To Love these Beggars built a Pyramide.

109

The horrid Popish PLOT

HAPPILY DISCOVER'D:

OR,

The English Protestants Remembrancer.

A POEM on the Never-to-be-forgotten

POWDER-TREASON,

And late Burning of several Cart-loads of Popish Books at the Royal Exchange.

Elcome blest day, that happily didst save Our Church and Nation from a threatned Grave : A Day! must never Marks of Honour want, Whilst there survives one grateful Protestant; But in our Calendar shall stand inrol'd, Through every Age, with Characters of Gold. As once proud Haman, with a curs'd Decree, Had fign'd God's Peoples General Destinie, So cruel Factors now of Hell and R O ME, Refolv'd on England's universal Doom: But Heaven's bright Eye Reveal'd the Hellish P L O I, Which had it prosper'd, boldly might have shot At the Celestial Throne, put out the Sun, And made the World back to its Chaos run. Though deep as Hell they laid the black Deligne, Fate blasts their Projects with a Countermine: And then the desperate Undertakers be Like Haman, sentenc'd to the satal Tree: Thus Pharaoh perish'd, Israel scap d free. And shall Such Mercies ever be forgot? No, no--- Were we so thankless, they would not Permit it; whose new Treasons still we see Revive their Old ones to our Memorie. The Cockatrice on the same Eggs doth brood; Rebellion's Venome is their natural Food. Rome's Founder by a Wolf ('tis faid) was nurs'd, And with his Brother's blood her Walls at first He cemented: whence ever fince we hade Her Off-spring of a Ravenous, Bloody kinde. Long since with Temporal Arms, and Flags unfurl'd, She Tyranny o're Conquer'd Nations hurl'd, And now with Spiritual Thraldom grasps the World. Sooner the Æthiop may blanch his ikin, And Devils cease from tempting Men to lin; Sooner shall Darkness dwell in the Suns beams, And Tybur mix with our Thames purer Streams, Than the flie Jesuit his old Arts will leave, Or cursed Nets of Treason cease to weave.

But now behold! methinks a gallant Sight,

Doctrines of Darkness youder brought to light:

Boonsires in Earnest! where Rome's Pamphlets fry,

And Popish Anthors pass their Purgat'ry.

Unto the Fire their Books most justly came,

Which first were wrote to set us in a Flame.

As in the Air the burning Papers flew,
We might, in Emblem, that Religion view,
Which makes a while a glorious glittering Blaze,
And with gay Pomp inviteth Fools to gaze;
Pretends directly towards Heav'n to fly
On Wings of flaming Love and Charity:
But wait a while, approach a little nigher,
Its Glory fades, grows faint, and does Expire.
What at first view appear'd so warm and bright,
Like painted Fires, yields neither Heat, nor Light,
But Gross and Earthly down it comes again,
And with its Blackness, where't doth touch, doth stain:

Was it for this the Monk in his dark Cell, With nitrous Earth, and Brimstone stoln from Hell, First compos'd Gun-powder, that it might be The future Engine of their Butcherie? At one fad stroak to Massacre a Land, And make them fall, whom Heaven ordain'd to stand? Or could the Bold, but silly Traitors hope, Great Britain e're would Truckle to the Pope? Erect and Lofty still her Genius stands, And defies all their Heads, and all their Hands. Nor shall their Strength, or Policie, e're reach Our Ruine, if our Crimes ope not the Breach: Still we are safe, till our Transgression merits The dreadful Reformation from such spirits. They dig in vain, nor need our Nation fear Dark Lanthorns, whilst Gods Candlesticks are here. "The Purple Whore may lay her Mantle by, "Until our Sins are of a Scarlet Die.

Lord! may they never to that Bulk proceed,
Nor fester so within, that we should need
Italian Horse-leeches to make us Bleed.
May Reviv'd London never more become
The Priests Burnt-offering to Insulting Rome.
With Guarding Mercies still our Soveraign tender,
And be thou His, as He's thy Faiths Defender.

FINIS.

LICENSED, Nov. 2. 1678.

LONDON: Printed for R. G. 1678.

A BULL

POPEPIUS

To encourage the Traytors in England, pronounced against Queen Elizabeth, of ever glorious Memory; shewing the wicked designs of Popery.

Ince Constantine the Great, whose bounteous Hand. Impow'rd Rames Prelates with fuch vast Command, Ambition swells them, and they scarce think fit, The World should hold the Seat whereon they sit. Kings have their Footstools been, Imperial Crowns Pounded to Attoms by their fatal frowns; The unhing'd Nations toplie-turvy turn'd, Clandestine Tumults, peaceful Cities burn'd; With direful Plots unripp'd the Seams of State, Murder'd their Kings, and Thrones laid desolate. This bluftring Monarch's Wings did Treason raise, First from a Monk to gain an Abbots place, From thence a Prior, next a Hat all red, Declares with pride the blood himself has shed. This poor diffrested Monk thus drawn from's Cell, At last storms Heaven, and breaks the Gates of Hell; Eaths Pillars shakes, confines the terrene World, In his conceit the Globe's on Rockets hurl'd; And arrogates more power than he who made Man out of Duft, And all this Structure laid: To cloak which monstrous pride, Saint Peter's Hood Is worn by him, though imear'd with Martyrs Blood, Whose sacred Eyes ne're view'd a Martyrs doom, Except his own when Crucified at Rome; But his Successors, far more great than good, Are flesh'd with slaughter, drunk with steeming blood. These but the shade of that Succession be, Yet dare pretend more Sanctity than he; He ne're dispers'd horn'd Bulls, nor breath'd a Curse Against the Lord's Anointed; no, not worse, Sent Villains out to murder peaceful Kings, Indulg'd with Pardons tipp'd with Poylon Stings: To filence all that dare defend, we will Insert their own prepostrous Popish skill. 'Tis fure they'll not deny, or if they do, The Nation knows their Negative's untrue. A dreadful Sentence blown by Papal breath, Against the great renown'd Elizabeth; The glory of her Sex, whose Virgin Zone Environ'd with mercy her establish'd Throne; A Bull more fierce than those that Basan bred, To push the Royal Crown from off her Head (Discharge her Subjects, and Commotions raise, To fet the Nation in a Roman Blaze: From Pius Quintus, and his daring Crew, This Curse was sent, let Christians take a view.

The Bull against Queen Elizabeth.

Pius Rome's Bishop, serving God on high, To be remember'd to Eternity.

Christ has appointed me Supreme, that none without my leave shou'd dare to mount a Throne: Princes my Vassals are, their pow'r's from me; I Kings depose, and set their Subjects free.

Since Peter Rules the Church, my Pow'r is good; He signs my Warrant, and I wear his Hood.

I take all pains, and spare no labour, yet
The wicked do to such a number get;
They disanul the Dictates I Command,
And what's unjust, my sacred Rites withstand,

First, Englands Queen has ta'ne the Mass away;
No Sacrifice, no Prayers, nor Fasting-day;
No choice of Meats, nor Law for single Lives,
Against my will the Clergie take them wives.

She has Usurp'd the Kingdom, and maintains
Her self Supreme, and wrests from me the Rains
Of Ecclesiastick Government; the Land
Is almost drawn from my Pontisick Hand:
Obedience is deny'd, my Prelates sent
To strong Consinements, or to Banishment.

She has removed all that stood for me, And so displaced the chief Nobility: Of such Inferiour Men her Council's made, As know not me, yet dare my Right Invade.

My Rebels too of Flanders she receives; Those I Command to dye, she still Reprieves.

For these, and such like Crimes, we think it sit Our Curse on her, and all that prompt her, light; All those that durst our sacred will controul, From our dread Curse must Ransome back her Soul.

By Deprivation here we put an end To all the Rights, or Claims she cou'd pretend Unto the Kingdom, what soe're they be; To all her Power, and late Authority.

We charge ber Subjects, and command that none Shall dare t'obey her, or defend her Throne; 'Tis fure damnation to 'em if they will Tield Homage to her, or her Laws fulfill.

All that the sacred Rond of Oaths have sign'd, Or their Allegiance do's their Conscience bind, we freely here discharge, and hold it true, That from this time there's no obedience due: For why, she is depos'd by our consent, And quite suspended from her Government.

Unquestionable is my Power, for I
Am Prince of Nations, and Enthron'd on high
Above the Powers, on me the Kingdoms wait;
I Kings set up, and excommunicate:
I Princes can deprive, and with my frown
Root Kingdoms up, and tumble Nations down:
I can discharge all Subjects Oaths, as well
I curse them can, and give them up to Hell.
My Power is boundless, and I'm like that God
That Rules on high, I bear his mighty Rod,

Thus haughty Man prefumes, that is but Dust, To blaspheme Heav'n: Thus Man that is unjust Confronts his Maker, and conspires to be His equal, both in Power and Majesty, Assumes that greatness to himself alone, That Saints, nor Angels dare not think upon. Thus he deceives the World, and draws alide The simple Soul, a Sacrifice to's pride; And trains him up in cruel Maffacres, To murder Kings, and burn their Palaces, Lay Cities low in Duft, no Treason spare, Embroil the Nations in a Civil War; Hatch bailful Plots, as secret as the shade, And with deceit all guild their hellish Trade. From such Dire Men good God protect our Land, And save our King with thy preserving Hand; Give him the power and strength, that he may still Tread on the Necks of all that feek his ill.

FINIS.

A STATE OF

ANELEGOZZ

That famous Oracle of Law, and unhiased Dispenser of Justice, the most Learned and no less Religious

S' Matthew Hale, K'. K

The late LORD Chief Justice of ENGLAND,
Who departed this Life on Christmas day last, at his House in Atherly in
Glocester-shire.

Reat HALE a fortnight Dead! and none Proclaim Our Loss, in strains Immortal as his Name? Has the late Frost Crampt all the Wits? or Vice-Congeal'd their Brains with a more fatal Ice? Shall each small Miss usurp the Muses Arms, And fill the Town with painted Celia's Charms? Shall every Silken Fopp, and trivial Herse Be double-daub'd with Mercenary Verse; And fuch a Patriot unregarded dye Without the Tribate of an Elegy? Ungrateful Age! though Art pretend not to it Just Indignation sure may make a Poet; Nor need we pray in Aid of Fancy here Where loftieft Praise does sober Truth appear For wholoe're indeed would do HALE Right Must History, and not a Poems, write; -He must draw Cato, Solon, Cicero, The Ancient Sages and the Modern ton; He must Limn Spirits never tyr'd, such parts As held in Fee th'whole Magazin of Arts; He that would fearch all Glories of the Gown And Steps of all rais'd Servants of the Crown Shall n'ere find one Amongst that Glittering Store Whom Fortune aided less, or Virtue more;

Who shall discover now those flourish's Sleights Which Lawyers offer for pretended Rights? Who shall, like Virgo in the Zodiack, fit Between hold Lee and Just Libra fit; Who at first opening of a Cause shall spye The Knot, And that not fut, but well unige? Who can dispatch so much, so well, so free From Fear, from Favour, Stain or Bribery; You might the Sun out oth' Ecleptick hurl Unhinge from Natures Poles the tottering World; Stop Primum Mobile, sooner than wrett Or Diverce Justice from his Candid Brest; Trace his Beginning, when at first his Good In others Evil bett was understood, When being the Strangers help, The Poor mans aid His Just desences made th' unjust afraid; Th' unfriended's Patron. The oppressed's shield, The Fort of Truth untaught by Charms to yeild, Such was his Progress that Integrity And Skill (even then) became Authority, And Clients strove in Question of the Laws More for his Patronage, than for their Cause, Such too at last his Stand, whilst he did deal Defired Justice to the Publick Weal;

Through all the Three High Courts of Common Law We faw him loud Applause and Wonder draw, The Good to Cherish and the Bad to Awe Nor were his Courts alone, but Readings where, The Barr was Throng'd as much to Learn, as Hear: Council he did but Rellify, not Bite; Nor were men Checke, or fested from their Right, So Grave! so mild his Judgments did appear, As rais'd at once the Guilties Love and Fear: Nor was his life less Glorious, Bright and Clean In his Recess, than on the publick Scene; Surviving not his Honours though his place, He left the Bench in Favour, not Difgrate; His King and Country ferv'd, a wife Retreat, To ferve his God, renders his Course Compleat; So like the Lamp of Heaven he possess. The greatest Lustre, hastning to his west; Those sew remaining Sands were wholly Given, Peace to promote on Earth, Glory to Heaven; Though Envy oft on Virtue doth attend, He forced Envy's felf to be his friend; Reading his works, next Age may doubt (Bach Line) With such bright rays of Piery doth shine) Whether he was more Lawyer or Divine;

After the vast Turmoils of many years, Unwearied Studies, and Confuming Cares. He now is gone, Mounted on Angels wings, To the Tribunal of the King of Kings: Where Thron'd in Blifs, has chang'd his Scarlet Gown For th'long white Robe, and an eternal Crown.

VEep Reader! weep for if we see Thy Fountains dry, No man well be So kind to shed a Tear for Thee ;

An upright Judges facred Dust,
Committed to this Tomb-stones Trust;
Expetts the Rising of the fust.

Join Learned Gook, and Littleton,
And Twice Twelve more, when all is done,
Tou scarce express this Engle one.

Nay, If pou'l ransack Earth and Skies
For all that worth which good men prize,
Look no further——Here it lies.

Then let us leave him to his Urn,
And hope when Enoch shall return,
To see his LIKE,—But till then Mourn.

Licensed, Roger L'estrange, January 8th, 1677.

FINIS.



ANELEGIE

ON THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey, Knight,

One of His MAJESTIES JUSTICES of the PEACE:

Who was found Murtherd on Thursday the 17" of this Instant October, 1678. in a Ditch on the South-side of Printesse-Hill near Hampstead.



TRAFFORD crowd up, and brave Mintrofs make room,
Here's a State-Martyr too, that's lately come,
All goar'd in Bloop; — who may most justly crave
To share with you in your immortal Grave.

To you he comes, to you! who best can tell How many Perils in true Virtue dwell; Yea, and how dang'rous 'tis i'th Gap to stand, Against Rebellion in your Native Land; Which now is, or ne're was, by Rome's eurst Hate, Destin'd to Ruine both in Church and State.

If Souls refind, and freed from Humane care, Could mongst immortal joys such leisure spare, As to reflect on all that they did do, And what they suffer'd while confin'd below; The ill returns which Loyal Godfrey found, E're his Deserts had thrust him under ground; Their pity would resent, and sighs attend, The Funeral of this lamented Friend.

Whom should'st thou praise, poor blear-ey'd Muse? proclaim
Thou wouldst thine own Desects; not sound his Fame:
The worth of whose large Soul can never be
With sinite Numbers drest, much less by thee.
Silence amaz'd, more meet than Pen, or Eyes,
Will pass Close-Mourner at thy Obsequies.

Ev'n still his gen'rous Soul, as first it slew
From its wrong'd Body, and made blest Retreat,
And just Appeal, to Gods Tribunal-Seat.
Methinks I see him as at first he stood,
With his pale Body newly streak'd with Brood;
With gaping Wounds, like Months, which call'd for Woe,
And home Revenge, on shose who made them so:
With bruised Neck, and Cheek, with batter'd Chin;
And Breast as black, as his vile Butchers sin:
But with a Soul more innocent and gay,
Than new-born Listies in the midst of May.

Ah worthy Knight! If thy high Virtue did
Not all thy thoughts of just Revenge forbid,
What dismal Truths might'st tell, what Plots might'st how
To those above, were Hatch'd by Rome below?
Thou need it no more but all thy Wounds display
Before those glorious Messengers, and they
With just rewards that bloody Crem might treat,
Who dar'd to use thee at so harsh a rate.

But thou wert always merciful and kind, Ev'n whilft to humane shape thou wast confin'd; Andit were cruelty to think thee more Severe or fierce than thou wer't known before. Methinks I hear with an exalted Voice Thy happy Manes amongst the bleft rejoyce, With Joy like that the chearful Sea-man swells, When fafe on Shore, his dangerous wrack he tells; And from the swelling Banks, with aufull scorn, Beholds those Waves which had his Vessel torn. So thou, brave Soul! to Heaven didft force thy way Through Men more fur ous than the raging Sea. And having gain'd the Heavenly Port, dost now With fafe contempt look down on them below; Whose rigid usage had so cruel been To frand the tender Bark thy Soul was in-And still, as if thy Tragedy were grown Too poor, and mean, to gain from Hell renown; Do yet like Blood-Hounds the warm Quest pursue, And strive to kill thy Reputation too. But that's Immortal, and shall never want Remembrance, whilft there's Press or Protestant; The one to fix it in most lasting Writ, The other to revere and honour it.

AN EPITAPH.

Reader, beneath this meeping Marble lies
The Peoples Love, the Nations Sacrifice;
A modern Martyr, or (to raise thy Dread)
A Justice most unjustly murdered.
Approach his Tomb with Reverence, for he,
whils living, was Rome's deadly Enemy.
And whosoe're the fatal stab did give,
went but the nearest way to make him live.
In the Dust his Deeds shall blasome: Time (that brings
A change on other sublanary things)
will keep these fresh, this Patriots renown
shall ne're be strangled by the Triple Crown.

F 1 N 1 S.

LICENSED, Odlehr 29. 1678.

ELEGIE

Sacred to the Memory of

Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey Knight;

Whose Body was lately found Barbarously Murthered, and since Honourably Interr'd, the 31th of Odober, 1678.

N ELEGIE! forbear: who ere profunes This lasting Name with cheap unhallowed strains, Commits a Murther second to their Guilt, By whose infernal Hands his Blood was spilt. So vast a Merit, and so strange a Fate, Must not be Blazon'd at the common Rate; With mercenary Rhyme, Set-forms of Praise, Or stale Applauses which bold Flatterers raise To pin upon some Herse, whose waiting throng Mourn onely cause the party liv'd so long. Those customary Sighs have here no part ; We Weep in earnest, and untaught by Art. Slight Griefs may speak aloud; but those that come From deep Resentments of our Loss, are dumb. As when fierce Thunder the Worlds Poles doth shake, Or Winds break jail, and make the Earth to qu Mortals amaz'd, can scarce express their Fears; But onely court Heav'ns aid with silent Prayers: So this dire Fact (which equal Terrour brought) Stifles our Reason, and Benums our Thought. A Chilling Horrour thrils through every Vein 5 Each honest man by Sympathy is slain, Or feels with Him, though not the Death, the pain.) 'Tis dangerous to be Good: well may we praise Vertue or Innocence; but who can raise A pow'r that shall fecure them, or withstand Th'Assainations of a bloody Hand?

He whose clear Life might an Example be Of upright Justice, generous Charity; That publique Spirit that laid out his Store T'employ and cherish all industrious Poor; And ne'r with any did a Feud profes, But busie Treason, and lewd Idleness: Whose Actions were not fram'd meerly for sight. Like artful Pieces plac'd in a fit light, That they may take at distance; but appear Most fair when you observe them most, and near. This LOYAL PATRIOT, by untimely Fate, And basest cruelties of unjust Hate, Falls as a Victim for the Church and State. Could we have feen with what composed Eyes He entertain'd th'astonishing Surprize ; How he with Christian grandeur did engage Their sharpest Malice, and their utmost Rage; T'had fill'd our mindes with thoughts enlarg'd and high, And taught unhappy Heroes how to die. Methinks t'observe how Vertue draws faint breath, Subject to Slanders, Plots, and Violent Death; How many dangers on best actions wait, Right check'd by Wrong, and ill men fortunate:

These mov'd Effects from an unmoved Cause, Might shake an easie Faith; Heav'ns sacred Laws Might casual seem, and our irregular Sense Spurn at just Order, and blame Providence: Did we not know, there's an adored Will In all that happs to Men, or Good, or Ill, Suffer'd, or fent; and what is Man to pry, Into th'Abyss of such a Mystery? The Rising Sun to mortal fight reveals This lower Globe; but the bright stars conceals. So may our Sense discover natural things; But those Divine soar above Humane Wings. Then not the Fate, but Fates bad Instrument Let us accuse, in each sad accident. Good men must die: Rapes, Incest, Mur THERS come; me Was and earlie follow them by whom, God Authors all mens Actions, not their Sin ; For that proceeds from dev'lish Last within. Nor let the barbarous Actors hug their Crime, Because they lurk concealed for a time: Heav'n fees, and will expose what they have done. No doubt, ere long, to Justice and the Sun. Mean time, loaded with Blood, Horrour, and Fear, And that which crowns all Villany, Despair; May they possess their Purgatory here, And as Cains fin, so his Self-tortures bear. May they the wounding stripes of Conscience feel,

And freely come the Murther to confess.

But as when stinking Exhalations rise,
And with black storms invade the purer skies;
They cann't put out the Sun, though bide his Rays,
Which quickly he more gloriously displays:
So these vile hands in their Revenge are poor;
In murthering Him, their Cause they murther more.
Hells Agents do but hasten him Heav'ns way,
And Pow'rs of darkness antedate his day.
In vain, in vain, is all their cursed spight:
He still survives in Fields of blissful light,
And with a pitying smile from thence looks down,
Ennobled with a Martyrs brighter Crown;
Whilst at th'Interment of his slumbering Clay,
A weeping Nation shall just Honours pay.

That lashes Guilt with whips of flaming steel,

So long, till they shall count Deaths pains far less,

FINIS.

H. C.

Licens'd, 00tob. 30. 1678.

LONDON: Printed for L. C. 1678.